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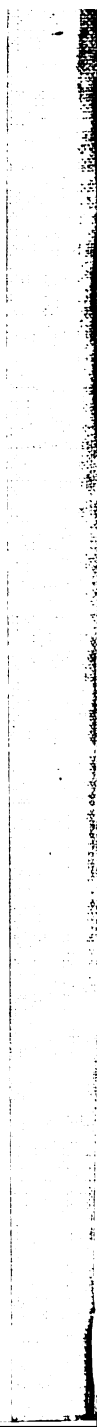
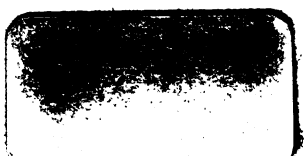
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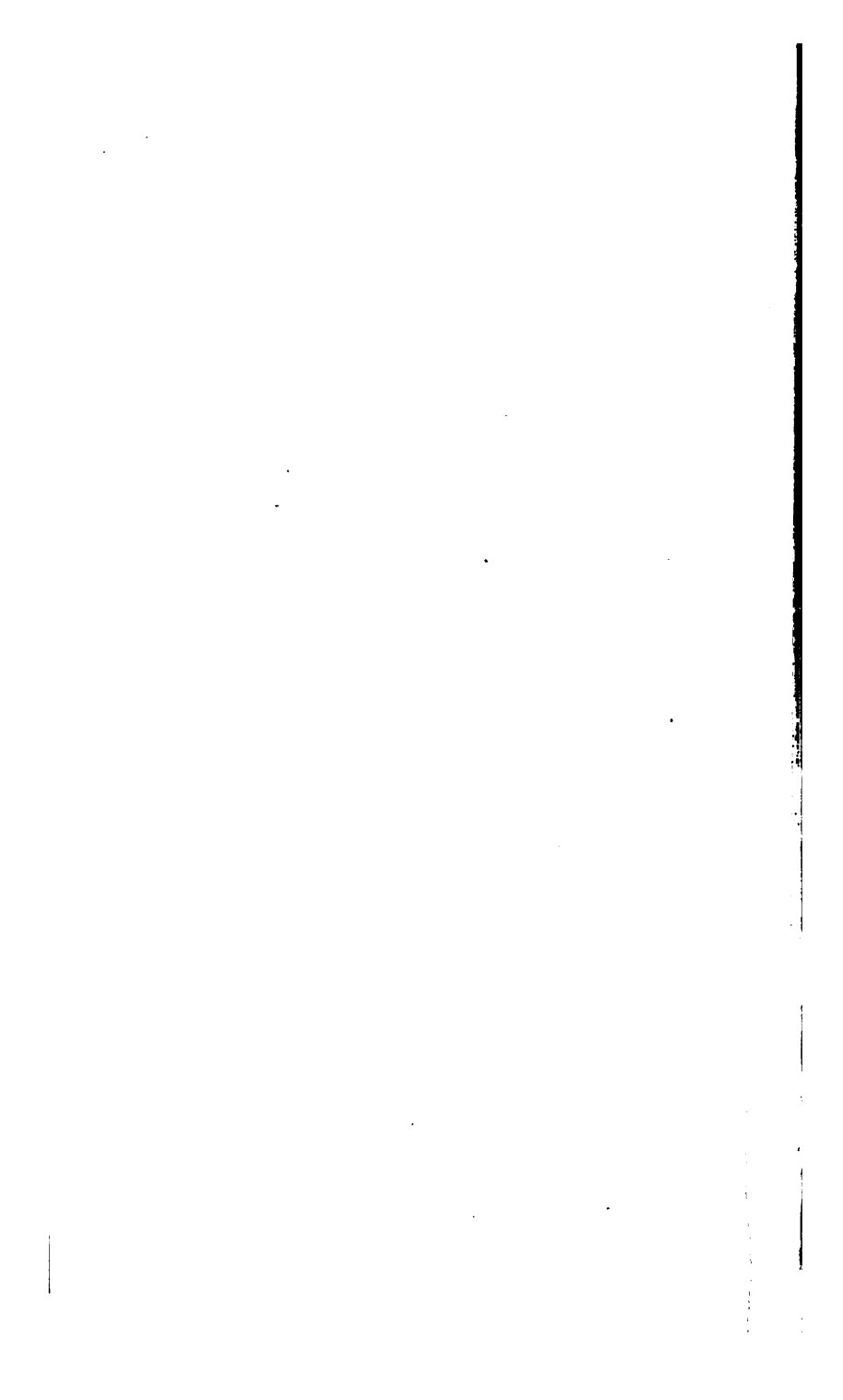
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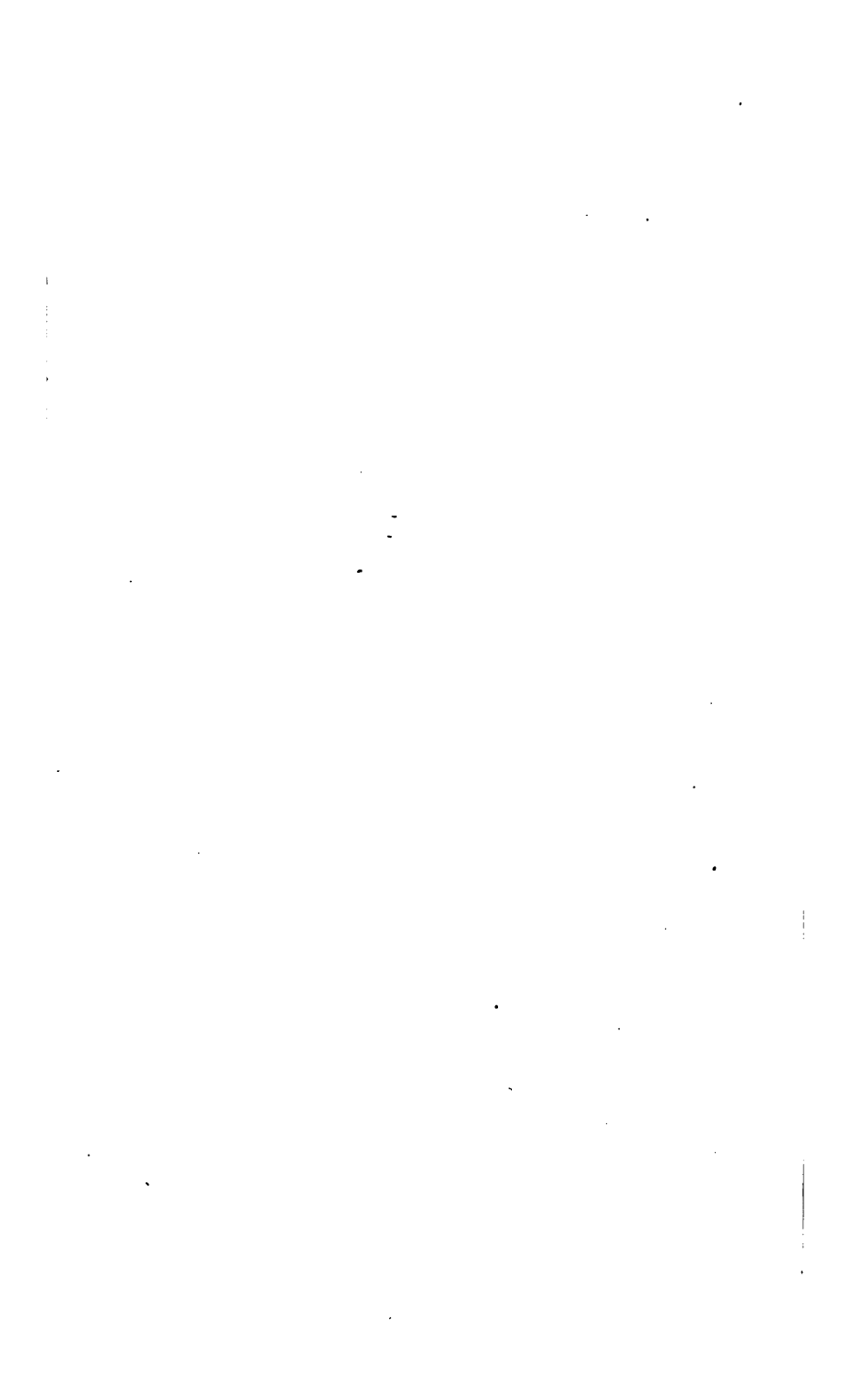
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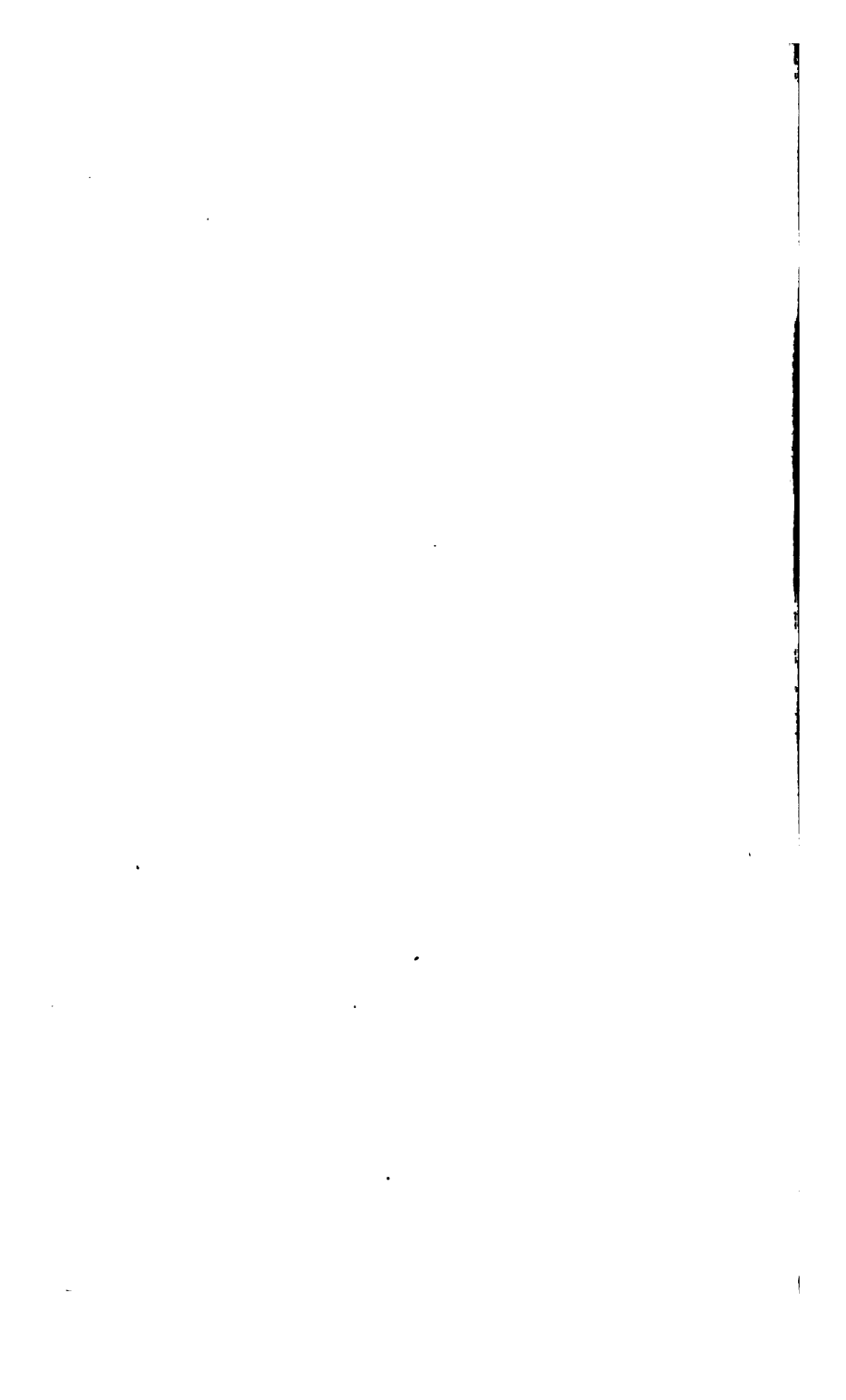
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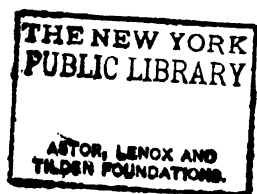
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J. Leech

Mr. Robson startled at the apparition of her late husband

HILL-SIDE
AND
BORDER SKETCHES.

WITH
LEGENDS OF THE CHEVIOTS
AND THE LAMMERMUIR.

BY W. H. MAXWELL,

AUTHOR OF
"WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST," "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

"Lord, who would live harrowed in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?"

HENRY VI.

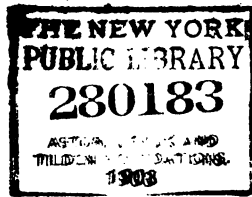
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ANDY VAN
CLARK
VASSAL

HILL-SIDE

AND

BORDER SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

Nothing opens up a more curious and interesting subject for inquiry, than the manners and mode of life, which, from the time of the first William, distinguished that wild and warlike people, whether Scottish or English by birth or descent, but known by one general appellation as Borderers.

Sprung from a union of different bloods, it would be hard to decide whether Celtic, Saxon, Danish, or Norman was the predominant ; for the unscrupulous severity of the Conqueror was exercised alike on any of these former races, who barred the rapid increase and permanent settlement of his bold followers—while feuds and jealousy among themselves, produced a

number of discontented men, who, fancying past services had not been adequately rewarded, either willingly exiled themselves from the Norman court, or, for having named their grievances more plainly than a tyrant's ear will brook, were obliged to seek safety in a wilder locality, and evade the vengeance of that haughty usurper.

From Malcolm, Alexander, and David I; kings of Scotland, these Anglo-Saxon and Norman exiles and fugitives received marked encouragement, with grants of land: and from this varied stock, the proudest of the border families are descended.

The difference in the lineage of these border chiefs—the undefined nature of their possessions—the fierce and warlike blood that filled their veins—all these, tended to produce among themselves feudal jealousies, invasion of property, and mutual violence. In one thing only did they seem heartily united, and that was an implacable hostility to the Norman oppressors—a feeling, which the lapse of centuries could not abate or even mitigate.

The wild system of the ancient Celtic laws, which inculcated an eye for an eye and a

tooth for a tooth, and the system of clanship which was maintained even until after the union of the crowns, were eminently calculated to preserve the military spirit of a wild people in its pristine ferocity, and exclude from these martial septs, the wish to imitate in arts or industry those who had begun to cultivate more peaceful avocations. The spade and plough were rejected by the borderer with contempt, while he boasted that his true inheritance was "spear and snaffle." As he shared liberally in the rude hospitality of his chief, and his family lived under the powerful protection of the head of the sept, (generally of the same name,) he did feudal duty in return, by warding his castle, and following him to the raid or battle-field. To him his fidelity was incorruptible, and his devotion knew no limits. What he desired was executed. To hear and to obey were synonymes; and by men who held lifting (cattle robbery) to be an honourable calling, and were perfectly reckless of shedding blood, the motive for harrying a district, nor the object for which an obnoxious neighbour was removed, would not be considered worthy of inquiry. The remark most likely to

be made by the borderer would be, that "the chief had directed it to be done, and why the deil should they fash themselves by asking why?"

It has been said that scenery, like locality, goes some length in the formation of human character; and that men resident in wild solitudes, and among barren and rugged hills, acquire always a wildness of moral temperament, from the savage scenes which the eye continually rests upon. The borders, now so beautifully cultivated, were then dreary wastes and impassable morasses. Life and property were equally insecure. He who was harried over night, made slight inquiry next morning whether the cattle he lost were reclaimable; the question to be solved was, where was the nearest and best flock—English or Scotch, Tyrian or Trojan—that would indemnify him for those that had been abstracted. If their own side of the Tweed promised a better or an easier raid, the borderer gave it the preference—but the moss troopers in Tynedale and Redesdale were unscrupulous, and did not hesitate to take liberties with the sacred property of mother Church, bundling off the beeves of

Hugh Pudsy, bishop of Durham—one of the most pugnacious priests in Britain; and a prelate, according to general consent, reputed to be second to none in his day at anathematizing a sinner.

These mountaineers appear to have been regularly bred to the profession; and under parental instruction, they made their dales the envy of the border. “They come down,” says old Grey, (A.D. 1549,) “into the low countries, and carry away horses and cattell so cunningly, that it will be hard for any to get them or their cattell, except they be acquainted with some master theife, who for some money (which they call saufey-money) may help them to their stoln goods agen.”

The utter disregard to “meum and tuum,” in these amusing times, at present appears almost incredible. The father brought the son up systematically to the gallows;* and his tender mother was not backward in inculcating the easiest maxims to the youth, touching the

* “There is many every yeare brought in of them into the gaale of Newcastle, and at the assizes are condemned and hanged, sometimes to (the number of) twenty or thirty.”—*Survey of Newcastle*, 1549.

way that he should go. When the spence exhibited diminished supplies, the old lady insinuated to the loved pledge of her affections, that it was full time he once more took the saddle; the hint being delicately conveyed by dishing up a pair of spurs; and greatly would maternal joy be increased, if, in the grey of the next morning, she caught a distant prospect of the heir-apparent winding up the path—the early sunbeam glinting from his lance-head, and a strong advanced guard in his front—a flock of sheep—a score of bees—and half a dozen horses to complete the thing.

That a community so destitute of all moral principle could possess a shadow of religious feeling would be an absurdity to imagine, although the border was studded with monastic establishments, which, from the magnificent scale on which they had been erected and endowed, had swallowed up many a goodly manor, and crippled the revenues of the crown itself; the drones, who enjoyed luxuries which the barons could not aspire to, indulged in the most criminal excesses, and left their spiritualities utterly unattended to. Now and then,

some priest of the Tuck standard, or him of Shoreswood, whom Scott describes as ready "to swear, and stab, and brawl," might visit the dwellings of the borderers; and by the pernicious influence of their bad example, establish a thorough contempt for every thing religious in men who seemed not to comprehend that any distinction existed between right and wrong. Possibly a year would elapse between the visits of these straggling monks; some book-bosom, as he was termed by the wild riders from the breviary he carried in his breast, might occasionally drop in; but for his holy offices and advice the hot-blooded and ignorant moss-troopers would not tarry: and for the sacrament of matrimony, they introduced the immoral substitution of a ceremony which they named "handfasting;" one in which the man and woman lived together until the priest arrived, and then were at perfect liberty to declare "on or off without forfeit," if they had wearied of each other's society in the interim, or discovered that their tempers did not assimilate.

Indeed, the general example of every grade of churchmen at this time (A.D. 1500, *et ante*)

was far from being instructive. Fox, bishop of Durham (1495), complains that dissolute and uncanonical priests administered the rites and sacraments of holy church to the Tyne and Redesdale moss-troopers and murderers. One Cressingham, a monk, never wore any coat but one of mail, and, in his armour, his reverence was fairly sped at last. Nor was the bench without unruly ornaments. The bishop of Carlisle was nearly as troublesome as any repeal bishop at present in "the land of saints." The example of the clergy was not thrown away upon their flocks; and he of Durham appears to have been obliged to excommunicate largely both priests and laymen. The former were suspended *ex officio*—while the penance imposed upon the latter, indicates the wild habits of the times. The offending moss-troopers were interdicted *from entering and conversing in a church, riding any horse above the value of six shillings and eight-pence, or wearing a jack and head-piece for a twelve-month.*

Even as late as the reign of Elizabeth, the border clergy, as well as the borderers themselves, were lax on religious subjects beyond

belief. Bishop Pilkington complains, that these rude churchmen went always armed with swords and daggers, and dressed in garments whose cut and colour were desperately uncanonical: and whenever James VI. had a row with the Kirk, he invariably employed the Scottish borderers as "thirdsmen." An anecdote is recorded by the founder of the Cameronians, which proves that Annandale, in the time of that fanatic, was considered as nearly "past praying for." Having been ordered to attack the lady of Babylon in that favourite stronghold of her who sitteth on seven hills, poor Dick remonstrated — and indeed Annandale was an unpromising vineyard in which to commence his labours of love. But Mr. Welch said, "Go your way, Ritchie, and set the fire of hell to their tails!"* If he did

* The use of infernal agency in reclaiming sinners, I thought, was altogether an Irish contrivance, before I met with the valedictory order given to Mr. Cameron by his commanding officer. I recollect going with a military party to attend an execution in the kingdom of Connaught, and, as is always the case in that peaceful and pleasant corner of the earth, a large concourse of spectators had collected. When the criminal appeared on the scaffold, a volley of prayers were poured out for the repose of his soul; and when the drop fell, after "a

not actually give them "a scorcher," Cameron, it would appear, in his opening discourse, declared them everything but honest. Some men may be persuaded, others are best managed when dragooned. The rougher alternative agreed best with the Annandale sinners, for, quoth Mr. Cameron's biographer, "some of them had a merciful cast that day."

A more successful and Christian missionary was found afterwards, however, in Mr. Gilpin, a nephew of Tunstal, bishop of Durham. Coquetdale, in Northumberland, was at this time infested with outlaws, moss-troopers, and gipsies; and the wild townsmen of Rothbury, among the lawless community which inhabited a district of infamous reputation, were held pre-eminently barbarous. This was the favourite scene selected by Mr. Gilpin for his spiritual exertions, and the savage character of those he

cry of women," deep silence followed. Suddenly it was interrupted by a very pretty girl, exclaiming, "Holy Saint Antony! Isn't it surprisin that the devil himself won't knock the fear of God into the hearts of the people!"

"What's wrong wid ye, Biddy jewel?" said an old gentlewoman to the fair complainant.

"Wrong wid me?" returned the young lady; "Havn't they taken fourpence halfpenny in brass, and the *dhu-diene* out of my brother Mick's breeches pocket, before the dead man gave the third kick?"

exercised his ministry upon may be readily conjectured from the following occurrence :—

On Sunday, when preaching in the church of Rothbury, two parties of armed men met accidentally in the aisle, and being at feud, they instantly prepared to decide their differences on the spot, and desecrate the house of God, by making it the theatre of a bloody



contest. Mr. Gilpin rushed from the pulpit, and fearlessly interposed his own person between the infuriated combatants, who were

advancing upon each other sword in hand ; and, by a burst of holy eloquence, arrested the conflict, and obtained a promise from the leaders on both sides, that they would not only respect his presence and the church, but also would sit out the sermon. This admirable man then remounted the pulpit—and such was the fervour of his impassioned address, that, though he failed to heal the feud entirely, he received an assurance—and it was faithfully kept—that while he remained in Rothbury, not a blow should be stricken, nor an angry word be interchanged.

On a subsequent visit, through the neglect of his servant, his horses were stolen, and when the robbery was bruited about, the greatest indignation was expressed by his wild and lawless congregation. The thief, who, like a true borderer, neither knew nor cared to whom the horses belonged, accidentally heard they were the property of Mr. Gilpin. Instantly he led them safely back, restored them with an humble request to be forgiven, which he accompanied by a declaration, that he believed the devil would have seized him on the spot, had he knowingly dared to intermeddle with

ought that belonged to so good a man. Such was the moral character of the border, even in the time of good Queen Bess.

As a military people the borderers were most formidable; war was their delight and occupation; and every passion which is supposed to sway the human heart was, in their estimate, held but in secondary consideration. Scott's beautiful impersonation of a thorough borderer in his celebrated namesake, Wat of Harden, is the perfect picture of a lawless baron.

“ Marauding chief! his whole delight
The moonlight raid, the midnight fight;
Not e'en the flower of Yarrow's charms,
In youth, could tame his rage for arms.”

A community always takes its character from a chief; and the retainers of honest Wat were of that order which in Ireland is termed “loose lads.” In military exercises, the chase, and the foray, the borderer passed his youth. No alarm, however sudden or unexpected, could find him unprepared, and “Ready, aye ready,” was his motto. Nothing with the borderer was designed for show, save the finery of his wife or mistress. His own clothes

were plainly made, and showy colours were studiously avoided. His arms were generally a jack, or leather coat, and steel cap; his horse was small, active, and enduring; and his arms, a long, light lance, a trusty sword, and a bow of tremendous power—a weapon, in his hands, wielded with admirable dexterity.

It is a singular fact, that although almost every defeat which the Scotch sustained in their border wars, was justly attributed to the marked superiority of English archery, they never took any effective means to raise themselves, in this powerful arm of ancient warfare, to an equality with their more skilful opponents. Military men are sometimes as crotchety as ex-lord chancellors, and within the last few years it has been gravely asserted, that the long bow is preferable to the musquet, “that queen of weapons.” Although learned Thebans have consumed much paper in maintaining and refuting this question, it will be enough to observe, that the bow to the musquet, is, in ratio, about what a blunderbuss is to Warner’s long range. You can make a recruit—if you only will take the trouble, and expend the necessary ammunition—a good hit-

and-miss shot in a week, while half a life would be required to turn out an archer. Even the preliminary arrangements to introduce the long bow would be troublesome ; you should have, *imprimis*, to re-enact the conqueror's game laws, restore Sherwood forest, import a million of deer, outlaw your archers as soon as you enlist them—and yet after a seven years' run, and a venison diet during the apprenticeship, I should decline, with the best regiment the forest had then produced, to come to conclusions with a battalion of the rifle brigade.

As the severity of the first William's forest laws induced desperate men to band together who had incurred the poaching penalties which the usurper had introduced, so also, the feverish state of the borders, half sylvan and half war-like, rendered their wild occupants as expert with the grey-goose-shaft, as those noted marksmen who walked Watling-street by moonlight ; and as merrie Sherwood had its Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Little John, so did the border boast her Adam Bell, Wat Tinlin, and Clym of the Cleugh, and a host of artists still celebrated in half-forgotten ballads.

The bow in general favour with the English

and border archers, varied in length from five feet eight inches to six feet—with a bend, when strung, of nine or ten inches. Its power was proportionate to the archer's arm, its length regulated by his height, and the weapon generally adapted to the physical strength of him who used it. The best bows were made of the boll of yew tree, of which, part only were of native growth, many of them being imported from foreign countries; the string was silk or hempen, twisted and plaited, but always rounded in the middle to receive the arrow's notch; and the shaft itself was constructed of hard and soft woods, and ash, oak, and birch were used by the fletcher according to the purpose for which the arrow was intended. It was feathered from a goose wing, and in length ranged from thirty inches to three feet. The military arrow was thirty-two inches, and pointed with plain iron. At short range, the shaft was drawn to the ear; at long flight or shooting, in archery parlance, "at rovers," the notch and string were brought to the breast, the archer fixing his look upon the object aimed at with both eyes open, until he delivered his arrow.

Light, daring, and desultory warfare, was that which was best suited to the borderer. He neither understood, nor attempted to understand, the pedantic fooleries enacted in those days by antiquated commanders. For siege service he was unfitted, and to camp duties he would not conform. In Somerset's expedition, a sad complaint is made of "the northern prickers," who, "with great enormitie, and not unlyke unto a masterless hounde howyleing in a hie way when he hath lost him he wayted upon, sum goe hoopying, sum whistelyng, and most crying" their leaders' names, and "rendering the campe more lyke the outrage of a dissolute huntynge, than the quiet of a wel ordred army."

And yet, in the border character, wild and sanguinary as it might occasionally prove itself, many redeeming shades were discoverable. Were a prisoner taken, his parole was only required, to pay at a fixed period, the amount of ransom that had been agreed upon—and when that was given, he was not retained another minute under durance. Border faith was also immaculate—and the prickers that would harry the widow of her last cloot, and fire the byers

“to give her light to set her hood,” would not “bewray ony that trusted them for a’ the gold in England and France.” They would also meet occasionally, in good faith, and hold friendly intercourse—and men who had forayed each other within a fortnight, would ride a chase side by side, or join in the favourite pastime of football.

Even, and until a late period, this manly game, like Irish hurling-matches, called into action the *élite* of adjacent parishes, and on the borders, the flower of the kingdoms. In 1790, after the sword had been sheathed for nearly a half century, the Liddesdale reivers, or rather their descendants, met those of the Tynedale snatchers,* and a match of three games was played in the presence, as it is computed, of twenty thousand spectators, by twenty chosen dalesmen at either side. The skill, activity, and endurance displayed on that occasion, is still spoken of in the pride of former days, and it is a border boast that a father or an uncle was one of the selected champions.

* “Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate, and prove the lock.”

Lay of the last Minstrel.

Four games were ardently contested, victory declared for none, for each won two. The fifth conferred the laurel upon Tynedale—"Non sine pulvere palmam," might have been correctly applied to the contest. Most of the players were unable to leave the field—and not a few died subsequently from the effects of overtaxed exertion.

CHAPTER II.

BUT there was another point of view in which the borderer's character was estimable ; he was an ardent lover and a faithful husband—he married purely from inclination—no sordid considerations influenced his choice—and the best booty he acquired by sweat and blood, was lavished upon his mistress.*

One point more of border character requires to be noticed. These wild and martial people were both bards and poets ; many beautiful reliques of their music are remaining ; and some of the sweetest ballads, which have been modernized, were originally composed by some outlaw lurking in a dell, or a lover when shut up in a peel-house.

* “ The borderers were very particular in forming connexions. A stout man would not marry a little woman, were she ever so rich ; and an Englishman was prohibited by the march laws, from marrying a Scotch woman, were she ever so honest.”—*Daizell's Fragments*.

The government of the borders was a strange anomaly. It was semi-military and half-civil. The marches were subdivided into three, and denominated east, west, and middle, and each division was held by a powerful noble. Ostensibly the business of these wardens was to maintain peaceable relations between the countries, but too frequently, a fiery baron would be "the first to pit the kiln in a low;"* and as his authority was despotic, he would conclude a truce or make an inroad according, as O'Connell said of the Iron Duke, to the state his biliary organs might have been in at the time. The English head-quarters were, for the east division, Alnwick or Berwick; the castle of Harbottle was the central; and, when wardens of the western marches, lord Scroop resided at "Merrie Carlisle," and Belted Will (lord Howard) in his own castle of Naworth.

Of course, the commissions of wardenship lay in the crown; but the crown generally had, in both countries, about as much liberty of election, as the queen (God bless her!) has at present in the nomination of a bishop. On

* *Anglicè*—Raise the flame.

the English side, these appointments were always in the hands of the Percys, Howards, Cliffords, Dacres, &c.; and on the Scottish marches, in those of some border chief. Were an alien appointment made by the minister of the crown, a very decided veto would be given by him who considered himself as better entitled to hold the office. During the minority of James V, when Albany named a favourite French knight to the wardenship of the east marches, Home of Wedderburn—to whose family this division had been generally intrusted—put in a caveat against the regent's nomination, and by a very simple process vacated the appointment.*

As in the wardens lay the military command, so also, they exercised the judicial functions, and all border differences were, in times nominally peaceful, submitted to their mutual decision. The complainants stated their cause of injury—the defendants pleaded in mitigation of damages, or “not guilty”

* Home killed the *Sieur de Bastie*—struck off the Frenchman's head—knitted it by the long locks to his saddle-bow—carried it off—and afterwards exposed it on a turret of Home Castle!

altogether. After all the cases were heard, the wardens struck a balance, and the past was "wiped clean from off the slate,"—and the borderers opened a running account immediately. In fact, a warden-court, if the judges did not fall out themselves and come to blows—a very common occurrence, produced a plenary pardon, and acted as a general judicial absolution. "Gie us a kiss, Mysie, woman," exclaimed a moss trooper, on his return from one of these convenient assizes; "tho' they brought thirteen robberies and twa murders agen me, I'm assoilzied from them a'. Was it na strange that they did na hit me in ane o' them—an that every charge trickled aff me, like water aff a dook?"

In one instance, the border code agreed with that of the most independent and enlightened nation at present in existence; and only that the name is decidedly Milesian, I should be inclined to believe that the American Lycurgus, had been a border emigrant. When the wardens held an assize, it never proved a maiden one. "At these courts," says a Northumbrian historian, "offenders were fre-

quently hanged without any process of law whatsoever. When marauders were once seized upon, their doom was short and sharp—the next tree, or the deepest pool of the nearest stream, were indifferently used on these occasions.” See here, the fine ethical effect of a system that has immortalized the name of Lynch. The wardens were men of business—they came to assert the majesty of the law; and how can the majesty of law be better asserted, than by strapping up a few offenders “to knock the fear of God” into the remainder of the rest? Would Belted Will, or Kerr of Cessford waste their valuable time in listening to a cock and bull story from a queen’s counsel, or stand the tears of an ex-solicitor-general? Not they marry. Up went the accused—and at more leisure they entered into further particulars touching the crime for which they hanged him. The simplicity of this process also, while it made a clean and quick jail delivery, inculcated a fine lesson of resignation. An eel—if you can believe a cook—from sheer custom cares nothing about skinning; and Lynch law had a similar effect

upon the borderers—for, saith their historian quaintly, “they were thus accustomed to part with life with the utmost indifference.”

Another part of the criminal jurisprudence in practice on the border, was the appeal to single combat*—a process, certainly, that obviated “the law’s delay;” and all, noble or humble, lay or ecclesiastic, save majesty itself, and some half dozen mitred dignitaries, were liable to undergo this challenge.† It saved all manner of forensic expense—admitted of neither demurrer nor replication — and the

* “A cross, made out of the wood which composed the table of St. Cuthbert, and on which he had been in the habit of eating his meals, was preserved at the decay or destruction of the Saxon church, and placed on the altar of St. Cuthbert in the Norham church. Before this relic persons accused of crimes used to declare their innocence, before they waged battle in proof of their assertion. Reginald has recorded an instance of a duel fought at *Midhop*, in the presence of Swain, priest of Fishwick, who was his contemporary.”—*Gilly’s Historic Sketch of Norham*.

† “To prevent measures of forcible retaliation, which would render the borders a constant scene of uproar and bloodshed, matters of difficult proof were referred to the judgment of God in single combat.”—*Mackenzie’s View, &c. &c.*

appeal was to a higher court, and even a higher authority than the lord chancellor. No writ of certiorari would be granted—no bill of exceptions would be allowed—and if the accused denied the charge, the complainant “must enter the lists either personally, or by a delegated champion.”

It cannot be denied that this system of settling monetary matters would be objected to in the present day by traders generally; and if a gentleman lost a horse or two, he would find but little satisfaction in being authorized to fight the thief. Now-a-days, a commercial traveller expects payment of account, and not “a reference to God in single combat,” when he hands in his bill of particulars. On the laity, this mode of settlement was occasionally oppressive; and it was anything but equitable, to array a catch-weight gentleman who had been robbed, against some burly thief, who might, with perfect confidence, shy his castor into the ring even for the modern championship. But on holy church this border code was most oppressive. The Lord’s anointed were open to general challenge—and certainly nothing could be more unfair or more ini-

quitous. Fancy the case of a mitred abbot, when he had lost his favourite mule, and the convent, probably, a score of oxen—the thief is known—denounced—denies the charge—and instead of making carnal restitution, insists that the injured dignitary shall tilt with him even to the death! Well, the abbot is a portly gentleman—as abbots ought to be—one on whom, like Father Philip in the play, the grace of Heaven has thriven marvellously. He, the worthy churchman, has “gone extensively to waistcoat”—and the balcony in front, plainly proves that other things beside water will “swell a man”—to wit, “fat capon” and treble X. Well, shall this holy personage,—who at scale will turn twenty stone, who leadeth a pacific life, filling the intervals which occur between the given periods when he slumbers in his stall or snores in his dormitory, in fortifying the citadel, namely, the stomach—shall he, who even to gain the saddle would be to occasion an exertion that would leave him panting for ten minutes—shall he be obliged to set-to with a Christie o’ the Clint hill, or a Willie of Westburn-flat?—fellows who,

barring skin, consist of nothing personally but bones and sinews?*

It is true that holy men—unless they were lions of the fold of Judah, like Priest Cressingham, Friar Tuck, and Doctor Machale—might fight by proxy ; but a substitute for the militia could not have involved a heavier expense. The ill-used churchman was obliged to pay, mount, and arm his champion. Well, what was the result ? If his reverence had luck, he made the Borders shorter of a highwayman ; but if his man was “ polished off,” and such was the case generally, the poor priest was incarcerated in his den—one, that secular hands

* In 1216 Ralph Gubium was Prior of Tynemouth, and was sadly tormented by a sinful layman, named Simon, who set up a vexatious claim to “ two corrodiess,” which Ralph would rather not part with. Now the affair would have led to a chancery suit, but the disputants agreed to leave it to a fair stand-up fight, a clear stage and no favour—and the best man and his owner to win. The Abbot of Saint Albans was appointed stakeholder and referee. Simon was wide awake, engaged the best fighting man to be found, and the holy champion was defeated. Honest Ralph felt so much mortified at his man being polished off, that in a pet, he resigned his priory.

dare not violate—until he could satisfy the living man by an apology, and compromise for the dead one, by offering masses for his soul's repose.

When peace nominally existed between the countries, and the wardens on both sides seriously desired to repress the exiles and outlaws, who could claim no country and owned no lord, the border laws were resorted to, and the bounds of the respective kingdoms, were not allowed to protect the moss trooper when he lifted. The wardens, or their officers, were permitted to exercise the "hot-trod"—as they termed it—and cross the opposite border not only unopposed, but assisted, if they required assistance. When the alarm was given, it was necessary to carry a lighted peat upon a spear-point, and raise hue-and-cry with bugle and bloodhound. All Scotch or English were bound to join in the pursuit, and to arrest the "posse," or stop the sleuth-dog, was a capital offence.* The latter, however, was easily effected by foil-

* "Nullus perturbet, aut impediatur canem trassantem, aut homines trassantes cum ipso, ad sequendum latrones."
—*Regiam Magistatem*, lib. iv. cap. 32.

ing his scent with blood—and the former received as much aid and assistance from their brother borderers, as an Irish gauger would from the “finest pisantry upon earth.” *

* An eccentric countryman of mine, some years since gathered to his fathers, had a decided fancy for hunting, and the liveliest horror of a puppy. To describe his character would be useless—no Englishman could comprehend it. His house, his horse, his person, were unique; and according to the trite adage—“None but himself could be his parallel.”

The year before Waterloo, on “Saint Stephen’s day, that blessed morn,” as the old hunting ballad has it, we met at the cover side—and R. R. R. (his alliterative initials will be recognised by many who remember him) was there, as might be expected. His costume, that day, was more remarkable than usual: a threadbare scarlet jacket; a battered hunting-cap, ornamented with a branch of bog-myrtle; corduroy tights; the continuation of one, being a jockey-boot, and that of the other, a hussar one. He carried an enormous thonged whip, and through the three upper buttonholes of his seedy jacket, he had a stumped pipe (*Hibernicè*, a dhudheene) inserted.

I had scarcely paid R. R. R. the customary morning compliments, when a young Light Dragoon, whose regiment was quartered in a neighbouring garrison, rode up. He was the son of a London tradesman; and one of the most stupid and intolerable puppies in existence. Nothing could be more precise than his costume. His coatee had emanated from Nugee’s; his fie-for-shames were delicately white; his boots were decidedly Gilberts;

The savage mode of living maintained upon the Border until the union of the crowns, may

and his gloves were kid skin. In a word, he was as nice a young man as Cockayne and a cavalry regiment could turn out. He pulled up on the opposite side to R. R. R.—one look was interchanged between them—that look was perfectly conclusive.

“M—” observed the dragoon, “What a horrible person your friend with the odd boots is !”

“I must drive a nail, or I’ll faint,” exclaimed R.R.R., drawing out a pocket pistol that would hold a pint of whiskey, and taking a heavy slug; “Whisper, Mac! By the eternal frost! I have given that fellow at once my everlasting aversion. Tell him, I’ll settle sixpence a-week upon him for life, if he will only keep out of my sight for ever.” I need scarcely add, that neither of these flattering observations were communicated.

In Ireland, certain professions are supposed to be obnoxious alike to “men below and saints above.” In subterranean statistics there is a place called Fiddler’s Green, three miles and a half in the world’s side of Pandemonium, where the downward career of a tithe-proctor might be stopped, or even an attorney arrested, if he died penitent and provided a fund for his soul’s weal. But for a guager there is no chance; down he goes, booked through direct—and the united prayers of the Propaganda could not arrest his progress.

In olden time, on St. Stephen’s day, (26th December,) every master of hounds turned out in honour of his patron, and the peasantry came on by hundreds. There was, on this occasion, a false alarm of a find, and a couple of fences were crossed. The last was a rasper; and the

be easily accounted for, when one remembers that life and property were merely held, as if they were held from day to day. The moss-

dragoon—no better horseman than Cockneys are usually—was glad of an apology to turn over. R. R. R., who had fenced the double ditch cleverly, hearing the voice of the dismounted dragoon calling upon the mob to arrest the fugitive, bellowed from stentorian lungs—"Arrah ! boys, jewel ! what are ye about ? *Won't ye stop the gauger's horse, for the love of Jasus ?*"

"The gauger !" exclaimed a gentleman who had been regularly cleaned out the week before by a foray of the revenue. "Oh ! the curse of Cromwell light heavily upon all of the name. May the horse go, where he'll go himself—the robber—and that's to the devil ;" and he shied, what is called in Ireland a *caubeein*, and in English "a shocking bad hat," at an animal already predisposed to levant. "The gauger's horse !" responded the proprietor of a *potteeine*-house, as he launched a *boulteeine** at the flying quadruped. "Along the line the signal ran ;" and while an independent fire of cudgels and *caubeeins* responded to it faithfully, the younger portion of the community aided and assisted by a pebble or a sod, as either came more readily to hand. It is enough to say, that Cornet F— met his horse at the barrack gate, late in the afternoon ; the animal having crossed eighteen miles of country, and the owner about nine—as the crow flies. Neither the cavalier or his charger were seen for a fortnight ; and during the remainder of the season Mr. F— never even looked at a hound.

* *Anglicè*—a cudgel.

troopers were always on the alert ; and they, acting as they did on the faith of the good old Highland adage, that the “ ganging foot’s ay getting,” were always on the *qui vive*. A man went to bed at night in independent circumstances, and in the morning he rose in poverty that might have competed with Job’s ; although in patience, the latter would beat the borderer hollow. These visitations were every day occurrences ; but what were the moonlight operations of the prickers—for generally their captions could be redeemed by the payment of “ saufey-money ”—to the wholesale destruction perpetrated when a warden made a raid, or a king’s lieutenant crossed the marches ? The sword, heaven knows ! is sharp enough ; but when accompanied by the firebrand it is pitiable.* As Burns would sing, my Lord Evers

* The official return of the inroad made by Evers and Latoun, in 1544, will give a pretty accurate idea of the enormities committed at the time :—

“ Towers, towns, barnakynes, parysh-churches,	
bastell-houses, burned and destroyed . . .	192
Scots slain	403
Prisoners taken	826
Nolt (cattle) carried away	10,336
Shepe	12,492

and Sir Brian on the following year “gat their fairins,” and most deservedly. In surpassing cruelty this royal raid* was worthy of the monster who had ordered it (Henry VIII.), and Evers proved himself a proper instrument. Among other barbarities he burned the town of Broomhouse, and *the lady and her children perished in the flames.*

On his retreat, the English general was pursued by a hasty levy of Scottish horsemen, under Lord Angus, and some Fifeshire men, brought up by Norman Leslie. Finding his rear pressed, Lord Evers declined crossing the Teviot, and offered battle upon Ancram Moor. Angus hesitated to accept the challenge, until Scot of Buccleugh joined him with some chosen retainers. His arrival confirmed Angus’s wavering resolution, and finesse enabled the

Nags and geldings	1,296
Gayt (goats)	200
Bolls of Corn	850

Insight gear (household effects) beyond compute.”—*Exploits don upon the Scotts, from the beginning of July to 17th November, 1544.*—Hayne’s State Papers.

* The royal Bluebeard was rendered savage at the time, by a breach of marriage between his son Edward, and the infant Queen of Scotland.

Scottish leaders to inflict upon the marauders one of the deadliest defeats on border record. Under the mask of retreating, the Scots retired behind the high ground they had occupied, and formed on a level surface behind it called Panierheugh. Evers advanced; he crossed the abandoned height; sun and wind was in his eyes; and under the dip of the hill he found the Scotch, in position, and ready to receive troops blown with their previous exertions. Their assault was bloodily repelled. Of Evers's army (2500 men) 700 were broken clans and border refugees. They were termed "assured Scottishmen;" but theirs proved but *Punica fides*. When the English recoiled, the borderers tore the red crosses from their breast, joined their countrymen, and assailed their former allies; and a desperate and unrelenting slaughter ensued. "Remember Broomhouse!" was the fearful slogan; and in most cases, quarter was refused. The English leaders fell; and scarcely a hundred escaped from this fatal field.

The Scots retaliated English cruelty—indeed, to an extent that might equal Indian vengeance—and inroad after inroad was made on each side. The barbaric waste committed in

these disgusting expeditions were worthy of Goth and Hun. Lord Hertford ruined the beautiful abbeys of Dryburgh, Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso; and in 1570, Lord Sussex destroyed, entirely or partially, fifty castles and houses of defence, and nearly three hundred towns, villages, and farmhouses.

The union of the crowns amalgamated the countries, and border hostilities nationally ceased. But as the proverb goes, "it is ill teaching an old dog tricks;" and it would be difficult to induce a hardened moss-trooper to exchange the lance for the spade. But the edict for their suppression had now gone forth; and it would appear that the statutory enactment which afterwards was found so efficacious in the Highlands, was at this period equally serviceable upon the Border—that was, interdicting all but "gentlemen of rank and respect" from carrying weapons. Other circumstances assisted to quiet the district. A war in the Low Countries gave employment to part of its unruly population; and with the assistance of the hangman, the Earl of Dunbar proved that leather is not comparable to hemp. "He executed many without the formality of

a trial," says Mackenzie, "and it is even said, that in mockery of justice, assizes were held upon them after they had suffered." Well, on the same admitted principle, that dead men tell no tales, his lordship considered that a dead man would not move for a new trial, and therefore that the assizes would pass pleasantly.

The snake was scotched, not killed ; and the civil wars in the reign of the first Charles, gave the moss-troopers an opportunity of resuming their old occupations with pleasure and profit. But at the Restoration, they were done up as regularly as mail-coaches are now by railroads ; and a tremendous statute was levelled by Charles II. against " a great number of lewd, disorderly, and lawless persons, being thieves and robbers, who are commonly called moss-troopers." But still the borderers were true to their vocation—plundered with success—and escaped justice with impunity. " The fifteen," seems to have been the concluding epoch in their history ; and with Forster's and Derwentwater's most impotent *émeute*—in which the borderers joined heartily—the annals of the moss-troopers appear to close.

These rude and lawless people—warden

raids apart—were generous, and even noble, in their warlike character. With them it was not “*væ victis!*” but when the fray was over, so ended animosity. “Englishmen on the one party, and Scotchmen on the other party,” says old Froissart, “are good men of war, for when they meet there is a hard fight without sparing.” “Victory decided—such as betaken,” quoth the old knight, “shall be ransomed ere they go out of the field; so that shortly each of them is so content with the other, that at their departing courteously, they will say, ‘God thank you!’ but in fighting one with another, there is no play nor sparing.”

The union of the crowns, as we have mentioned, virtually destroyed the systematic moss-trooping; but half a century elapsed, before these wild people could accommodate themselves to the industrious habits and pursuits of those around them. They still clung to the savage amusements which recalled scenes of violence now suppressed. Cockfighting and football were favourite amusements; and drinking to excess, and riot and brawling, were charges the borderer would not deny. Football, like Irish hurling, usually ended in a

general row ; and what commenced in good humour, too often terminated in maimed limbs and fractured heads. Poaching was carried on to an immense extent, and a spirit of gambling was inveterate. It was not unfrequent when harvesting the crops, for farmers to stop upon the highway, with their laden carts, and decide by a game at cards which farmyard should possess the double load, and the loser would assist in stacking the corn he had lost !

Such, and little more than half a century since, was the state of the Borders. What is it now ? We will not altogether assert that Tom Moore's beauty, with her wand and ring, would travel through the dales, night and day, without eliciting border gallantry. But we will say, that whether in the pastoral hills of Cheviot or Lammermuir, or on the classic banks of Tweed, " by day or night, or any light," the traveller may pass safely ; and over the whole district which " law-contemning" pricklers rode, none will assail his person or effects. The two meteors of the day, Daniel the Liberator and Alderman Gibbs, would here elicit no sensation. The patriot would be allowed to traverse the banks of Tweed with-

out an ovation, or even the presentation of a silver spoon,—while none would stop the “great unaccountable,” to enquire “how his audit stood;” leaving that mysterious question to heaven and Joe Hume.

CHAPTER III.

BEING engaged to visit the brother of a deceased friend resident at Bamborough, our drive thither was by the sea-side; and, as the day was particularly fine, the expanse of water the eye commanded was both extensive and most interesting. The surface was smooth as a mirror, and studded thickly with vessels and fishing-boats; the white canvas of the former presenting an agreeable contrast to the barked sails of the humbler craft with which they were surrounded. Nearly abreast, the dark and shattered rocks which form the dangerous chain of islands called "The Farnes" rose irregularly above the water, giving marked evidence, from their rugged and irregular outline, that their origin had been volcanic. In full front, that noble remnant of antiquity, Bamborough Castle, showed its "frowning keep"—while, in the distance, the castle of Holy Island towered boldly up, and formed

an interesting feature in the scene.* The abbey of Lindisfarn is not distinctly seen, although within gunshot of the castle. To a Romish devotee this corner of earth and sea would be considered holy, for Lindisfarn was the bishopric, and Farne the seclusion of Saint Cuthbert—one of the most redoubted gentlemen ever canonized ; and indeed, if chronicles be true, the honour was properly conferred ; for a gamer man never set-to with him poetically called “ the morning star,” but better known in the vernacular, as the devil.

Never had an honest Christian such tremendous trials as poor Cuthbert. The devil and he never could pull together for an hour ; and

* The castle on Holy Island was a dependency on the fortress of Berwick, and until 1819, retained its artillery and a small garrison. Its site is inaccessible, except by a zigzag path cut along the southern face of the rock, and well defended by a flanking fire. Its offensive strength is a seven-gun battery, looking seaward, the rest of the small extent of the cone of the rock being taken up with a barrack for the men, and a house for the commanding officer. Before the introduction of siege artillery, this little fortress was, from its position, almost beyond insult ; the rock it stands on was not to be escaladed, and its works were too much elevated to fear aggression from the clumsy engines then in use.

Old Nick, whenever he could, never hesitated to take a dirty advantage. At three years old the children would not play with the juvenile saint, as, even at that early age, they discovered that "he was both a presbyter and a bishop." When grown up, an angel desired him to proceed to Melrose direct, and book himself for the next vacancy. Well, the devil waylaid him—a set-to ensued—and after a fair stand-up fight and no favour, Satan had the worst of it. Still, "the gentleman in black" seemed inveterate against the persecuted saint, and one blessed Sunday, to spoil the effect of his best sermon, the devil set fire to a cottage, broke the thread of his discourse, and scattered the congregation. With a spoonful of holy water, however, Cuthbert made all right again, extinguished the flames in double quick, and the audience returned after this false alarm, as people come back to a theatre, to enjoy with increased gusto the remainder of the entertainment.

When a church dignitary called Eata, was promoted from Melrose to Lindisfarn, Cuthbert accompanied him as second in command; and, as prior, by all accounts, he kept the

monks in excellent order. Cuthbert, however, soon succeeded his insubordinate Prelate, at Holy Island; for Eata, for a breach of discipline, was tried, by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, before a sort of spiritual court-martial assembled on the banks of the Aln. This troublesome churchman was sent to Hexham—and Cuthbert promoted to Lindisfarn, *vice* Eata, deposed for contumacy.

In this lonely isle Cuthbert continued twelve years, celebrated as an itinerant preacher, and the most determined woman-hater in the calendar. He would not permit one of the fair sex to enter his church, but built a chapel at the extreme point of the island for themselves. Indeed, a more ungallant gentleman never wore a mitre; for even a distant view of a petticoat put him in a fury. Cuthbert would not object to a fat beeve, or a well-fed wedder; but he would not stand a milch cow on any account. Nothing could be simpler than the reason for which he repudiated animals generally considered inoffensive,—“Where there is a cow,” said the saint of Lindisfarn, “there must be a woman; and where there is a woman, there must be mischief.” At last, weary of the

comforts of his "proud abbaye," he determined to emigrate to the rocky island which was the scene of Grace Darling's exploits; and which, although the largest of the Farns, had no fresh water, and was known to have been especially selected by his Satanic Majesty as his marine residence. Cuthbert persevered, and there, with one short interval, he resided until his death; when, in a stone coffin, given him by some holy personage, and a sheet presented him by the Abbess of Tynemouth, he commenced a *post-mortem* course of navigation, which had not been previously attempted by any mariner upon record.

Cuthbert abominated the fair sex, and the devil. His antipathy to "the gentleman in black" was natural enough; for Cloutie, like our modern Paul Pry, made it a point to "drop in" at the most affecting passages in the saint's sermons—but for his heretical opinions touching milch-cows, and lovely woman, no apology can be pleaded. This drawback in Cuthbert's character apart, as saints went, he was an obliging body on the whole.

Reginald, who lived towards the end of the 12th century, tells the tale of a man who,

having been imprisoned by King Malcolm in Berwick Castle, and loaded with fetters of intolerable weight, implored the succour of St. Cuthbert. The saint came to his aid, conducted him out of his dungeon,—led him across the Tweed with all his irons hanging about him, and brought him in safety to the church at Norham, where his fetters were seen for many years afterwards suspended from one of the beams as a votive offering.

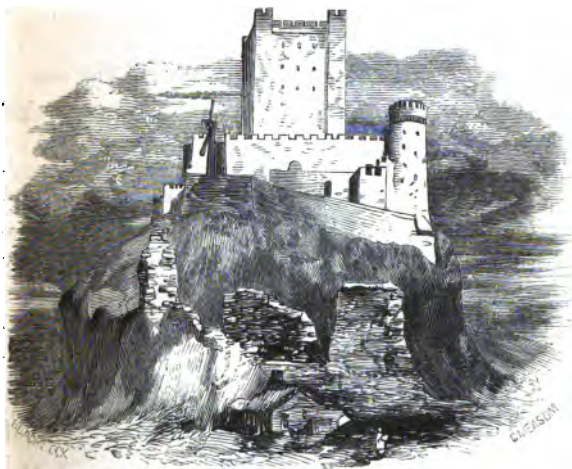
Well, that was backing a friend in trouble, and no mistake. He was also what, in theatrical parlance, is called “a useful man;” for, even after his beatitude, he would come down from heaven to recover a lost key.

“A boy named Haldene,” quoth the old chronicler, “attended the school, which was kept in Norham church (a custom very common, says Reginald). This boy having neglected his books, and dreading the punishment of his idleness, threw the key of the church into the Tweed (in Thenodam) at a place called *Padduel* (*hodie* Pedwel). The services of the church would have been interrupted, relates the historian, had not St. Cuthbert appeared to the priest, and told him to go to the fisher-

men at Pedwel. The priest went, and saw that they had just caught a salmon, in whose throat the key was found. The key was thenceforth held in great veneration, and kissed devoutly by the people.”*

In sight of “the saint’s domain,” it would be heresy not to visit his favourite abode; and, D.V., I’ll be off to the Farn islands to-morrow morning.

The southern view of Bamborough Castle is



* Reginald does not mention whether the saint split upon the delinquent. But if he did, as birch is plenty in the neighbourhood, we would not have been in Master Haldene’s trowsers for a trifle.

particularly fine, and gives an admirable picture of the external appearance of a feudal castle. The immense square keep* domineers over the whole of the other defences, and displays its dark battlements over the towers and con-

* "The keep is a lofty square structure, of that kind of architecture which prevailed from the Conquest till about the time of Henry the Second. The stones with which it is built are remarkably small, and were taken from a quarry at North Sunderland, three miles distant. From their smallness it has been conjectured they were brought hither on the backs of men or horses. The walls to the front are eleven feet thick, but the other three sides are only nine. The original roof was placed no higher than the top of the second story. The reason for the side walls being carried so much higher than the roof, might be for the sake of defence, or to command a more extensive look-out, both towards the sea and land. The tower was, however, afterwards covered at the top. Here were no chimneys; the only fire-place in it was a grate in the middle of a large room, supposed to have been the guard-room, where some stones in the middle of the floor are burned red. This floor was all of stone, supported by arches. This room had a window in it, near the top, three feet square, intended to let out the smoke. All the other rooms were lighted by slits or chinks in the walls, six inches broad. The outworks are built of a very different stone from that of the keep, being a coarse freestone of an inferior quality, ill calculated to sustain the injuries of the weather, taken from the rock itself. In all the principal rooms, in the outworks there are chimneys, particularly in the kitchen,

necting curtains which formed the *enceinte* of a place, whose extent may be fancied from the fact, that the area they encircled amounted to eight acres.

The military history of this ancient fortress would form a fine study for the reflective, while the order of its architecture is a sad puzzle to an antiquary. Like the travellers who could

which measures forty feet by thirty feet, where there are three very large ones, and four windows; over each window is a stone funnel, like a chimney, open at the top, intended, as it is supposed, to carry off the steam. In a narrow passage, near the top of the keep, was found upwards of fifty iron heads of arrows, rusted together in a mass; the longest of them about seven and a half inches. In December, 1770, in sinking the floor of the cellar, the draw-well was accidentally found; its depth is 145 feet, cut through the solid rock, of which seventy-five feet is of hard whinstone. In the summer of the year 1773, in throwing over the bank a prodigious quantity of sand, the remains of the chapel were discovered, in length 100 feet; the chancel, which is now quite cleared, is thirty-six feet long, and twenty feet broad; the east end, according to the Saxon fashion, semicircular. The altar, which has been likewise found, did not stand close to the east end, but in the centre of the semicircle, with a walk about it three feet broad, left for the priest to carry the host in procession. The font, richly carved, is also remaining, and is now preserved amongst the curiosities in the keep."—*View of Northumberland, by Mackenzie.*

not agree in the colour of the chameleon, half-a-dozen learned Thebans, including Grose and Wallis, are at issue touching its origin. One swears that it is true Saxon, another has it Roman, while a third ascribes it to the Normans. Whether any portion of the original fortress is standing or not, there certainly was on this rock a place of arms in complete repair when the first William landed. Every thing considered, Wallis appears to be the most correct in his conclusions; and from natural strength and litoral advantages, Bamborough was, I am inclined to think, one of the *castella* fortified by Agricola, in his third British campaign.

As long back as 642, this castle was a place of consequence and strength, as it held out against Penda, King of Mercia, successfully. Failing in carrying Bamborough by assault, the Saxon monarch attempted to burn out the garrison, and, for that purpose, raised against the walls enormous piles of wood. But Penda little dreamed that he had not only strong defences, but the prayers of the church to contend against. The bishop of Lindisfarn was on one of the Farn Islands watching the pro-

gress of the siege, and wide awake to all that was passing. When Penda set fire to his wood-heaps, Bishop Aidan supplicated Heaven for a shift of wind. It chopped round instantly—blew a whole gale—carried the burning faggots among the besiegers' tents—and instead of obtaining possession of Bamborough, Penda was regularly “burned out,” and obliged to raise the siege.

In 1332, Bamborough was honoured by a royal visit—for when Edward sat down before Berwick, he left his queen for safety in this castle.

During the expiring struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, before the defeat at Hexham Levels gave a crushing blow to the hopes of the latter, Bamborough sustained its last siege. It held out obstinately, and suffered much damage before it surrendered from the cannon of the enemy. Neither the seventh or eighth Henry repaired it afterwards—it passed into the possession of Sir John Foster—and in 1715 was forfeited by his grandson, the member for Northumberland, who had taken arms for the old Pretender. On his attainder, the estates and castle were purchased by his brother-in-law, lord Crew.

The bishop, who appears to have been but an indifferent statesman, for while attached warmly to the Stuarts, he paid servile homage to the house of Hanover, was in private life a most amiable man; and, indeed, in every Christian quality might be held up as a model for the bench; but alas! his was an example not very likely to be followed by the shovel-hatted gentry of the present day. On his death, he bequeathed these fine estates, with ample authority to certain trustees, to be applied in charitable and useful purposes! In the choice he made, he was eminently successful—and in that philanthropic plan which lord Crewe had nobly originated, the venerated Dr. Sharp had an ample field opened to exercise his own benevolence. For a period of forty-two years he (Dr. Sharp) expended large sums annually from his private purse on the repairs and reconstruction of the castle,* and appro-

* When the doctor commenced the work of restoration, this splendid relic of former days was rapidly declining into a mere ruin, and it was already half-sanded-up. Its state may be estimated from the fact, that a fox unkennelled in one of the towers, made a circuit back, and was run into and killed in the present drawing-room of the keep.

priated its revenues to the foundation of excellent schools, a valuable infirmary, shops where the poor are supplied with provisions at reduced rates, and a temporary asylum for shipwrecked seamen.

Before the Farn islands were lighted as they are now, and when navigation was but imperfect, these dangerous rocks were prolific in loss of life and property, and held, in maritime estimation, to be almost as perilous to seamen as the Goodwin Sands. To avert misfortune is the first care of the trustees—to relieve it the second. For the latter purpose, apartments are fitted up for shipwrecked sailors; and bedding is provided for thirty, should such a number happen to be cast on shore at the same time. “A constant patrol is kept every stormy night along this tempestuous coast for above eight miles, the length of the manor; and whoever brings the first notice of any vessel being in distress, receives a premium proportioned to the distance from the castle and the darkness of the night. A person attends at daybreak during winter at the observatory on the east turret of the castle, to look out

if any vessel be in distress. If it happens that ships strike in such a manner on the rocks as to be capable of relief, in case a number of people could be suddenly assembled, a gun is discharged to alarm the neighbourhood ; it is fired once if the accident happens in such a quarter, twice if in another, and thrice if in another direction. Machines of different kinds are always in readiness to heave ships out of a perilous situation. A bell is placed on the top of the tower, and rung as a warning to fishing boats in foggy weather ; and a large swivel, fixed on the east turret, is fired every fifteen minutes as a signal to ships without the islands. Amongst other apparatus for assisting distressed vessels, the trustees have Captain Manby's. A life-boat also lies at Holy Island, where it can be readily manned with experienced hands, and where they have not at the commencement to contend with the breakers near the main land. Premiums are always given to the first boats that put off from the island upon a signal being made from the castle. Storehouses and cellars are always kept in readiness for the reception of wrecked goods,

rigging, &c. ; and whenever any dead bodies are cast ashore, coffins, &c. are provided gratis, and also the funeral expenses are paid.*

In no public institutions do abuses more abundantly prevail than in charitable ones—but those of Bamborough are an admirable exception. The trustees have invariably been upright and zealous men ; none of your accursed theorists, but persons who have directed their undivided attention to the best practical uses to which the estates confided to their management could be turned ; and while the sick, the needy, the young, and the unfortunate, were benevolently considered, to others, and of a different class, encouragement was liberally extended. The trustees are declared by their tenantry to be excellent landlords, men who, while anxious to increase the rental of the estates, that their usefulness might be made the more extensive, are solicitous at the same time, that those living under them should have a proper remuneration for their industrious exertions.

The time has gone by when the crozier was occasionally exchanged for the sword, and a

* Mackenzie.

division of an army in the field, or the command of a garrisoned place of arms, entrusted to some right reverend father in God.* Bam-borough is, however, under as absolute spiritual control at present, as it was in the times of the first Richard ; only that instead of the commandant being the bishop, he is (I believe) the archdeacon of the diocese. I have every reason to know that all things fiscal and charitable connected with the castle and its trusts, are in excellent condition ; but I trust I may not be considered irreverent, in directing the attention of the holy castellan to the state of his sea battery, as well as the dangerous propinquity of the windmill to his outworks. As a married churchman, and one who, I entertain no doubt, would devote himself, were it necessary, like another Curtius, “*pro aris et focis*,” I implore him to scale his guns and renew their platforms. As to the windmill, in an artist’s eye it is an abomination, and in a

* In the time of Richard I. Hugh, bishop of Durham, held this castle, but his power was of short date ; for the king being offended at his insolence, disseized him of the fortress, together with the county of Northumberland, and imposed on him a fine of 2000 marks.

military one still more offensive. It looks directly on the northern face of the keep, and were it occupied by an investing enemy, is there a fat prebendary dare shave himself at the window, or, for the stomach's sake, take a mouthful of air before dinner on the rampart, without the risk of being placed *hors de combat* with a lining of lead in "his weam," instead of "good capon."

Think me not, reverend sir, an alarmist. One of the greatest commanders, from the days of

"Captain Noah down to Captain Cook,"

has a hostile eye on England—and what were either of these navigators to Prince de Joinville? Noah left no sailing instructions behind him; Cook only kept professional journals, and wrote a paper or two for the Royal Society; but de Joinville has actually produced a pamphlet, invasion breathing in every page, and you could not pick out a paragraph that did not smell strongly of saltpetre — "Absit," not the omen, but the event. How would you feel some blessed morning, at finding the rear-admiral with a spring upon his cable, and the *Jemappe*, with her broadside on under your dressing-room window? Why, you would, as

the old ballad goes, be "tattered and torn," before one of your old rickety guns could be gotten into working order.

Still, good springs occasionally from evil, and even that fearful visitation might be advantageous in the end. The prince is a spirited young gentleman, and an able sailor—but to judge by his practice at Morocco, about as bad an artillerist as ever laid a gun. Now, if his erratic fire would only miss the keep—for the demolition of one stone of that noble and well-preserved tower would grieve me to the heart—and hit the windmill, upon my soul! the sooner his visit were paid the better.

A worthy comrade, long since gathered to his fathers, was sorely distressed to find the hill of Drumsnab unprovided with "a sconce," and still more, at his unavailing efforts to impress the necessity of erecting one upon the captain of the place; but what would Major Dalgetty say to your windmill? a building, at short range, "overcrowding," as he would term it, the weakest face of your castle! Often and earnestly Dalgetty intreated Sir Archibald Campbell to erect an outwork; and as ardently do I implore you to pull down your windmill.

Keep rear-admiral Prince de Joinville in constant remembrance, and recollect you do not live in the days of Penda, king of Mercia, when a bishop could raise a gale of wind, merely for the trouble of asking for it. I know you are orthodox to the back-bone, eschew pope, popery, and puseyism; and that you would scorn to look to a miraculous deliverance, after the manner in which poor Penda was burned out. Indeed, I do not think that that support could be relied upon; and I suspect you might land upon the Farn islands frequently, without finding a straggling bishop praying among the rocks; and, for my part, I would rather expect to find one at Cheltenham or Harrowgate. *N'importe*—down with the mill—reform your battery altogether—and a fig for de Joinville! * * * * *

CHAPTER IV.

I TAKE a melancholy pleasure in examining a country church-yard, and inspecting the simple memorials of those who have been. There are few rustic cemeteries which do not present some object to interest one; and having procured the keys of that of Bamborough, while my friend was occupied with some business, I repaired alone to the church-yard. The tombstones generally announce that those beneath them were of the "*turba sine nomine*;" men, whose quiet tenors were undisturbed by any save the humblest incidents of life. One of the oldest headstones, whose inscription time has entirely obliterated, by a hieroglyphic on its reverse face, announces the calling, although the name of the deceased has passed away. It is a crossed mattock and pickaxe—and he who had dug the graves of many, in turn required that last service for himself. I should

say, that, apart from statistical returns which confirm it, the gravestones on the borders attest the great longevity of their inhabitants. One my eye glanced upon in passing through Wooler church-yard, states that the grandfather died at eighty-nine, and the father at ninety years and six months; an extended span of existence seldom reached by two generations in succession.

At the western extremity of the Bamborough burial-ground, two-and-twenty of the unfortunate passengers who perished in the *Forfarshire* and *Pegasus* are reposing. A few paces in the front, Grace Darling's humble grave is seen; and close to the wall behind the long line of sufferers, a plain tombstone, and a chaste and handsome monument, record the deaths of Messieurs Robb and Mackenzie, two Scottish clergymen, who were lost in these ill-fated, or more correctly speaking, ill-managed steamers.

With respect to the misfortune which occurred to the *Forfarshire*, different causes have been assigned; and to bad management and defective machinery her loss has been generally attributed. The gale was heavy—the sea

ran high — and the probable failure of her boilers, at the moment when the working of her engines at their greatest power, could only have enabled her to weather the storm, was a calamity which might have set the ablest seaman-ship at defiance. But what excuse can be offered for the destruction of human life on board the *Pegasus*? The night was bright — the winds were sleeping — the vessel sped merrily along —

On the smooth surface of a summer sea —

her machinery was perfect; the captain and his crew were intimately acquainted with a course which every week was sailed. In the most timid bosom not a fear was lurking; and, with a few exceptions, all had retired to rest. Sunk in repose, the husband fancied himself locked in a wife's embrace; the child's rosy lips were pressed to an expecting mother's; the returning seaman in his dreams was hailed with a smiling welcome by the kindred he had been separated from, and the girl he had loved so long; and never did a company seek "nature's sweet restorer," with brighter anticipations that the morrow's sun would usher in

health and happiness. Alas ! the decree had gone forth ; no sun should rise for them !

The fatal 19th of July, 1843, to many will be a sad anniversary. The *Pegasus* sailed from Leith at half-past five A.M., and passed the mouth of Berwick bay at dusk. On that fatal evening, Van Amburgh exhibited his menagerie ; and after the entertainment had concluded, many of those who had been present repaired to walk upon the pier and ramparts of the town—tempted, even at that late hour, by the calm loveliness of sea and sky. Little did they suppose that sixty fellow beings were hurrying to destruction.

The safe and proper course is between the Plough Seal and the Goldstone, but there is plenty of water inside the rock, and that course, though less safe, is frequently taken, to avoid some of the strong and numerous currents which run in various directions among the Farn Islands. Whether the wretched man who had charge of the most precious cargo a ship is freighted with—human life—intended to run inside the Goldstone, or fancied he had given it, in nautical parlance, a sufficiently “wide berth,” can only be conjectured ;

although it is most probable, that the inner channel was that which he had determined to take ; and one which, from the lightness of the night, and the smoothness of the water, he was perfectly justified in selecting. The steamer was running at full speed, and making eight knots an hour ; the bell was struck at twelve, the watch changed, the captain on the paddle-box ; Emanuel Head had been passed, and the lights upon the Farn distinctly seen. The engineer—who was one of the half dozen saved—at that moment came up the hatch of the engine-room, and remarked that, “ the lights were in one ” [line], instead of being open the breadth of a hand-spike, as they should have been ; but, before he had time to think or speak, the vessel struck the Goldstone with tremendous violence.

The shock gave terrible intimation to all below of the sad and unexpected calamity which had occurred ; and all, male and female, some dressed, and some but partially, hurried upon deck. The forecastle was already filling fast with water ; and while, without order or design, the vessel was backed at one moment, and turned a-head the next, the boats were

lowered on the larboard and starboard sides, crowded with passengers and sailors, but in so unseamanlike a manner, that the engine was set on before the stern-falls could be unhooked. In consequence, both boats swamped with the back-water from the paddle-wheels—and of thirty souls on board, but three recovered the deck of the sinking vessel.

“Great God protect us!” exclaimed a passenger; “the boats are swamped—what shall we do?”

“The best you can;” returned the brutal and besotted captain, mounting the bridge across the paddle-boxes with apparent indifference.

Of courage there are marked and varied qualities; the impulsive feeling which prompts the soldier to mount “the imminent deadly breach;” and that calm and holy self-possession, with which the christian looks, all unmoved, death fully in the face; and shows, that if his rock-founded faith has taught him to live, it also can

“Teach him to die.”

The conclusion of this tragic occurrence was painfully affecting. When hope was over, the

vessel settling rapidly in a treacherous sea, whose surface was still unrippled, and the certainty was known that, ere another quarter of an hour had passed, the ill-starred wretches who, in health and youth and strength, now crowded the deck of the doomed vessel, would then be in eternity, Mackenzie,* true to his



* A sailor, called Bailey, who was saved, says,—“ At that period, near to the cabin sky-light, I saw the Rev. J. M. Mackenzie, with his head raised towards heaven, his arm uplifted, and a closed book in his hand, surrounded by a number of passengers on their knees. Although all were engaged in prayer, I distinctly heard Mr. Mackenzie's voice above the rest. I was struck with his cool and collected manner.”

vocation, collected those about to die around him, and as they knelt, obedient to his wishes, poured forth a parting prayer in words of such fervid eloquence, that the few survivors declared that his supplication for mercy to the throne of grace seemed rather the language of inspiration, than that which is breathed from mortal lips. His fervid prayer and exhortation to bow humbly to the Almighty's will being concluded, he extended his upraised arms above the kneeling group, pronounced his benediction—another minute—Oh! it is painful,—and we must omit the closing scene.

All accounts agree in describing the conduct of the unfortunate passengers under these desperate circumstances as being wonderfully firm and resigned; and, confirmed by the example of the admirable man who pointed out to them a glorious hereafter, they met their fate with decency and fortitude. One affecting incident formed a fearful contrast to the distressing picture which the deck of the sinking vessel generally presented. All were grouped around Mackenzie,—to that good man's entreaty that those about to enter the presence of the Omnipotent might be merci-

fully received, a deep *Amen* was piously returned—while woman's softer nature yielded, and smothered sobs attested the truth of Shakspeare's beautiful remark, "how hard it is to die." At that moment, two sweet children, who had been placed under the captain's care, unconscious altogether of impending danger, were playing merrily about the deck, and when the vessel suddenly went down, the joyous laugh of innocence changed to the gurgling noise of suffocation, and ere the smile faded from their lips, crimeless and pure, these sweet "field flowers" went to their account, and mortal misery was exchanged for an early communion with "their Father and their God."*

To describe the final scene, which closed the history of sixty persons, when the "Pegasus" went down, and all, from the cradle to the crutch, were entombed together in ocean, would be a harrowing detail; and, in the poet's words, we may say when the vessel sank,

"Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The fearful work that there befell."

* They were a boy and a girl, the children of an English clergyman, the Rev. Field Flowers, of Tealby Grove, Lincolnshire.

But the last look in life taken by the rescued mariner at him who caused, and those whom his terrible misconduct had robbed of an existence so endeared to many a living relative, whose tenderest affections a drunken beast had withered, and for ever, is truly interesting, and we shall give it in Bailey's words :—

“I saw the captain and mate together on the larboard paddle-box ; the captain having both his hands in his pockets, neither attempting to save himself, nor any one else. The water had now reached the quarter-deck, I got on the starboard gangway rail, which is the right side of the vessel, and was the one nearest to the shore ; the paddle-boxes were just disappearing with the captain and mate on.

“Before leaping into the sea, I gave a last farewell look, and perceived up the rigging of the main-mast a female and the engineer ; then on the Rev. J. M. Mackenzie, and those about him ; I saw the water just about touching them, but they all remained fixed to the spot, as if too deeply engaged with God to be disturbed by that element, which was to bring them nearer to their heavenly Father.”

Probably about the half of the unfortunate

sufferers found a grave in "ocean caves," or were carried by the under currents out to sea, and the remainder came to land, chiefly at Bamborough and Holy Island, while a few were taken up dispersedly by the fishing-boats. Nothing could be more distressing than the researches of their relatives, which for months continued with pious perseverance. It seemed a melancholy satisfaction to the survivors to place the mutilated remains of those who perished in consecrated earth. And yet, God knows, even when successful, the recovery of a body, whose head and hands were denuded of flesh even to the bones, must have presented a ghastly and disgusting sight ; for, after a few days, the eels and crabs had so made such fearful ravages, that, excepting by clothes or private marks, identity was rendered impossible.

* * * * *

The interior of the church of Bamborough is prettily and comfortably fitted up ; and there are some curious relics in the chancel : one is the figure of a knight recumbent, cut in red granite, and extended on the floor immediately before the altar rails. An ancient head-

piece and iron corslet, with splint-gloves and a sword, are suspended over the side of the communion table. The rudeness of their workmanship, and the absence of any ornament or device, would infer that they were worn by some inferior soldier; and one wonders that, in the hope of averting danger, men should render themselves so perfectly unserviceable as any person must be when encased in this ill-shaped mass of useless iron. Although the defensive armour used in the present day by the heavy cavalry is judiciously constructed, and as different from the ancient shirt of mail, as the percussion musquet from the match-lock, I feel convinced that the dragoon would be more formidable in the charge, or the *melée*, without the cuirass, than with it. The helmet of proof is necessary; but I think that, in loading the horseman with defensive armour to protect his person, the incumbrance exceeds the advantages obtained.

I descended to a very curious crypt, which only a few years ago was opened and cleaned out. It was evidently in papal times used for a confessional, as the iron staple from which to suspend the lamp, and the niche in the wall for the font

which held the holy water, prove that it was not originally designed for a burial vault. It was, however, subsequently used for that purpose; for, when opened, the bodies of five of the Forsters—a Northumbrian family, which a mural monument in the church above announces to be extinct—were found laid in coffins, side by side, on a sort of rude bench of earth and stones. The coffins were placed in parallel graves beneath the flagging, precisely in the order they were found. The earth they had rested on was removed, and a brief notice, chiselled on the stones which covered them, merely detailing the name and age of him who reposed beneath.

Of these relics of a once proud and influential border family, four are unknown to fame, and the fifth's was but a melancholy history. This latter gentleman was member of parliament for Northumberland—and, although a protestant, a strenuous adherent of the house of Stuart. When the old Pretender raised the insurrection in "the fifteen," the earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, both of whom were suspected of disaffection to the reigning government, excited the suspicions of the

authorities, and orders were issued for their arrest.

While the Elector of Hanover succeeded to the crown, by hereditary right and parliamentary settlement, the Earl of Mar, as lieutenant-general, had proclaimed the old Pretender at Kirk Michael, and, being joined by many persons of family and influence, he advanced to Perth, at the head of ten thousand men. Almost simultaneously, a rising took place in the north of England—but it was a hurried outbreak, and plans not matured, as might have been expected, proved abortive.

Lord Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, having narrowly escaped arrest, took the desperate resolution of declaring openly against the house of Hanover; and, with sixty horse, took possession of the town of Warkworth. Here they were joined by Lord Widdrington with thirty men; and Forster assumed the title—so pompously placed on his humble flag-stone in the crypt of Bamborough—lieutenant-general: his army consisting of *ninety men*! In disguise, he proclaimed James III; and marching by Alnwick he was slightly reinforced, and entered Morpeth at the head of three hundred

men. An abortive attempt was made on Newcastle by the insurgents; and, in expectation of support from Cheshire and Lancashire, Forster, after that failure, moved to Hexham. On the 22nd October, at Kelso, a union of a Scottish corps with the English malcontents raised their number to nearly two thousand; but in their counsels there was no wisdom; and while they wasted time in the Cheviots, General Carpenter's horsemen got close upon their rear. An invasion of Lancashire was at last resolved upon; when five hundred Highlanders refused to cross the border, and left the field. On the 2nd November, the *posse comitatus* were drawn out to oppose them; but this rustic body ran bodily away. The rebel march to Lancaster was unopposed; they proclaimed the Pretender, and laid hold of the public money when they could discover it. They reached Preston, a town exclusively Jacobite; and there were joined by the Roman Catholic gentry and their tenants. Here "Forster began to assume the airs of a conqueror, in spite of the misgivings of the veteran Macintosh, who knew the value of such an undisciplined rabble."

In the mean time, Carpenter had united with General Wills by forced marches, at Durham; and an immediate and combined attack upon the rebels was decided on: Wills, by a direct march on Preston; Carpenter, by a flank movement. As the royalists approached, Mr., or General Forster, as he called himself, gave very satisfactory proof that he was but a sorry soldier: "He fell into a fright and confusion, and betook himself to bed." But Lord Kenmure roused him; and in a hurried council, where all the gentlemen had a voice, and "those spoke loudest who knew least of war," a plan of defending Preston was adopted. It was a miserable and mistaken attempt; for the bridge and passage of the Ribble, which a dozen men might have held against hundreds, were left undefended by a single musquet. A simultaneous attack, by dismounted dragoons, was made upon the barriers; it was stoutly repulsed; and General Wills was obliged to retire the assailing parties, and wait until Carpenter should join him next morning. Forster, on learning that the expected junction had been effected, although he had scarcely lost a man, and with force which doubled that

of the regular troops, "lost heart altogether, and, without consulting his friends, sent Colonel Oxburgh to propose a capitulation." All the terms the royalist generals would concede, was a promise that, on an immediate and unconditional surrender, the garrison should not be put to the sword, and that they should be protected until the further pleasure of the government was known. When the object of Oxburgh's mission transpired, the braver portion of the insurgents expressed their contempt and indignation at the conduct of their craven general—and the highlanders would have torn Forster piecemeal, had he ventured to expose himself to their fury. But the die was cast; the Lancashire boors slipped out of the town by hundreds; while the highland chiefs with difficulty dissuaded their clansmen from sallying sword in hand, and cutting their way through the enemy. The whole scene ended in a surrender at discretion; and, through the cowardice of a wretched poltroon, fourteen hundred men, in a town capable of defence, laid down their arms to a smaller number of cavalry.

It is only necessary to connect this hurried

narrative, by observing that Mar was about as good a general as Forster ; and, after a miserable campaign, he and his royal master slipped privately from the army at Dundee ; got unobserved on board a ship ; escaped to France ; and left their enthusiastic and too faithful adherents to abide the vengeance which an alarmed government would be certain to exact.

In Scotland, the penalty incurred by treason, was rather levied by wasting property than taking life ; but in England the arm of the law fell heavily, and Forster's cowardly surrender had left a sufficiency of victims to glut the ministers of the law even to satiety. Indeed, the northern jails seemed types of the cave of Adullam : and strange were the varied professions of the prisoners which crowded these prison houses. There were high-church divines and nonjuring protestants ; priests and jesuits ; jacobite squires and Irish adventurers ; highland chiefs and lowland lairds ; and of the *sine nomine turba*, an assemblage of men of every country and every calling. On these latter, the first fury of the angry executive descended. They were tried by military courts-martial, and shot by fifties. The superior

order of the insurgents were sent forward to London; and there heading and hanging was unsparingly employed, until the most furious royalists were surfeited.

Two persons raised the standard of the Pretender in the north of England, or, probably, the insurgent spirit there might have smouldered without an *émeute*. I allude to Derwentwater and Mr. Forster. The latter was expelled the House of Commons; tried and convicted of high treason; broke out of jail; escaped to the continent, and there lived in great obscurity. But the young and gallant earl was attainted, with the Earl Nithsdale and Lord Kenmure—and all three were condemned to death on Tower Hill.

The romantic escape of the chief of the Maxwells, through the heroic conduct of his lady the night before he was to suffer, is too well known to require anything beyond allusion to this noble act of conjugal devotion; but his less fortunate associates underwent the sentence of their peers. Both died with manly fortitude; and both evinced their misplaced loyalty to a mean-spirited sensualist, whom they considered rightful king, by praying on

the scaffold for the Pretender. Derwentwater was decollated by a single stroke; and, as a coffin—through some inattention—had not been prepared, the head, after the axe fell, was picked up by a servant, and wrapped in a napkin; the body rolled up in a cloak; and both were carried to the Tower first, and finally, secretly conveyed to the north. His friends had some trouble in effecting it; but they did succeed,

“ And laid him in his father’s grave.”

Such was the untimely fate of James Ratcliffe, third and last earl of Derwentwater. Great and incessant exertions had been made in vain to save him; and—even in that day an enormous sum—sixty thousand pounds was offered for a pardon.

Many wonderful and miraculous circumstances were popularly believed to have accompanied his death; and the aurora borealis, which appeared remarkably vivid on the night of his execution, is still known by the name of “ Lord Derwentwater’s Lights.” When his lordship’s last request, to be buried with his ancestors at Dilston, was refused, either a sham funeral took place, or the corpse was after-

wards removed, for it was certainly conveyed secretly from London, and deposited in the family vault. From accident or design the coffin was broken open a few years ago, and the body found, after the lapse of near a century, in a high state of preservation. It was easily recognised by the suture round the neck, and by the regularity of the features and openness of the countenance. The teeth were all perfect; but Mr. Surtees, in his history of Durham, says that "several of them were drawn by a blacksmith, and sold for half-a-crown a piece!" In a short time afterwards the vault was closed up. This unfortunate nobleman is described to have been rather under the middle size, slender, and active, with a fine, comely, and prepossessing aspect.

The ample estates of the Ratcliffe family were declared forfeited; and an act of parliament passed, to transfer the use of them to Greenwich Hospital.

Title and estates have passed away, and the family of Ratcliffe, like that of Forster, is extinct.

In the Cheviots I met a singular memorial of this unfortunate nobleman. In the house

of a hill-farmer, a brand was shown me with the letters J. R. in antiquated characters. It had been found in Bilston Hall; and, probably, what may be the last true relic of a wealthy and powerful house at present in existence, is neither "jewel rare," nor warrior's weapon, but that humble implement—a sheep-brand!
sic transit!

CHAPTER V.

MAN ordains and Heaven forbids. Bound for the Farn Islands this morning—every preparation made—all ready to start—the wind says “no !” and that, too, most emphatically. Summer as it is ; it blows a regular nor-wester, and so far from giving symptoms of abatement, I fancy that “a fresh hand has been put to the bellows,” as sailors say, for the gale increases. The water between this shore and the Farns is literally boiling ; and over those barren rocks the waves are breaking fearfully. Honest Cuthbert ! with your leave, I’ll postpone my morning call, until you have smoother water about your premises. Jack Falstaff very properly remarks, that “he’ll be damned for never a king’s son in Christendom ;” and I’ll not be drowned for any saint in the calendar. I shall be off to the Cheviots, and will visit the old woman-hater on my return, *i. e.* wind and weather permitting. I hate drowning as much

as "fat Jack" did — it's an ungentlemanly death, and "swells a man"—and as I should like to present a respectable appearance when lying in state, I'll stick to *terra firma*.

I am neither a geologist or botanist. With the flowers of the geranium and potato I am well acquainted; and also, know a rose from a carnation. In geology, I plead equal ignorance; and for a correct description of the grand feature of my present *locale*, I shall be indebted to the historian of Northumberland.

"Cheviot, from which the whole group of porphyritic hills is named, is a huge round-topped mountain, rising 2,642 feet above the level of the sea. The higher parts of the Cheviot range are covered with peat-moss, and their lower acclivities with alluvial soil, upon porphyry and sygenite of various modifications. The summit of Cheviot presents large craggy rocks of whinstone and horn-blende. Hornsy Crag, which rises above the farm house near Langley Ford in the valley between Hedgehope and Cheviot, is composed of a variety of this rock; and the perpendicular cliffs of Well-hole, on the opposite side of the Cheviot, consist also of the same rock."

Now after this scientific description of the surrounding hills, I shall merely remark that I am cantoned very snugly in a shepherd's house under Hornsy Crag; and, as I presume for their past offendings, a party of sappers and miners are encamped upon the top of Cheviot—"Marry, good air"—and no fear either of duns or morning visitors. 2,642 feet of altitude is excellent security against intrusion; and I question if even a Hebrew solicitor would undertake to serve a writ upon the apex of this range. The *sapeurs* must find their climate rather uncommon—for a few years since, the little lough upon the summit was so firmly iced over at midsummer, that a herdsman walked across it!

From Wooler, the entrance into the Cheviots, or I should rather say, that portion of the hill-district to which I was bound, is, from the time you leave the town, extremely disagreeable; indeed, almost impracticable to a horseman. The road—and it runs but a mile or two—is bad; and then sheep-paths succeed it, interspersed with rocks and rolling pebbles, which require a very discreet horse, and more-over one that is well upon his pins, to traverse

safely ; and yet, never was an elderly gentleman with an infirm knee, worse mounted than I. My charger travels low, so much so as to lead me to suspect that he is an Irish importation, and belonging to that peculiar breed, which, according to Hibernian grooms, will kick a shilling from one end of a ten-mile stage to the other. He has also, a sore mouth, and when the path became doubly dangerous, and I attempted to assist him with a tighter rein, he tossed his head towards the sky, as if appealing from man's cruelty to heaven. I can't walk, and I am afraid to ride—but the guide cheers me by pointing out my destination. We are also on the turf-sward now, and if the quadruped indulges in a somerset, we'll light upon broom or heather—and that is better than having one's person roughly deposited upon the hard stones.

I mentioned that the Lammer muir was celebrated for its honey, and the Cheviots are not inferior in reputation. A man in Wooler is a bee fancier, and cultivates these industrious insects with great success. Although resident himself in the town, he cantons the bees among the mountains—and I passed a pen-fold to-day,

a mile distant from the nearest shepherds, in which some twenty hives were placed. There is no one to look after them but the proprietor, and his visits are very irregular. But though exposed in a place, which, within a circuit of three miles can only reckon one farm-house and a shepherd's, the bees remain undisturbed, and the honey intact—a most singular proof of the honesty of this pastoral and remote neighbourhood.

Within musquet-shot of my quarters two burns * unite their waters, and form a small river. Here and there, are pools you could cover with a horse-cloth, connected by shallow streams. To look at it as a streamlet, it forms a pretty feature in the moorland; but the angler would pass it, as the Jew of old in the picture—I forget the master—passed the man who had fallen among thieves. And yet there is not a day from March to November, that this scanty brook will not supply a dish of trouts.

The evening is still, there is not a cloud in the sky, the sun is shining gloriously, and the

*The Scotch name for a rivulet.

water is so pellucid, that every pebble might be counted. The streams would not wet your angle—the pools are absolutely crystal. Would it be expected or believed, that under such circumstances, I have killed a dish of trouts, and two or three of them herring size? The fact is however so.

A travelling tinker I overtook in the muir on my way up this morning, for the consideration of a mutchkin of whisky paid upon the spot, indoctrinated me in the way to angle here; and to the reader I shall give the same instruction, and “tell him the art, as it was told to me.”

It is simply to fish with a short line, the casting one to be of delicate fineness, and one fly is only to be used, the angler keeping himself well from the pool, and rather sinking the fly than working it on the surface. Every trout I took I saw distinctly in the water; and it was amusing at times, to see two or three following the fly cautiously, until one of more dashing spirit than the others, made a sudden rush and concluded his history. I was better prepared for angling, according to the tinker's directions, than any fisherman who tries this

water, for I had accidentally half a dozen beautiful horsehairs in my fly-book, each of them as long as my arm. These hairs are fifty years old; they were given to me a quarter of a century since, by the late Captain Burton of the 99th, and they had been thirty years in his possession at the time. He was an eccentric man, uncouth in his manner, and careless in his dress; but under an odd exterior, lay a warm heart and a generous and charitable disposition. After his own manner he was hospitable to excess; and to crown him with all the cardinal virtues, the best angler, and the most singular one I ever met with. He never was master of a link of gut in his life. He commenced angling with a single horse-tail—and that tail was accessory to the death of thousands of trouts in every British water.

For elegant trout fishing, no gut on earth is comparable to horsehair—when you can obtain it. I believe that not an artist on the border, with gut, could have competed with my superior tackle this evening. But you must compare the different *materiel* to estimate the superior delicacy of the hair. I think I have ten dozen midges in my book—and many a page I turned

over before I could find one tied on material fine enough to unite to the horsehair.

By the way, the best fly-tiers are scandalously careless in selecting suitable gut on which to dress their flies; and I have repudiated many a midge of beautiful construction, because it was affixed to a substance that looked very like a harp-string.

Last evening the sun set beautifully. Judge, then, my surprise this morning to find myself enveloped in fog; and from the cloudless sky in which the god of day took his final departure, I arise in impenetrable obscurity, and am converted literally into "a son of the mist." What can be done? An arrangement of disordered tackle might kill an hour or two; but, I cannot distinguish colours, nor ascertain brown from black. I am, alas! without a book, but a fly-book of Mr. Cheeks'. We'll try the house; surely in the long, dull, winter nights, they must have something printed wherewith to while the hours away.

If I might form an opinion, by the literary supply brought for my edification and amusement, and if the Cheviot libraries contain the same materials as the pamphlets I have over-

looked, I do not marvel that the imaginations of these aborigines are haunted with battle, murder, and sudden death; and that in ghosts, fairies, and hobgoblins, they are true believers.

The first of the instructive and entertaining collection I perused, had a peculiar interest for me. It is intitulated "The Lambton Worm," and shows the danger of angling on a Sunday. Once, and once only, I was—and I blush to own it—guilty of killing a couple of grilse on the seventh day, having unhappily acted on the authority of Callum Beg, who assured a Mr. Waverley, sixty years ago, that "Sunday never cam aboon the pass of Ballybrough;" and I being far up in the Caithness highlands, was utterly beyond Callum's line of sabbatical demarkation. I certainly did not offend the feelings of better men—for I was in one of the wildest straths of the northern highlands, and my delinquency was committed in secret. The gilly had put the second grilse in the basket, and a fine, clean, new-run salmon sprang over the water with a splash, that in the silence of this solitude was actually startling. I marked him for a victim, and my arm was raised to project the favourite fly which twice had

proved so irresistible, when I felt the pressure of a hand, and turned rapidly. An auld, thin, weather-beaten carl was standing at my side, and turning his blue eyes on mine, he thus addressed me :—

“ Hae ye nae dinner at hame the day, that thus ye violate the sabbath? Come ahint the hillock yander. There’s gay-gude broose and a sheep’s-heed, I ken; an ye’ll be kindly welcome.”

I thanked him; and rather haughtily replied, that I was angling for amusement, and not for support.

“ Aw the worse—aw the worse,” returned the old man. “ Ye admit there was na need-cessity, and yet ye break the sabbath. Was na sax days sufficient, laddie, for cleikin troots and ither beasties, but ye maun tich upoo the Laird’s? ”

“ And may I inquire why *you* are here? Have you no place to worship in?” I replied sharply.

“ Yes,” said the herdsman; “ there is a kirk but thra mile off, and tho’ I’m not in body among these that are blessed withgude ministry, in spirit I am wi’ them. But I ha’ five hundred

lambs under care—an' should I leave them for a minute, they would straggle ten miles back across the muirs to where the ewes are. Mine is a wark of needcessity — yours altogether contrayry to God's command, and man's decent observance. I'll prove it to ye, if you like ;" and raising his right hand, which hitherto had hung beneath his shepherd's plaid, he produced a pocket bible, between the leaves of which his fore-finger was inserted.

" Yes," he said, " the claims of the earthly master war sairly against the spiritual, an' that I'll admit ye ; but were I to go where my heart yearns to be, when I cam' back, that flock confided to me would be miles awa'—and scarce would a week's work win them back again. Weel, as I canna reach the kirk, I mak' yonder broomy knowe my temple. I can there read my bible, and watch the warldly charge committed to my care ; ay, and wi' the assurance too, that tho' its 'gainst the leeteeral words, I can serve twa maisters. Did I neglect my duty to my employer, I should be guilty of a gross breach o' trust ; and the prayer o' the penitent will reach the seat o' mercy, an' be favourably heard aff a gowany bank, ay, an'

in my mind, suner sometimes, than many that were uttered between four kirk wa's. Dinna be fleeted at an auld man spakin' plainly. You are gangin only intil life, an' I'm—in coorse of nature at eighty-twa—aboot to slip oot o' it. Like a gude laddie, dinna for a' the fesh that ever carried fin or scale, rin counter to the command o' him wha made ye."

I felt the old man's admonition, and took his hand and thanked him. Off came the casting line, and the gilly was desired to unjoint and tie up the rod. At that moment another, and a finer fish, threw himself clean three feet over the water; and, to judge by the pure silver of his scaled sides, he was not six hours from the sea.

"That," said the old shepherd, "is the temptation o' the evil one;" and he pointed his finger at the spot where the salmon had just leaped, while the eddies his descent upon the surface caused, still went circling over the pool.

"And do you think, my good friend and counsellor, that his satanic majesty is at present impersonated in that salmon?"

"Mony is the shape, an' the device, which

the prince o' darkness taks to lure puir sinners till destruction"—returned the herdsman.

I remembered that Cuthbert, of pious memory, had been sorely annoyed by the foul fiend taking the semblance of a pretty woman, and also, a seat in the church where he (Cuthbert) was abusing him. The men were lost in admiration at the beauty, and the women fascinated with the bonnet of the stranger. Not an eye was turned to the saint; for all were concentrated on the fair one; and "who is she?" went whispering round. Cuthbert, who seems to have been always wide awake, at once suspected that "the old gentleman" was at the bottom of it. When a dairymaid faints on hearing that her sweetheart has listed, burned feathers is a specific; when a lady swoons, try *eau de Cologne* and *sal volatile*; but when the devil's in the case, there's nothing like holy water—and so thought Cuthbert. Slyly taking a hornful from the font, the saint approached the last fashionable arrival, who, on her part, modestly turned her eyes upon the ground. Regardless of "the duck of a bonnet," town-made, that had cost "Clottie" a five-pound note, Cuthbert let fly his

charge of holy water at the fair incognita. The blessed fluid hissed, as it would have hissed on a hot girdle before it was beatified ; and to the horror of the former admirers of master Satan, up he rose like a rocket, and bounded through the roof. None had suspected the actual presence of the arch-enemy ; and, but that it was forked upon the tip, the women, as the villain mounted, would have staked their reputation, that, from the length of it, the tail was but a tippet. Well, when I brought this piece of impudence on the part of the old scoundrel to memory, I began to be of the same opinion with the shepherd ; for if he could transmute himself into a beauty, surely he could “ transmogrify ” himself into a fish ; and when he would venture to sport his figure at church, with a saint blackguarding him from the pulpit, there could be but little doubt that in the semblance of a salmon, he would not scruple to assail a sinner like myself. From that day I registered a vow in heaven that neither grisle, whitling, or salmon, should tempt me to cast a fly upon a Sunday.

I looked at the next tale in the collection,

and therein figure a beautiful princess, and a wicked stepmother, who is a witch into the bargain. Then comes "The Berkshire Lady's Garland," whose simple method of obliging a gentleman to declare whether his intentions were honourable, and come to the scratch at once, is worthy of admiration.* A robber story is followed by a terrible tale, intitulated "The Bloody Gardener;" and then comes "Jemmy and Nancy,"† in which a couple of lovers are, as Hamlet says, made ghosts of, and the boatswain is very properly hanged. A most "Pathetic History," called "The Factor's Garland,"‡ wound up this strange collection.

* Part 1.—Shewing Cupid's conquest over a lady of five thousand a year. 2. The lady's letter of challenge to fight him on refusing to wed her in a mask. 3. How they met by appointment in a grove, where she obliged him to fight or wed her. 4. How they rode together in her gilded coach to her noble seat, or mansion, &c.

† Part 1.—Showing how beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth fell in love with young Jemmy the sailor. 2. How the father conveyed a letter to destroy young Jemmy, his daughter's sweetheart. 3. Shewing how the ghost of young Jemmy the sailor appeared to beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth. 4. How the ghost of these two unfortunate lovers appeared to the boatswain, and he having his trial, was hanged at the yard arm.

‡ Giving an account of an English factor being in

"They had mair o' these pleasant bukes,' said the mountain lassie who attends me; "but Tam the miller had pit them in his pocket, to ha' a read o't. It wasna abune thra miles to the ford—an' they wad send ower for the bukes when the lambs got settled."

I declined the offer, my present supply is quite sufficient; for besides, "A True Relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal to Mrs. Bargrave," I have "A Dreadful Explosion in Wallsend Colliery," and "The Devil's Lamentation over Gateshead." Why, a man who would not be contented with such a collection of light, but instructive literature, would complain of short supplies in the Bodleian Library.

Turkey, who sees the dead body of a christian lying in the streets, and refused burial—causes the body to be interred. On going on a little further he finds a beautiful young woman, held as a slave, about to be strangled, he ransoms her, and brings her to England as his house-keeper. The young woman turns out to be

A FOREIGN PRINCESS!

The factor cast on a desolate island, from which he is afterward rescued by the arrival of a supernatural-looking being in a boat, who is found out to be the ghost of the christian whose burial he had obtained in Turkey. The factor and princess arrive at her father's court—their reception—marriage—re-appearance of the ghost, and other particulars.

CHAPTER VI.

It is, in truth, a comical climate,—I, but just now in Cimmerian darkness, find myself in sudden sunshine. The mist has risen; the sky is almost without a cloud, and I find myself in the centre of a splendid hill country. The height I have mounted gives me an expanded prospect; for the extent of this debatable land may range, probably, to one hundred and forty or fifty square miles. The whole of this pastoral district is a succession of hills; some are irregularly shaped; most of them are pointed, and others are nearly conical. The sides are smooth and grassy, excepting the steeper acclivities, which generally are heath-clad to the summit, and commonly terminate in rock or shingle.

The Cheviots are much lonelier than the Lammermuir. From the high ground I occupy, and which commands the lower undulations of this mountain district, within an area of ten

miles I can only discover three herdsmen's houses. From the solitary character of the country even at the present day, one can readily imagine, that these secluded hills in earlier times were the favourite retreat of outlaws and lawless men ; while the immense extent of solitudes, covering 100,000 acres, and according to tradition largely stocked with deer, would hold out inducements to the hunters of the age, too powerful to be resisted.

A district such as this—partly under Scottish jurisdiction, partly under English, and the entire claimed by both—would form a field on which national hostility would occasionally display itself, and eternal collisions must take place. In auld lang syne, a border baron was jealous of his right of chase, as a country squire is now of his grouse and blackcocks. Men did not go upon the moors as they do at present. Personal security required that their followings should be large. Royal huntings were attended by a small army ; and border nobles masked many an intended foray by collecting their allies and retainers, under pretext of chasing “ the dun deer.”

It may be readily imagined, that these exten-

sive huntings brought on sanguinary affrays—for the deer stalking of a Percy and a Douglas, was not of the character of a prince consort's. Their chase was not the type of war ; but too frequently the chase ended in a border combat, and as the ballad goes—

“ The child might rue that's still unborn,
The hunting of that day.”

The old legend of “ Chevy Chace,” is founded on one of these unfortunate collisions. That a severe encounter between the exasperated borderers ensued is certain ; but, *poeticá licentiá*, the bard has borrowed the more startling incidents of his ballad from the field of Otterburn. Neither Percy nor Douglas fell in this “ sad hunting ”—Lord Maxwell escaped intact—Widdrington was not “ stumped out,” as the poet will have it,—and Chevy Chace is very pleasant to read, and perfectly fictitious—for no historic notice corroborates the truth of the ballad—that,

“ When his legs were cut away,
He fought upon the stumps.”

The Cheviot shepherds in the olden time were held in lowly estimation. They were

reputed to be semi-savage and ignorant, superstitious and brutish in their habits and manners—and Hutchinson represents them as “a most wretched, indolent, and ferocious race of beings.” If such they were in his time, the schoolmaster has been abroad indeed, and a sweeping reformation has been effected among the Cheviots; for if I may judge from the inmates of my own head-quarters—and they are shepherds by descent, and, as a people, are indigenous to these hills—excepting a brusque mannerism which is inseparable from lives and pursuits apart from all the world, these highlanders are totally the reverse of what they were formerly described to be. Wretched they are not—they are well clad, and lodged and fed. I see two fine cows milked morning and evening by the lassie. A supply of capital peat, sufficient for a twelve-month’s consumption, is neatly built beside the house, and capped with sods to secure the fuel from the weather. A runlet of pure spring water is carried close to the gable by an artificial canal. There are bee-hives in the garden; and that garden is plentifully stocked with kale, carrots,

and onions. I observed a cheese under the press, and there are half a score laid past within the spence. A hog is fattening for the winter, and sundry hams and pieces of bacon hang against the kitchen walls, and show that the commissariat is far from being exhausted. Of bread they bake two kinds—one is a half-inch-thick cake of fine flower, and a couple of feet in diameter—the other is thrice the size in solidity, and composed of a mixture of barley and pea-meal. I have paid particular attention to the dietary, and I may say that it is unvarying. When going to the hill, the men supply themselves *à discrétion*, with cake, number two, and cheese; at eight o'clock, the lassies generally take the breakfast to the muir, unless the sheep are so close to the house as will allow their keeper to take the meal indoors. Dinner usually consists of broose, *i. e.* bacon, kale, barley, and, I think, oatmeal; and supper, like breakfast, is always porridge and milk. I have been here a week, and have not observed a variation in the mode of living. Of the furniture and utensils requisite for domestic comfort, there seems to be almost a

superfluity; nay more, there are articles of rather *recherché* character, namely,

“ The varnished clock that clicks behind the door,”

and a weatherglass suspended beside it.

I think I have disproved the charge of wretchedness, and that of indolence is just as incorrect. I never saw any occupation which involves more anxiety and so much time, as a shepherd's life. Summer or winter, daylight is the signal to rise—and until the sun dips in ocean, the herdsman continues on the hill. In the first grey light of morning, I hear the men set out—and frequently night has fallen, before a whiff of tobacco wafted from the kitchen, announces their return.

In estimating the varied description of live and dead stock which indicate pastoral comfort, I omitted to notice a fine brood mare, with a thriving colt at her foot. Will the reader start when I make a clean breast, and avow that this brood mare has “ borne the weight of Antony.” I had directed a horse and guide to be in waiting at the town where the mail coach deposited me; and, fancy my surprise, when on enquiring for my charger and orderly,

a brood mare and a highland lassie answered the summons. The "iphippia," as Pangloss would say, was in keeping with the steed—and in place of the customary conveniency of pigskin, a broad pad, constructed on the plan of a howdah for an elephant, was placed upon the mare's back, with that useful but obsolete accessory—a crupper. I felt no ambition to witeh the Wooler world with deeds of noble horsemanship; and requested the lassie to precede me until we had cleared the town. In a moment she jumped upon a cart—vaulted to the howdah—off she trotted; and clear of the town, I found her dismounted and in waiting. Jessie is seventeen—and Jessie is a very pretty specimen of mountain beauty. Could I allow her to walk six weary miles over bog and heather? I, an Irishman by birth, and a soldier by profession. Heaven forfend!

"Jessie," I said, "the mare will carry double."

"She'd carry ten if she had only back enugh!" returned the lassie.

I drew up beside the stone dyke—Jessie hopped upon it like a lamplighter—the mare, with maternal solicitude to rejoin her offspring,

started at a round trot—and away we bumped, my fair companion intimating “jist to giv’ the beastie leeberty to gang her own gait.” I followed Jessie’s advice. Regardless of a double burden, we treaded our way over “bank, bush, and scam” in perfect safety—and reached our destination with as much ease as if we had a turnpike road to traverse.

Only once did the sagacious quadruped exhibit the slightest indecision. A morass was on either side, and the narrow horse-path which twisted through, at one spot looked particularly suspicious. The mare stopped short, put her foot carefully forward, felt cautiously twice or thrice for a stone, and the moment she ascertained the solidity of her footing, she strided across, and trotted off with what appeared to be a neigh of triumph.

There are here, as I said before, a large collection of sheep dogs. They are all valuable, acute, obedient, and of gentle disposition, save one. He is a surly, ill-tempered brute, acknowledges but one master, and will neither receive or return a civility. As a mountain dog, they tell me that he is invaluable; but even to his selected master, he gives but a

discretionary obedience. If young Sandy corrects him, he will brood over it for an hour. He dares not venture to bite the shepherd ; but “ he gaes unco’ near it, for whiles he maks a gaunch* at the plaid, and whiles at the breeks.” This appears to satisfy his wounded honour—for after the gaunch, he recovers his mental serenity, and goes to sleep among the heather.

After wading through the ghost stories which Jessie had lent me, as the evening cleared, I proceeded down the burns and commenced angling at their junction. I had killed three or four dozen small, lean, trouts, and was about to return home, when a voice from the bank above, observed that, “ aifter the mist, it was a braw evenin’.”

I looked up, and even the apparition of Mrs. Veal could not have startled me as much as the speaker did. He was a tall, gaunt, emaciated old man ; face, hands, clothes, and accoutrements, black as his satanic majesty is generally represented to be by those who have had the honour of being presented to him. A stubbly beard and “ unkempt locks,” white as

* *Anglicè*—a snap.

snow itself, contrasted with his swart exterior—while a bundle of sweeping apparatus under his arm announced his calling. He despised the appellation “sweep,” but named himself a chimney-doctor. He was not alone, for presently a middle-aged person, with a tinker’s budget on his back, joined the old man on the bank; and in another minute, a very handsome gipsy girl topped the heath bank, and completed the group. On inquiry, I found they were bound to Alnwick for the fair—and that I had three generations in my presence. The old man was eighty-two, the son was fifty, and the girl was nineteen.

These singular people are numerous on the borders; and, indeed, it would seem that the debatable land had become their adopted country. A village called Yetholm, forms a sort of head-quarters; and there the royalty of Egypt generally is resident. Like the Jews, they dislike field labour; but are extremely clever in all manual employments, from coarse tinker-work to mending china. They are awful poachers: the river, the preserve, and the hen-roost, are all unscrupulously plundered; and the spoliation is so ably effected, that sel-

dom a detection occurs. Of moral honesty they have no idea whatever ; and where all engagements are merely conventional, moral purity cannot be expected to exist. In many points of character, they closely assimilate with the Jews. They won't enlist, except with a premeditated intention of desertion—neither the Jew nor the gipsy will boldly take the highway ; but, no matter how infamously the money is acquired, both will pocket it, and their answer would be, “ non olet.”

The difference between these outcast races seems to lie in the one inhabiting towns, and the other in avoiding them. Were I condemned to consort with “ villainous company,” give me the gipsy. “ I like to behold,” quoth Washington Irving, “ their clear olive complexions, their romantic black eyes, their raven locks, their lithe slender figures ; and to hear them, in low silver tones, dealing forth magnificent promises of honours and estates, of world's wealth, and ladies' love. Their mode of life, too, has something in it very fanciful and picturesque. They are the free denizens of nature, and maintain a primitive independence in spite of law and gospel ; of county jails and country magistrates.

It is curious to see this obstinate adherence to the wild unsettled habits of savage life transmitted from generation to generation, and preserved in the midst of one of the most cultivated, populous, and systematic countries in the world."

Of the two races, the gipsy is decidedly the preferable. The one lives in the open air; follows neat and cleanly occupations; steals a few poultry from the farmer; and adds a snared hare or two to the mess; on the same principle that Macheath requested a kiss, "to give his wine a flavour." The Jew lives in filth; deals in filth; and dies in filth. In person, he is unclean; in religion, unclean; and in moral feeling, utterly unclean. Gipsies are of a higher order. If one of them plights faith, the act covenanted to be done will be executed to the letter; but were father Abraham to appear in the flesh, and visit Petticoat Lane or Bevis Marks, his adopted children would throw him over, and do the patriarch "to a turn."

The gipsy delights, in what the old people called "wood-craft." He ties a killing fly; and, in a trummelled* stream, none can beat

* Discoloured.

him with worm or minnow. He nets hares and partridges to perfection; and as he can kill game, he can also kill vermin. The descendants of the patriarchs—and they are a dirty specimen of the old stock—hunt only after “miscellaneous property” which has been purloined, and garments which will stand a little touching up: but instances are not rare, where gipsy skill was as eminent in music as in wood-craft.

William Allan is celebrated in border tradition. He was born at Bellingham in 1704, and was first married to a girl of gipsy stamp, and after her death to the daughter of a clergyman who resided on the borders of Scotland. He constantly kept a kennel, containing dogs of different sizes and breeds, each properly calculated and duly disciplined for the destruction of some particular species of animals. He was particularly attached to one dog among his valuable pack, called Peachem, and which he had trained to hunt otters. So confident was he of this animal's sagacity and perseverance, that he used to say, “If ever Peachem spoke, he could sell the otter's skin.” A gentleman, whom he esteemed as his best friend,

offered him, by way of experiment, fifty guineas for this animal, but which Allan resolutely refused. He was generally known throughout the country, being engaged to keep most of the gentlemen's fishponds free from all kinds of noxious vermin. He also excelled in the arts of fishing, basket-making, and bagpipe playing. Living on the banks of the Coquet, he drew great part of his subsistence from it; and despised the man who suffered want on the banks of that fine river. He accumulated the sum of 400*l.* by his various avocations; but lending it to a person who afterwards became insolvent, was reduced to a parish pittance in the evening of his days. So attached was he to the Coquet, that he composed two tunes, the one—"We'll a' to the Coquet and woo," and the other—"Salmon tails up the water." These favourite tunes he always played with enthusiastic animation. He was a perfect stranger to letters; vulgar in manners, and uncouth in conversation; but his conceptions were keen, and his answers and remarks wonderfully shrewd, and highly amusing. In the language of sportsmen, he died game; for when nature seemed exhausted, and his pious

neighbours were kindly admonishing him of the awful consequences of dying unprepared, with all his sins upon his head, he exclaimed with some degree of peevishness, " Pshaw ! hand me the pipes, and we'll give you Dorrington Lads yet." Nor would he be pacified until they were brought—when he expended his last breath in attempting to sound his bag-pipes !

James Allan was the youngest of six sons of the above William. He was born in 1729-30 at a gypsy camp or rendezvous in Rothbury Forest. From close application, assisted by a just and accurate ear for music, he became celebrated for his performances on the Northumberland small pipes ; and the superior sweetness of his melodies, always procured him a welcome reception at fairs, weddings, and merry meetings. He was remarkably strong and athletic, and excelled in feats of running, jumping, climbing, wrestling, riding and swimming. His face expressed a disposition to sharpness and cunning—while his keen dark eyes, acute features, promptitude, and effrontery, imparted a look strongly indicative of roguery. He was extremely vain, and, like

other fops of the gypsy tribe, fond of gaudy flaunting dress and ornaments. Though he enjoyed good living, his habitual caution saved him from habits of intoxication. He was hasty and revengeful ; but wanting courage, he always effected his purposes by art and stratagem. Like his father, he had few competitors in field sports, and excelled so much in the art of training dogs, that he sometimes succeeded in teaching them to steal with nearly as much dexterity as himself. Theft he did not seem to consider as any crime ; and when detected in any of his pilfering tricks, he stood before his accusers unabashed, as if he inherited the right of plundering his neighbours. He was eminently successful in his amours, and had a great many wives, two of whom are yet living ;* but he seldom evinced any concern for his offspring. He frequently enlisted as an eligible mode of raising supplies, and always deserted at the earliest opportunity. On one occasion, being pursued by a recruiting party in the neighbourhood of Hexham, on passing a stile, the drummer cut him with his sword upon his wrist. Allan viewed the wound with emotion, and, looking at the drummer

* Some twenty years ago.

with minstrel pride, exclaimed, "Ye hae spoiled the best pipe hand in England." This accident prevented the repetition of such swindling tricks. He was twice acquitted of charges of felony at the Assizes at Newcastle, but was at length convicted of horse-stealing, and received sentence of death. His punishment was afterwards mitigated to perpetual imprisonment; and after he had remained in confinement at Durham for nearly seven years, his pardon was signed by the Prince Regent, but before it arrived death had loosened his bonds. The long and chequered life of this famed piper was closed on the 13th of November, 1810.

* * * * *

I had departed from the herdsman's house "alone in my glory" when repairing to the burn; but I came back with a tail—for the sweep, the tinker, and the gipsy girl formed my escort. They were hospitably received, and many questions were put to them, respecting the general appearance of the crops, and the probable price that wool would realize. These wanderers are always expected to repay mountain hospitality with intelligence; and from their erratic mode of life, they obtain a knowledge of the humbler occurrences in the

circumjacent country, which to the highland hermits is fresh and interesting.

When they had discussed their evening meal, I issued from my "great chamber," and joined the company now fully assembled in the kitchen; for the lambs had settled for the night, and the herdsmen were relieved from duty until daylight. There was a cheerful peat fire, a



home-made candle, and a clean-swept hearth. The ancient sweep and the master of the house were seated on either side of the fire, discussing the rise and fall, not of empires, but of gimmers. The lassie, the prettiest and

eldest of the daughters, was seated on a bed, and the gipsy girl telling her fortune. At my advent, every countenance brightened—and well they might—for I was bearer of a bottle of whiskey. Marvellous were its effects—and it seemed to Trojan and Tyrian to be equally acceptable. The dimmed blue eye of eighty lighted up, and as he tossed off the bumper, which the lady of the house presented, the old Egyptian exclaimed to his son, the tinker—“Rab, blow up the pipes, maun! and gie the gentleman a lilt.”

The order was obeyed, and out from his wallet came an instrument, which, notwithstanding the preaching of covenanters, and the edicts of churchwardens,* still cheers the lonely homestead in the hills, and recalls to the memory of the borderers, frays and forays which otherwise would have perished in the stream of time.

* If one might draw conclusions from a record, dated May 21, 1681, the Bamborough churchwardens had no partiality for music or dried haddocks.

“Presented Thomas Anderson, of Swinehoe, for playing on a bagpipe before a bridegroom on a sunday; Eliz. Mills, for scalding and drying fish on the Lord’s day; and William Younge, of Budle, a common swearer.”

Signed by four churchwardens.

Early next morning a tap at my door awoke me, and, to my surprise, the old sweep answered my order to come in.

“ Well, old sootie, what do you want ? ”

“ Why, Colonel, I hear yeer boun for the low country,” said the gipsy ; “ an as I’m na sae soople on my legs as I ance was, I’m jist thinkin I’ll nae gang to the fair, but keep ye company till they come back. There’s an unco deal of auld warld sights na five mile aff—an, if ye please, I’ll point them to ye.”

“ Agreed,—tell the gudewife to get breakfast, and then we’ll start.”

The neighbourhood of Wooler, independently of its proximity to the field of Flodden, is within a few minutes’ walk of one of those encampments, touching whose uses and construction antiquaries are at issue. One of the finest of these singular works, is the terraced mound which rises beside the little brook at Humbledon, and of which erections, several are still perfect in Northumberland. Pennant describes them as “ most exactly formed, a little raised in the middle, like a fine walk about twenty foot broad, and of very considerable length. In some places there were three, in

others five flights, placed one above the other, terminating exactly in a line at each end, and most precisely finished."

I believe that antiquaries, taken as a body, are the greatest asses upon earth. That these terraced mounds were intended for any military purpose, is absurd—for the flanks are undefended. That they were designed, as Wallis will have it, for "the militia to arrange themselves on, that they might show themselves to more advantage," is equally silly—for any hill side would answer the same purpose. Another learned Theban will have them to be theatres. But it is quite evident, whatever was the purpose they were constructed for, it was not a military one; and the design for which they were thrown up, must have been either a civil or religious one.

Immediately beneath this curious succession of green mounds, stands the battle-field of Humbledon; or, from the slaughter which marked the defeat of Douglas, familiarly called "Redriggs." The battle was fought on Holyrood day, 1402, and the Scottish army, which had invaded England, and ravaged the country as far as Newcastle, was signally

defeated. The English forces which intercepted Douglas in his retreat, were ably commanded by Lords Percy and March, and the victory they achieved was decisive. Douglas was severely wounded, and lost an eye; five earls, two lords, and eighty knights were among the prisoners; and five hundred Scots, besides those who died upon the battle-field, perished in crossing the Tweed. The defeats of Hallidon hill and Flodden were not more disastrous, and all three are attributable to the same causes; the superiority of the English archers, and the bad generalship of the Scottish commanders.

Hallidon hill was lost by Lord Douglas, as Waterloo was by Napoleon—both generals uselessly expending their cavalry. At Flodden, James allowed Surrey to pass the Till without opposition, and quietly select his own position. At Humbledon, Percy's dispositions obliged Douglas to quit the height, and fight upon the plain. The grey-goose shaft did the rest—for in English hands, the bow appears to have been as formidable then as the bayonet is now.

“Parents have flinty hearts,” and a curious

instance of inflexible displeasure towards an only child, occurred in this neighbourhood. In 1807, and at the advanced age of eighty-seven, Sir Patrick Ewins died near Wooler, where he had resided fifty-six years, in deep retirement. The baronet had married in early life a Neapolitan lady, by whom he had a son, and this son mortally offended him, by marrying without his consent. Sir Patrick sold his estates, invested the produce in the funds, cut his disobedient child off with forty pounds a year, devised forty thousand pounds in various legacies, and left *five hundred thousand* in remainder to a distant relation; who dying before the testator, this immense fortune in right of succession, devolved upon a perfumer, who kept a little shop in a Welsh country town.

CHAPTER VII.

Is there such a thing as the philosophy of hunting? If there be, the Border would best illustrate it. There, kings have had their *battues*, and mitred abbots, who never, like Jack Falstaff, imperilled their holy voices by "halloing psalms," greatly endangered them in bellowing all points of venery. There the sleuth-dog was kept by royal ordinance, to

"trace the stealthy pilferer ;"

and there the follower of Nimrod may yet ride to his heart's content, after a pack of fox-hounds so correctly packed, that, *Hibernicè*, you might "cover them with a blanket."

There is a connecting link in the history of a Northumbrian squire, who was in the flesh some sixty years ago, which is extremely interesting. The last of an extinct family, a Mr. Bullock was then a master of hounds ; and as the doctrines of *meum et tuum* were but slowly

acquired by the borderers, even at this recent period cattle-stealing and other larcenies were frequent. Mr. Bullock's hounds were trained to run the human foot, and frequently the skulking culprit was found in some bosky glen or cavern, through the agency of the fine noses of his pack. None could dispute the utility of purpose his fox-hounds were often engaged in; but on one occasion, the old gentleman, I believe he was a bachelor, might have exclaimed with the royal huntsman,—

“Wo worth the chase—wo worth the day!”

The custom of the country then, and to a certain extent now, tolerates nocturnal visits between fair enslavers and love-sick swains*—and it is asserted that, like Welsh *bundling*, the consequences are generally innocuous. In this, I am altogether sceptical—and I do not hesitate to say, that great immorality and

* “After the family are gone to bed, the fire darkened, and the candle extinguished, the lover cautiously enters the house. In this murky situation they remain for a few hours, adjusting their love concerns, and conversing on the common topics of the day, till the increasing cold of a winter's night, or the light of a summer's morning, announces the time of separation.”—*Surtees*.

miserable marriages are every-day results attendant on this indecent custom. Place every consideration apart, the solitary annoyance of midnight interviews disturbing a private dwelling, and rendering it, what in old time they called in Ireland "an open house," would be sufficiently objectionable. So thought Mr. Bullock—and, sick of midnight wooings, he determined to ascertain the identity, and interdict the nocturnal addresses of a lover, whose visits had become as regular as they had proved troublesome. In an attempt to intercept him, the border Romeo escaped, and found, as he fancied, a safe shelter in a neighbouring cop-pice. But Mr. Bullock was not to be thrown out—and two couple of his hounds were laid upon the traces of the fugitive. Without a check they ran into the gay deceiver, and poor Mr. Bullock plumed himself no little on the exploit.

But his triumph was a brief one—up rose the whole spider-brushing sisterhood, *en masse*; and never did Daniel, surnamed the Liberator, roar more lustily for "justice for Ould Ireland," than the border spinsters, in deprecating invaded rights. They issued a solemn

manifesto, in which it was declared that any gentleman who objected to *bundling* might become his own bed-maker; and that the unfortunate master of hounds was regularly *tabooed*, until he should have expressed contrition for his offence. Mr. Bullock was a good man and true; rode, as his enemies would acknowledge, sportingly, and never was known "to crane a fence;" but what chance had he against this fair and irritated community? and accordingly he cried *peccavi*.

Although bundle-huntings were inhibited in a land where even cardinals* had been plundered, Mr. Bullock had other game to follow, and now and then he ran into a gipsy, and more frequently into a fox. †

* There be ruines of a castel longynge to the Lord Borow, at Mydford, on the south side of the Wansbecke, IIII miles above Morpeth. It was beten down by the Kynge. For one Sir Gilbert Midelton robby'd a Cardinal coming out of Scotland, and fleyd to his castle of Mydford."—*Leland*.

† "Whenever a hen roost was robbed, geese killed, or any other depredation committed by Reynard in the neighbouring country, Mr. Bullock was always applied to, and seldom failed to exterminate the nocturnal robber. At one time, a most extraordinary instance occurred of the quality of two of his fox-hounds. He threw off his pack in a cover near his own place, when, on

In the sporting annals of the Border, the gipsy tribe holds a prominent place; and in "lang syne," they were the most accomplished

beating the bushes, a fox was unkennelled on the flank of the rear hounds. They doubled upon him with their usual eagerness, and after a spirited chase lost his track; but the two leading hounds were missing, and they neither came up at the voice of the huntsman, nor the sound of the bugle. The fox took towards Rothbury forest, where he was seen, followed by the hounds. Here, it appears, he was headed off—when he directed his course to a stronghold on Simon-side hill, from whence, being still pursued, he ran northward, and crossed the Coquet at Cragend, where he expected to find an asylum. Being again disappointed, he made towards Thornton Crag, where he was equally unsuccessful; he then stretched across the country towards Cheviot. A shepherd, on the skirts of that mountain, (in the evening,) heard the cry of hounds at a distance, and shortly afterwards saw a fox coming towards him at a slow pace, and two hounds coming behind him, running abreast, and alternately chaunting in a feeble key. The man confined his cur, and stood stationary till they came up to the fox, which they tumbled down and fell upon, but were unable to worry. The spectator then sprang to the spot, took Reynard by the brush, and pulled him forward in order to dispatch him, but he was already at the point of expiring. As soon as the hounds were a little recovered, he gave them some pieces of bread, and then conveying them to his cottage, entertained them with the best viands his cupboard could afford. He had them called at Wooler market and the neighbouring

poachers in the north, and indeed, to this day sustain their former reputation. But one of the most original and intelligent personages, whose feats, musical and sporting, are still commemorated, was a blind man called Marshall, who died some twenty years ago. He could play tolerably well upon the violin, and was a favourite performer at fairs, feasts and merry meetings. He travelled regularly over the adjoining country, like the minstrels of old, collecting the annual gift of seed corn and wool at shearing time ; and could pass safely through the most intricate and dangerous byeroads,

churches ; but no person claiming them they continued under his hospitable roof until Mr. B. accidentally heard of their place of residence, when he immediately recovered his two favourites, and liberally rewarded their kind host. The zigzag course they had run in the chase was computed at upwards of seventy miles ! and what is remarkable, the fox seemed perfectly well acquainted with all the strongholds in his passage. This skilful sportsman's matchless breed of hounds was kept untainted by his heir, the late Thomas Bullock, Esq. Since his death, they have been disposed of to the Northumberland Hunt, except a few aged favourites, that are allowed to range about their old haunts." The spot was pointed out by an old shepherd to the author, when he was recently rambling among the Cheviots.—*Mackenzie's View of Northumberland.*

either on foot or upon horseback. One very dark and rainy night he was employed as a guide, and safely conducted a stranger from Felton to Warkworth. The traveller gave him in mistake a bad half-crown, but Johnny instantly discovered that the coin was a counterfeit, and indignantly observed that it was "a shame to attempt to pass bad money on a blind man." The astonished stranger perceived, for the first time, that his careful guide was really blind, and immediately took back the base money, and rewarded him more liberally. Once, when Johnny was crossing a field, he heard some partridges rise near him; and instantly threw his staff with such precision as to bring down a brace, which he picked up and brought home for dinner.

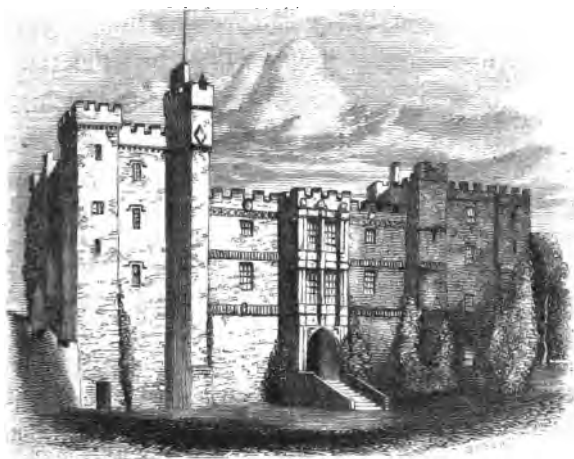
He was a true sportsman, and always listened with rapture to the cry of hounds and the halloo of the huntsmen. During many years he kept what is called in the country "a leather-plater," to run at races in the neighbourhood; and from the sound of his own horse's feet when passing, he could tell the exact place he held, judge of the probability of his winning, and back his nag accord-

ingly. He excelled in social sports and games ; few could compete with him in playing cards or quoits ; and when he went nutting in the autumn, his wallet was always first filled, and he uniformly took the nearest way home. He frequently wrought with his brother as a blacksmith, and was a good steady striker ; but indeed he was an adept in a number of mechanical operations.* If he had the most casual acquaintance with a person, he could recognise his voice many years afterwards. In short, Johnny Marshall presented a most extraordinary example, how far the want of sight may be almost compensated, by the superior acuteness of the other senses.

It is remarkable that in the debatable land two interesting species—one, the bloodhound, almost extinct ; and the other, the wild cattle at Chillingham, still finely preserved—give an interest in its border zoology to the counties touching the Tweed, that none in Britain possesses. So late as 1616, the royal commissioners directed that every district in Cumberland should be supplied with a stated number of “sleuth-dogs,” to be maintained

* Border History.

at the county expense—and to interrupt them when laid on, was made a serious misdemeanour. There are still numerous over-



grown and useless dogs to be met with, to which the title of bloodhound is extended; but I am inclined to think that the pure original stock has passed away. Of the wild cattle, which Boethius describes, and tradition affirms to have been once plentiful in the Highlands, in Chillingham alone the last of the species will be found.*

* Half a century ago these beautiful animals were more numerous. "The only breeds now remaining in the

To acknowledge that a man was on the border, and had not visited lord Tankerville's, would be held to be as gothic a confession, as having been in Rome and never entered St. Peter's. The castle is a heavy Elizabethan building, of rather disagreeable proportions ; but the park holds out attractions to the traveller, which consist in the singular breed of cattle of which it boasts a solitary possession. " Their colour is invariably white ; muzzle black ; the whole of the inside of the ear,* and about one-third of the outside from the tip downwards, red ;

kingdom," says Bewick, " are in the park at Chillingham castle, in Northumberland ; at Wollaton, in Nottinghamshire ; the seat of lord Middleton, at Gisburne in Craven, Yorkshire ; at Limehall, in Cheshire ; and at Chartley, in Staffordshire."

* " About twenty years since there were a few at Chillingham with black ears, but the present park-keeper destroyed them ; since which period there has not been one with black ears. The ears and noses of all those at Wollaton are black ; at Gisburne, there are some perfectly white, except the inside of their ears, which are brown. They are without horns ; very strong-boned, but not high ; they are said to have been originally brought from Whalley abbey in Lancashire, upon its dissolution in the thirty-third of Henry VIII. Tradition says they were drawn to Gisburne by the power of music."—*Bewick*.

horns white, with black tips, very fine, and bent upwards ; some of the bulls have a thin upright mane, about an inch and a half, or two inches long ; the weight of the oxen is from 35 to 45 stone, and the cows from 25 to 35 stone, the four quarters, 14 lb. to the stone. The beef is finely marked, and of excellent flavour. From the nature of their pasture, and the frequent agitation they are put into by the curiosity of strangers, it cannot be expected they should get very fat ; yet the six-years-old oxen are generally very good beef, from whence it may be fairly supposed that in proper situations they would feed well.

“ At the first appearance of any person they set off at full speed, and gallop to a considerable distance, when they make a wheel round, and come boldly up again, tossing their heads in a menacing manner ; on a sudden they make a full stop, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, looking wildly at the object of their surprise ; but upon the least motion being made, they again turn round, and gallop off with equal speed, but forming a shorter circle, and returning with a bolder and more threatening aspect, they approach much nearer, when they

make another stand, and again gallop off. This they do several times, shortening their distance, and advancing nearer, till they come within a few yards, when most people think it prudent to leave them.

“The mode of killing them was, perhaps, the only modern remains of the grandeur of ancient hunting. On notice being given that a wild bull would be killed upon a certain day, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood came in great numbers, both horse and foot; the horsemen rode off the bull from the rest of the herd until he stood at bay, when a marksman dismounted and shot him.

“At some of these huntings, twenty or thirty shots have been fired before he was subdued; on such occasions, the bleeding victim grew desperately furious from the smarting of his wounds, and the shouts of savage joy that were echoing from every side. From the number of accidents that happened, this dangerous mode has been seldom practised of late years, the park-keeper alone generally shooting them with a rifled gun at one shot.

“When the cows calve, they hide their calves for a week or ten days in some sequestered

situation, and go and suckle them two or three times a-day. If any person come near the calves, they clap their heads close to the ground, and lie like a hare in form to hide themselves. This is a proof of their native wildness, and is corroborated by the following circumstances that happened to the writer of this narrative, who found a hidden calf two days old, very lean, and very weak; on stroking its head it got up, pawed two or three times like an old bull, bellowed very loud, retired a few steps, and bolted at his legs with all its force; it then began to paw again, bellowed, stepped back, and bolted as before; but knowing its intention and stepping aside, it missed him, fell, and was so very weak that it could not rise, though it made several efforts; but it had done enough, the whole herd were alarmed, and coming to its rescue obliged him to retire; for the dams will suffer no person to touch their calves without attacking them with impetuous ferocity. When any one happens to be wounded, or grown weak and feeble through age or sickness, the rest of the herd set upon it and gore it to death.”*

* Baillie.

One remarkable fact connected with these animals, whose origin is lost in the stream of time, and whose continuation of species is confined to a solitary domain,* is, that as bees have their queen, so have those beautiful but dangerous cattle a dictator. One bull assumes an absolute sovereignty over the herd,—but he enjoys the dignity, like mob patriots, by a very uncertain tenure. Rivals aspire to supremacy, and might, not right, confers and maintains the distinction. The bull-king must defend crown and dignity with his horns—and as “fat Jack” remarked that he “could not last for ever,” so the monarch of Chillingham, in course of time, meets with some more youthful and vigorous competitor, and is defeated, deposed, and driven from the herd, to end his days in exile. These

* “Those at Burton Constable, in the county of York, were all destroyed by a distemper a few years since; they varied slightly from those at Chillingham, having black ears and muzzles, and the tips of their tails of the same colour; they were also much larger, many of them weighing sixty stones, probably owing to the richness of the pasturage in Wolderness, but generally attributed to the difference of kind between those with black and with red ears; the former of which they studiously endeavour to preserve. The breed which was at Drumlanrig, in Scotland, had also black ears.”—*Bewick*.

are termed by the keepers "banished bulls," and they are generally selected for the *chasseur* to prove his rifle on ; and he who was "but yesterday a king," is not permitted to continue—

"So fallen, and still alive."

Bad as the general temper of the herd is, deposition does not improve that of the "banished bull." To every thing biped or quadruped, he conceives alike a mortal detestation. His dynasty has ended, his seraglio proved false, his children ungrateful. He chews his cud in bitterness of spirit; vengeance occupies his thoughts; and nothing would afford him more pleasure when in this unchristian state of mind, than to have a sly poke at some incautious stranger. Many narrow escapes from the fury of these splendid but savage animals have occurred—and probably, among the narrowest, might be instanced that of the son of the noble proprietor.*

It is singular to find, that while in animals each peculiar species has its distinguishing

* Lord Ossulton.

characteristic — as speed in the greyhound, courage in the bull dog, intelligence in the shepherd's colley, and acuteness in the highland terrier ; that there are now and again, strange aberrations met with in their tastes, and such as are totally opposed, also, to natural habits and dispositions. I had a French poodle who would drink grog until he got drunk, but in his latter days he became reformed ; for a stupid scoundrel gave Philip a glass of undiluted whisky — scalded his mouth — and from that moment he turned a teetotaler. In 1799, at the Angel Inn, at Felton, the landlord had domesticated a hedgehog so completely, that he came when he was called "Tom," and made a most excellent turnspit. Forty years ago, when Mr. Allgood hunted the Tindale country, a guinea hen, who had lost her partner, took to fox-hunting to kill grief. She regularly went a-field with the pack — kept a respectable place throughout the day, and always was in at the finish. It was believed that a conjugal bereavement, such as generally drives widows to the altar again, or to "rum and true religion," influenced this sporting bird. A cod-fish has

been known to wear a gold watch, and a woodcock to sport a diamond.¹

In former ages, game of a high order were plentiful throughout all the border hills and covers, and modern discoveries have confirmed tradition in the asserted fact, that the red deer, now limited to highland forests, were once abundant on the banks of "silver Tweed." Not only have fossil remains been exhumed occasionally; but, some thirty years ago, in the neighbourhood of Bamborough, a whole herd—or rather their remains—were found in ground never previously disturbed, but which then was being broken up in search of freestone. About four feet below the surface of the earth, an enormous quantity of horns were discovered, perfect in their ramifications, and generally about three feet in length. Excepting one pair, preserved now in Bamborough castle, the whole of these fossil relics of other days, on exposure to the air, crumbled into dust. The most curious circumstance attendant on the affair is, that the herd appeared to have been inhumed

* At Christmas, 1765, a woodcock was shot on Bate's island, near Seaton Delaval, in whose stomach a valuable diamond was discovered.

entire; for the skulls were attached to the antlers, and a very disagreeable smell of animal putridity, was felt sensibly by the labourers who opened the soil.

That venison must have been attainable in great abundance in "auld lang syne" within the border counties, may also be inferred from the immense following, with which a baron or an abbot always took the field. Their escort—for safety, as much as state, induced this strong demonstration—were entirely dependent on the sylvan spoil procured during the expedition; and we find by the old sporting returns of the *chasse*, that more stags and hinds were fairly and honourably brought down upon the hill-side, than a German slaughtering party can massacre now-a-days in a pen-fold. Hence, the quantity annually killed by abbots and outlaws was immense; and large indeed must have been the herds, which yielded sufficient supplies for holy churchmen and sinful moss-troopers.

The pastimes and amusements of a people are generally correspondent with the simplicity or refinement of their habits. In these luxurious days, one reads occasionally of deer

stalking ; and the desperate fatigue attendant on the same is always minutely set forth. Now, the fact is, that in two cases out of three, this fatigue is done by deputy ; the deer-slayer being ensconced comfortably in a high-land pass, until the gillies drive the stags within range of his rifle. You read of the daring exploit committed by some brewer or banker from the metropolis—and marvel that heart of brass and foot of speed could be produced within sound of Bow bells. Now, the true picture and proceedings of a sporting snob are these. Dress him first in tartan, and as near the colour of heath as possible, give him next a breakfast that would do a dray-man, then place him in his *embuscade*, like Robinson Crusoe, with a couple of guns, a basket, and a miscellaneous cargo of cold chickens, tongue, potted game, and cherry brandy. If he be a banker, he will add “heavy-wet ;” if a brewer, he will reject it as a beverage only fit for the *canaille*, and substitute sherry. With these slight assistants to support nature, and a Dolland’s achromatic in his hands—by the way, a camp-stool or air-

cushion is indispensable — there will he patiently keep watch for

“ The antler'd monarch of the waste,”

from the matitudinal meal even unto the dinner hour.

War and hunting are alike, and the martial deer stalker on the borders, in the chase was as little overloaded as in the foray.* His eye was keen—his hand unerring—no distance

* “ The English passed over to the deserted camp, and saw proofs of that simplicity and hardness of living that gave the Scots, under skilful leaders, a superiority over more numerous and regular, but, at the same time, more luxurious troops than themselves. Their horses found subsistence every where, and carried them with rapid and unexpected marches. Their whole equipage consisted of a bag of oatmeal, which, as a supply in case of necessity, each soldier carried behind him; together with a light plate of iron, on which he instantly baked the meal into a cake in the open fields. But his chief subsistence was the cattle which he seized; and his cookery was as expeditious as all his other operations. After flaying the animal, he placed the skin, loose and hanging in the form of a bag, upon some stakes; he poured water into it, kindled a fire below, and thus made it serve as a caldron for the boiling of his victuals.”—*History of the Borderers.*

would daunt him—no obstacle turn him from his purpose—no labour overcome a sinewy frame, inured from infancy to exercise—

“ Right up Benlomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess”—

and no matter in what wild ravine or distant waste the stag was harboured, the moss-trooper and his matchless hound would trace him. Whether it were arrow or bullet, it was delivered with fatal accuracy ; and, at night-fall, he returned with his antlered prize either to his bothy or his home, to present the spoils of the day to a smiling wife, or pretty mistress. Proudly his heart would swell, as he heard the tines numbered, and the condition of his venison marvelled at ; for next to pricking to his wild valley, with stot and wedder lifted in a moonlight ride across the Tweed, the borderer plumed himself on successful hunting on the hill-side.

Indeed, this era seems to have been a bustling and a sporting period. When not employed in adopting the cattle of their neighbours across the water, the borderers were busy in chasing deer, while justices of the peace and portly parsons were also engaged in

hunting—their game being moss-troopers and witches. A witch was worth a Jew's eye; but the market was so overstocked, that a free-booter was considerably under par.* In 1628, a learned clerk, called Cuthbert Ridley, committed Jane Robson, for feloniously killing her sister-in-law, by "witchcraft and sorcery;" and one of "the king's poor esquires," a gentleman indubitably of the Shallow order, seems to have taken great trouble to bring a Mrs. Margaret Stothard to the tar barrel; but he failed. In the first count, the lady was charged "on a Sabbath-day, at night," by John Mills, "who being lyeing in his bedd, did heare a great blaste of wind, as he thought, goe by the

* "At this time, when the country was infested with those thieves called moss-troopers, one of the family (the Carnabys) had a commission to apprehend and try them. Whilst he was engaged on the trial of some of them, a notorious and desperate villain was seized by his son, who asked his father what he should do with him? 'Do with him,' said the old gentleman, 'why hang him!' As soon as the trial then in progress was ended, he ordered the man to be brought before him, but was told that he had been hanged instantly, according to his order. On complaint being made to the crown, a fine of *four pounds per annum* was laid on the Halton estate, which is still paid."—*Ritson*.

window, and immediately something fell on his harte with a greate weight, and gave a mightie cry like a catt." This somerset, as might have been expected, frightened John awfully ; but when he could open his eyes, he saw that he was bed-ridden by Mrs. Stothard. These very indecorous visits were repeated, to John's terror and annoyance, until at a puff of wind, "the verie haire of his head would stand upright." Nor was she contented with persecuting Mr. Mills, for she murdered a child, and drove a calf distracted.* Besides these iniquities, she soured milk, disturbed the cows, and, in fact, was a devil among the dairy-maids. No wonder that Mr. Ogle endeavoured to get her hanged ; but a Belaney jury allowed her to escape.

The old borderers were very superstitious in their practice of pharmacy, and were strong believers in the efficacy of charms and philtres.†

* "There was a little calfe tyed in a band in another little roome, and when she was gon (meaning Margaret), the calf went perfectly madd."

† "She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound ;
No longer by his couch she stood ;

In old women they had profound faith, provided they united physic with planetary influence. Gentlemen, also, who had graduated in the Hygean University, were in repute; and certainly, if their treatment was ingenious as their tombstones, they must have been worthy of a Morisonian lectureship.

It is supposed and asserted that puffing has reached perfection; but, in my opinion, like steam power, it is still open to improvement. No doubt, of late years, great and glorious advances have been made in the art. Moses and Son deserve nobly of their country; every gateway is papered at the expense of Professor Holloway with unsparing hand; Parr's pills

But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore;
And salv'd the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say
That he should be whole man and sound,
Within the course of night and day.
Full long she toil'd; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

are pasted up in Shetland; and Morison and Moat have placarded their vegetable panaceas on the Temple of Isis. But which of these modest individuals ever thought of turning a tombstone to account?

In the churchyard of Cornhill, there is an old headstone ornamented with a Latin inscription, which commemorates a quack blacksmith, and also ingeniously insinuates, that although Professor Purdy has hopped the twig, Master Samuel, his son, will continue to carry on the business, and men of good hearts and bad heads, from him shall meet with every attention. Being translated, the old quack's epitaph runs thus:—

“ Alas! who shall now retard the scythe of death? James Purdy, at the Bridge of Twizell, was an excellent old man, although not exempt from diseases.

“ He died on the 4th day of December, A.D. 1752, aged 81 years, and, together with Jane his wife, and Eleanor his granddaughter, lies under this stone.

“ But, passenger, if thou hast a good heart, perhaps thou mayst live—Samuel, the son of James, survives, and is healthy, exercising the

profession of his father, under his paternal roof. If thou seekest health, go thither."

Now, is there a spot upon the surface of "this fair round globe," so pre-eminently adapted for a quack advertisement as a church-yard? It may be difficult to fancy to what account Moses and Son may turn this important information—the article in principal demand not being exactly in their line, being what the Irish term, "a wooden sur-tout." Still, they are ingenious gentlemen; and, as Newton founded his grand theory on the fall of a pippin, Heaven knows, to what advantages this hint may lead. I hold all concerned, however, my debtors to a sporting figure; and will expect a winter supply for my outer man, from "the Monster Mart;" and the freedom of the College of Health, from Professors Moat and Morison, enclosed in a gilt pill-box. I know not how to shape my demands against Parr and Holloway, excepting that they shall give me an indemnity, against being put to death by any of their nostrums.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN physical and moral qualities nations degenerate ; but to this general effect of time upon the character, mental and personal, of a people, I hold the borderers an exception. As a race, the inhabitants of the northern English counties are particularly fine ; and though a total departure from the restless and unlawful pursuits, which, in civil utility, rendered their progenitors rather a nuisance than a benefit to the body politic, has been fortunately effected, like the aborigines of Chillingham, they have preserved, unimpaired, the external advantages which nature had conferred upon their forefathers. On the English line of the Tweed, the peasantry are tall, active, and muscular. They have a military aptitude which is readily turned to account—in drill parlance, their “setting up” is easily effected : the finest troops in the world here find their best recruits ; and the Blues and Life Guards from their splendid ranks can produce many a “bold borderer.”

On the Scottish side, in physical appearance, there is a marked inferiority. Generally, they are a strong, healthy, coarse-looking community, with probably an average amount of thews and sinews with those of their southern neighbours; but a long and slounging step, a stooped carriage, and a villainous habit of sticking their hands into their breeches pockets, gives them an ungainly and loutish look not to be described. I carefully scrutinized the congregation as they issued from the church, and passed the inn window at Coldingham. There was not a square-shouldered man among the whole; and their walk was a sort of lengthened straddle, as if the object was to cross a space of ground with the fewest steps imaginable. Villainous example is the spoil of them. I met a handsome lad dawdling beside a cart; he had *physique* for a grenadier; but by a bent knee and stooped shoulder appeared scarce over medium height; and had I followed, and not met him, I should have guessed him at sixty rather than seventeen.

Every body who has visited a Connaught fair, will have been struck with the number of small, spare, ugly men that he encounters;

but still, like a French voltigeur, there is a springiness and ease of movement about them, which proves that stunted growth may still be combined with physical efficiency. Like highlanders, their motive powers are astonishing—and on the most trifling errand, a Connaught mountaineer, will, as he calls it, “cut over” forty or fifty miles, and be back within the day. But go to a Tipperary gathering, and there you will meet a different race—handsome, tall, athletic. The skirts of the *cota more* are twisted in the bending of the left arm—the twig* carried horizontally in the right hand—every movement is loose—the foot is firmly planted—the head well thrown back—the chest finely expanded—the eye is bright and wandering—anxious to detect in the crowd a sweetheart, or an enemy. The *manière* of the Tipperary man is what in that land of Goshen is termed the “devil may care;” and his best motto would be “celer et audax.” Great is the competition for his person by rival recruiting parties. They make delicate advances; and when he declines the line, a dragoon assails him. High inducements are held out on both

* Cudgel.

sides : in the 118th they have nothing to do but clean their appointments, and the commanding officer, even to a drum-boy is better than a bad stepfather : but the 47th Dragoon Guards has also much to recommend it ; for in that favoured corps, men are spared the fatigue of walking, and mounted at the government expense. He of the 118th, whispers in confidence, that the colonel of the 47th is the devil, and requires the men to polish the horse-shoes ; while the trooper turns the attention of the Tipperary youth to the yellow facings of the 118th, and expresses his regret, that fever of the same colour is epidemic in that regiment, the deaths annually averaging 435. Between the gentility of the dragoons, and the parental attention he is certain to receive in the gallant 118th, “ young Ireland ” hesitates, until one or other of the candidates slips the talismanic shilling into his hand ; and, like Paddy Carey, “ by the powers ! he’s listed ! ”

Some of the most extraordinary instances of longevity, with individual and family examples of supernatural strength, will be found in border annals. Cases of extreme duration of life are common on both banks of Tweed ;

but those of gigantic strength, seem rather indigenous to Northumberland. By statistical returns in 1821, so imperfectly made, that at least a third of the population were omitted, this county, with its dependency, Berwick-upon-Tweed, were found to have then living, 156 persons between the ages of 80 and 90 years, and seven who had passed 100. It is but three or four years since James Stuart, generally called "Jemmy Strang," died; and he had been at Prestonpans in the forty-five, and also at Culloden with the Pretender. His eventful life closed at 117 years; and James Robertson nearly rivalled him by dying at 111.

There is no county in the empire where fossil relics, occasionally discovered, indicate more frequently that a race, almost of Titan proportions, once existed; and modern instances would overturn scepticism on the subject. William Carr, of Blythe, born in 1756, was a singular specimen of gigantic strength. When only 17 years of age, he was 6 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height, weighed sixteen stone, and could easily lift seven or eight cwt. While a youth he could throw a half-hundred weight, with a four-pound weight tied to it, the distance of

twenty-four feet, either behind or before him. On one occasion he went to Chester-le-Street, to try this feat against the noted Michael Downey, but the latter shrunk from the contest. "The bridge of Chester-le-Street," said Carr, in speaking of himself, "was full of people to see 'the great blacksmith.' I might then be about twenty-two stone weight." At thirty years of age, he was 6 ft. 4 inches in height, and weighed twenty-four stone. He was often employed in repairing the steam-engines at Hartley, Plessey, and Bedlington, and has sustained this labour 132 hours at a time; and, after twelve hours' rest, stood 120 hours longer. Five seamen being unable to carry an anchor weighing half a ton, and a piece of cable, Carr, unassisted, carried it over the sands to his father's shop. When a loaded coal waggon chanced to slip off the rail, he would sometimes creep underneath, and lift it on again. He was invited to Seaton Delaval, to fight Big Ben—but the fistic hero declined the combat, observing that he would rather receive a kick from a horse, than a blow from such a hand. On that occasion, Lord Delaval had his likeness taken in his working habit,

which was afterwards removed to Gibside. The Lords Tyrconnel and Strathmore accompanied Mendoza, at his particular request, on a visit to this modern Hercules. Like all men of extraordinary strength, he was remarkably good-natured; but having knocked a Scotch lord off his horse for striking him with his whip at Morpeth races, he was long called by the name of that nobleman. He was an expert workman, and his harpoons, particularly, were much celebrated. Though not a man of dissipated habits, yet his bacchanalian powers were most wonderful. One day he went to Shields on business, drank *eighty-four glasses of spirits*, and returned to Blythe *sober*.

It is generally believed, that a superiority in stature and strength, is almost invariably accompanied by a marked inferiority of mental powers; and that nature capriciously neutralizes the one gift, by withholding the more valuable. Giants, and the wretched beings who, for diminutive proportions, or brutal obesity, are annually exhibited, are found to possess no intellect whatever. They breathe, and move, and have their being, die prematurely of old age, and so concludeth their

useless history. Occasionally, however, Dame Nature is not so freakish; and, as in the case of Bruce, to immense physical powers, she unites the highest order of mental energy.

This may be observable in an individual; but that such an union of powers, generally so little germane, should seem almost hereditary to a family, I believe was reserved for a Northumbrian one.

In the village of Denwick, and the immediate vicinity to the baronial residence of the "proud Percys," a machinist was latterly resident. To the improvement of agricultural implements, his ingenuity was usefully directed, and several valuable medals and prizes have attested the value of his inventions. "The short and simple annals" of his family will be found interesting; for strength, stature, talent, and longevity appear to have been most extensively combined in John Common, and his progenitors.

His great grandfather attained the immense age of 110 years, and left seven sons. One of these Titans, named Andrew, measured twenty-seven inches across the shoulders, and would carry to market a bole of peas, suspended at

the end of a stick. Robert, another son, was a farm servant at Warkworth Barns; and, having witnessed two men assail his master, he flew to the rescue, caught up an offender under either arm, rushed with his double burden to the Coquet, and flung them into the water. At a sledge throwing, the party threw the hammer towards the house, but Robert threw it over it. Matthew, a third of the family, to enormous strength united singular activity; and, in the market of Alnwick, he frequently jumped backwards and forwards over a yoke of oxen. The least of this herculean house, was John's grandfather; and he, though held in dwarfish estimation by the family, weighed fourteen stone. He left two sons. They were celebrated pugilists, and able machinists, and in erecting windmills, and steam and winnowing engines, they were held unrivalled. The younger performed skilfully on both the violin and bagpipes, the instruments being made by himself. One of them was flogged by his father for standing on his head upon the steeple of Shilbottle; while another of the family, enacted a similar feat on the highest tower of Warkworth.

Early in the reign of James I. Freestone-burn farm was in the occupation of one of this stalworth family; whose cattle, through personal fear, the moss-troopers respected, though his neighbours could scarcely keep a cloot. John, the great-grandfather, died at 115; and another brother, named Peter, at the age of 132. Of the latter, an interesting anecdote is recorded. When casting flags on Hazon moor, a new proprietor rode up, and demanded by what authority the old man took that liberty. "I have cast flags here," returned the senior, "for 100 years, and no man asked me why I did so until to-day." "Then," replied the gentleman, "Heaven forbid that I should interrupt you—cast on while you live."

In a jest, while he lived a farm servant at Titlington, his master sent a recruiting party to arrest him while at work. But the joke had nearly ended tragically, for John attacked the assailants so furiously, that nothing but instant flight saved them. To the last, his faculties remained unimpaired; and a few days before he died, from his death-bed he read a paper that was brought in and pasted on the wall.

Instances of individual strength or longevity are numerous: but that both, combined with superior ingenuity, should descend like heirlooms through four generations, is, I believe, unknown in human history, excepting in the solitary case of this marvellously gifted family.

That the borderers possessed, and still maintain, a decided physical superiority over their southern neighbours, may be correctly ascribed to their local position, their pursuits, and their pastimes. Up even to the commencement of the last century,

“ War was the borderer’s game ”—

robbery a genteel profession—and the best lifter was estimated to be the best man. The evil renown, then held in highest reputation, could only be attained by the commission of felony, with a reckless audacity that taxed animal powers to their uttermost. The head to plan were useless, without the heart to execute. In his forays, the moss-trooper must breast the flooded river, climb the Alpine height, tread the pathless waste—for fleet as his footsteps were, probably fleeter were behind

him—and if flight failed, “the hand must keep the head.” Were he of a rarer order in those felonious times, and instead of *reiving** sheep applied himself to rear them, his mountain pursuits encouraged a free development of strength, action, and endurance. Did he belong to another class, and was neither moss-trooper nor mountaineer, still his dangerous locality was open to incessant aggression, and feudal tenure required from him military service. He must arm at the appearance of an inroad ; and hence, the pastimes then in use were naturally martial in their character.

The ancient games, however, which the borderers delighted in, with the progress of civilization sank rapidly into desuetude,—still lingering much longer on the southern banks of Tweed than on the northern. It would be curious to fancy the effect which customs, generally prevalent within the memory of middle-aged persons, would now produce on “nerves polite.” The decline of some of these we must regret ; but we freely confess and opine, that others are more honoured in the breach than the observance.

* Stealing.

Putting aside bundling,* which we utterly condemn, and the half-yearly hirings,† which

* Until my recent sojourn on the borders, in the innocency of my heart I fancied that bundling was confined to Wales. A few years since, I was on a visit in Herefordshire, to an antiquated commander, who had selected that sweet county as the one in which to rest a wooden leg, and enjoy his "otium cum dignitate." He had occasion to replace a discharged servant, and on the day that I arrived, a very smart spider-brusher presented herself and her credentials.

"Humph!" growled old Hannibal, as he cast his eyes over the young lady's discharges. "The last place you lived in was Mrs. ——'s. I know her; she's a kind and proper person. Why did you leave her?"

"Indeed, sir," returned the Welsh *demoiselle*, dropping a courtesy, "she was, as you say, a very kind lady."

"Then why the devil did you leave her—eh?"

"I had no fault to find in the world, but one."

"And what was that—umph?"

"She put me to sleep in a back room."

"And could you not sleep as well in a back room as a front one?" inquired the general.

"Certainly, sir; but the height of the wall behind prevented my sweetheart from throwing sand against the window; and, of course, I could not hear and let him in!"

† The market being over, the fiddlers take their seats close to the window in public houses; the girls begin to file off and gently pace the streets, with a view of gaining admirers; while the young men, with equally inno-

must be acknowledged any thing but correct, an historian's description of a *soirée dansante* on the border, will be found, in many particulars, to differ in etiquette from that observed at Almack's.

"The youth," says Mackenzie, "usually sits with his arm around the girl's waist; and if the room be much crowded, the young women not unfrequently sit on the knees of their partners. Towards the close of the entertainment, the fiddler, at the end of every dance, gives a shrill skreak with his instrument." This is the signal for a general and audible osculation; "and were a youth to neglect the performance of this established ceremony, his mistress would consider herself affronted, and he would be generally condemned for want of gallantry."

To a later period than in the counties south and north, here minstrelsy met encouragement; and Scott's beautiful poem faithfully describes its decline and fall. These wanderers

cent designs, follow after, and having eyed the lasses, pick up each a sweetheart, whom they conduct to a dancing room, and treat with punch, ale, or hot ale mixed with brandy."—*View of Northumberland.*

were always welcome in hall and tower. "They exerted all the methods that fancy, frolic, and licentiousness had invented to interest the feelings and stimulate the liberality of the different classes of society. Their topics being the most popular of the day, those who visited this country would sing of battle, war, and rapine, interspersed with legends, love songs, and bacchanalian airs. As the general mind improved, the minstrel became less valued and more degenerate, until at last he was proscribed as a useless and corrupting vagabond." *

An old puritan remarked, that "when a man strung a fiddle, the devil was indubitably at his elbow." The Northumbrians, it would appear, despise his Satanic majesty, for here the wandering *artiste* is fearlessly received. He is presented at the proper seasons with his bowl of seed corn and his shock of wool; plays, in return, while the company have a kick in them; and when the ball concludes, he winds up—for the musician is also a *raconteur*—with some desperate ballad, in length and subject akin to Chevy Chase; or a love story, in which

* Ritson.

the lady dies of consumption, and the gentleman takes to soldiering in despair, and gets a quietus from a cannon ball.

The ceremonies which are incident to social society were equally marked, fifty years ago, with coarseness and hospitality. At a wedding there was a rush made at the bride—and her garters were pulled off in the church, *sans cérémonie*, by the first youth who could lay hold of her. A drink at the next public-house succeeded. Then there was a race home, to win “the kail”—feasting, dancing, and, as the *finale*, the throwing of the stocking.

At those interesting periods when ladies present pledges of affection, all who came to visit were accommodated with bread, cheese, and whisky; and, if a popular tradition may be credited, at Newcastle, a ghost* always accompanied the *sage-femme*. At christenings

* “This comical ghost, or, as they pronounce it, *guest*, in the *patois* of the country, appeared in the shape of a mastiff dog, with large saucer eyes. It generally accompanied the midwife when going at night to discharge her office. When they parted at the door, it uttered a loud laugh when the event was to terminate favourably; but when otherwise, it departed with the most horrid howlings.”—*Mackenzie*.

this useful functionary—not the ghost, but the midwife—leads the procession, bestows bread and cheese on the first person she meets, and receives a present for her late services from the sponsors.

The *cérémonial* attendant on a death-bed are, in many points, similar to those still observed in Ireland. Lighted candles and a plate of salt are used. The looking-glass is covered—the fire put out—and the coffin left unscrewed until the hour of interment. Should an unfortunate dog or cat cross the body, it is put to death; and the lyke-wake is attended by the old people during day, while the young people take the night duty. In Ireland, too confiding woman frequently dates her “misfortune” to “returning from the corpse-house;” and offences, *contra bonos mores*, were so common in Northumberland in “lang-syne,” that in the list of crimes curseable with bell, book, and candle, this delinquency was included.

To the funeral, people are specially invited;*

* Formerly this invitation was given by the bellman; and, in his *Popular Antiquities*, Brand gives the form—“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord! Joseph

refreshments, spirits, and tobacco are given liberally; and the intimate friends of the deceased are formally entertained at supper. In dress and demeanour the conduct of all present is most decorous. All who follow the body to the grave are attired in decent mourning. The funeral appointments of the married are sable altogether, but those of the unwedded are trimmed with white; and young females, or women who die in childbirth, are attended by girls dressed in white, some of whom precede the coffin, while others support the pall.

Nothing can be more imposing than a soldier's funeral—but to see the virgin flower consigned to the earth it sprang from, even before its dawning beauty had reached the expansion of maturity: cold indeed must the heart be, on which that spectacle will be exhibited in vain!

Dixon is departed,—son of Christopher Dixon that was. Company is expected to-morrow at five o'clock, and at six he is to be buried. For him, and for all faithful people, give God most hearty thanks!"

A LEGEND OF "THE FIFTEEN."*

It was sunset on the evening of the 5th of October, of the year of our Lord 1715, when two sportsmen, who had been shooting grouse upon the Cheviots, issued from one of the

* At Fourstones, and at a short distance from the village of Warden, on the estate of the Hospital of Greenwich, there is a township so named, from four hollowed stones marking its corner boundaries. One of these in "the Fifteen" was turned to curious account. From a superstitious belief that these relics of antiquity were a favourite haunt of the gentle folk, none of the peasantry would venture near them after dark, for fear of encountering the fairies. Profiting by this superstition, the Jacobite families used one of them as a safe and convenient post-office, at a time when the maintenance of a correspondence was precarious and dangerous. The stone had a square recess, and a rude cover in its centre; and in the twilight, a boy dressed in green came regularly there, removed the letters he found in waiting for him, and deposited such others as he wished to forward. By this means chiefly, the Earl of Derwentwater corresponded with the rebel leaders; and though these post-carrying sprites were frequently seen, none presumed to watch their movements, as they supposed them beings of another world.

From this tradition, and a legend connected with the house of Maxwell, this story has its origin.

gorges which enter this fine pastoral range from the lowlands, and took the public road, —if that term could be applied to a rough and stony causeway, which lost itself every now and then in grass-land, and on whose surface, deep wheel-tracks only indicated that this was the route over which wayfarers should pass. Two attendants, laden with game bags, and followed by half-a-dozen setting dogs, kept at a respectful distance behind their masters, who were apparently engaged in serious conversation; and although the dress of the latter was extremely plain, and merely such as is commonly adopted for sylvan sport, still the air and bearing of the strangers announced them to be men of superior caste.

“We are near the hostelrie, methinks,” said the older of the two, “I see a smoke curling above the birch-trees in yonder hollow. Go forward—Sandy, and while Angus secures the dogs, see that our supper be got ready,—and hark ye! if there be strangers in the change-house, observe them sharply, and apprise us ere we enter.”

The order was instantly obeyed; and the attendants pushed forward along the sward-

road at a quick pace, leaving their masters to follow them more leisurely.

Fashion produces alterations in every thing, and even to the costume of a grouse-shooter. The dress of both gentlemen was made from cloth roughly woven by some country loom, and died a russet brown—with chamois-skin leggings, and caps of plain colours and materials. No ornament distinguished them from their attendants, excepting that the latter wore a sprig of bog myrtle in the side of the cap, and their masters an eagle feather. Their field accoutrements at that period, however, would have at a glance told that they were no ordinary sportsmen : for each carried a long-barrelled Spanish fowling-piece, of beautiful workmanship, a moorsing-horn mounted richly in silver, and the short *couteau de chasse*, formerly an appurtenance for deer-stalking, but still retained through motives of personal security.

“ George Maxwell, thou art marvellously changed ; a twelvemonth back, of all thy hot-blooded name, I reckoned thee the hottest ; one might have fancied, had you been lukewarm to our exiled king, that thy recent visit

to Saint Germain's would have roused thee into action ; and lo ! you come back cold as an icicle to the good cause."

"And have I not reason to lose heart, James Ratcliffe?" returned the person thus addressed. "What found I in France?—A court, beggarly in every thing but intrigue, but rich in that, as they say Potosi is in metals;—a prince, surrounded by outcasts and vagabonds; no master-spirit to direct his counsels, which every day fluctuated as the weathercock itself;—the rabble of pennyless adventurers who formed this precious cabinet recalling to memory the occupants of the cave in Scripture; to wit, all that were in debt and all that were in danger;—that false fugitive, Bolingbroke, at the political helm, aided and assisted by a dozen gentlewomen, of approved loyalty and easy virtue."

"Nay, George, some private cause must have jaundiced you besides. Say, are not the means for a descent at last completed?"

"Yes," returned Maxwell, with an ironical smile; "when arms are bought, and money borrowed, and a few other trifling matters of that kind are first arranged, and Mrs. Trant,

with the rest of the female council, determine the place of landing, and the plan of the campaign—”

“Mark my words, George; the king will regain his crown, or perish.”

“And mark mine, Derwentwater; the first he’ll not effect, and the last he’ll do by proxy—leaving to such fools as thou and I the payment of the penalty. But here comes Angus. What news?”

“The hostelrie, so please you, is quiet; supper is being prepared; the table spread in the private chamber; and ere I left the house, the grouse were hissing on the brander.”

“And are there no guests, Angus, already there before us?”

“None, my Lord, now; there have been two, but they had left the kitchen before I entered, and, as the hostess mentioned, were bridling in the stable, to resume their journey northward.”

“Well, we won’t attempt to interrupt their journey; the fewer acquaintances we make anew the better. Go, Angus; ere thy birds be brandered we will be with you, and I promise thee—an thou provide the cheer—I’ll

undertake to do it. justice. Egad! George, these stirring times appear to mend one's appetite."

A heavy sigh escaped young Maxwell.

"Why, in the foul thief's name, have they bewitched ye when across the seas?" exclaimed his lighter-hearted companion. "An a body speaks to thee anent politics, you groan like a crop-ear in a conventicle; and even the sure prospect of a good supper and a cheerful cup cannot exhilarate thy sluggish spirits. Art thou really George Maxwell in the flesh—or some canting roundhead who has assumed his outer man? Rouse thee, George, or, by the mass, I'll forswear thy gloomy company."

"Would that I could, but—"

"Nay, I will save thee trouble, and tell the remainder of the tale. No prince of darkness has got thee in his clutches, but, of a verity, a sweet wench, and one of the faithful too, in the form of Rosalie Fairfax."

Maxwell started.

"Come, George, be open with thy friend. Does not yonder flickering light, which sparkles through the wood upon the hill,

recall the lady who wastes youth and beauty there in drawling out tuneless psalms, or listening to what the old whig, her father, calls 'an exercise'—to wit, perverted Scripture, and heresy by wholesale?"

The youth remained silent for a minute; then, as if he had taken a sudden determination, he turned sharply round, seized his companion's hand, and exclaimed—

"Yes, James, thy arrow has reached the mark, and I will tell thee all. I dare not confide my story, even to my own brother—for Nithsdale would listen with impatience, and his proud dame, thy sister,—forgive me, for thou know'st her temper as well as I,—mayhap would turn from me in contempt, and tell me, as the highland chief said in lang syne, that 'Nithsdale blood would not mingle with Cameronian puddle in a basin.' But see! Angus comes on at speed; what devil's in the wind now?"

"My lord," said the attendant, "the travellers I notified to your honour, have already suddenly changed their intention of proceeding, unbridled their horses, and swear they'll sup with ye."

"To which oath, I beg leave to put in a counter affidavit," replied young Maxwell, laughing. "What sort of persons may these condescending gentlemen look like?"

"Any but honest ones," was the reply. "They are better horsed, and dressed, and armed, than appearances would warrant."

"Highwaymen, mayhap."

"No, good my lord; I would take them for worse characters. They look, methinks, like officers of justice."

"*Par nobile*," returned Maxwell; "no matter to which of these honourable orders they appertain, they sup not with us. Here, place these pieces in our chamber," and he handed his gun to the attendant, an example followed by his friend. "On, Angus, and lay supper on the board. We'll after thee. Now, James, is not this a strange impertinence?"

"Under which, as I fancy, more lies concealed than we at present know," replied the earl.

"Well, the mystery shall soon be ended. We must be cautious; sink name and title; and, in proof of perfect equality, I'll thus take precedence of the peerage."

So saying, Maxwell stooped his head, and entered the kitchen of the hostelry, followed closely by his friend. Within there was evident confusion, for the host was protesting against invaded rights, which, however, the strangers seemed determined to maintain. Possession is said, in legal disputes, to be a very important advantage, and the intruders had secured it; for both were seated in the private chamber—while the landlord urged his remonstrances through the open doorway, which communicated between that room and the kitchen.

“I pray ye, fair masters, to leave the chamber; it is bespoke, as I forewarned ye. The honourable gentlemen will be here anon.”

“Nay, then,” returned a voice from within, “you may just notify that there are honourable gentlemen here already.”

“An they be hot borderers, as I guess them, they will not brook it quietly,” pursued the host.

“Brook it or not, they must bear it,” said the second.

“I warn ye in time,” continued the alarmed landlord, as he noticed the flushed cheek of the younger guest, and the contracting brows

of the attendants ; who, during the conversation, had armed themselves with the birding-pieces. " I warn ye against the upshot."

" And I warn thee to lose no time in serving the muirfowl with all diligent speed and full decorum, as beseemeth an attentive host," returned the intruder. " I have not ate a heathcock, ay, marry, not for a twelvemonth."

" And if thou dost not dispute title for the bones with the collies at the ingle-fire, I have a shrewd guess thou wilt have the same tale to tell to-morrow," replied a voice from without; and next moment George Maxwell stooped his tall person beneath the low doorway, and confronted the intruders. Lifting a riding-rod from the settle, the fiery youth exclaimed, as he struck the occupant of the next stool severely across the shoulders,

" Sittest thou, fellow, in my presence? Up, knave, or I'll lift thee by the ears !"

True had been the admonition of the host, when he warned the intruders against the consequences which would be attendant upon an invasion of the state chamber. Neither of the strangers abode a second order, but sprang upon their legs, and each produced a pistol,

while two long Spanish barrels, levelled from the open doorway, gave mute, but certain intimation that fire-arms would be employed on both sides, were it found necessary. Maxwell was as prompt to continue the fray as to commence it; for, with the slight stick he had already applied to the back of one of the intruders, he struck the knuckles of his companion so sharply, that the weapon dropped from his grasp, and exploded in the fall. This seemed the signal for a general onslaught—and, in a few moments, the strangers were overpowered, disarmed, and pinioned.

The captors, for the first time, had leisure to examine the persons of the prisoners. One was a hale, square-built, vulgar style of man, bordering upon fifty. He might have been a catchpole, a butcher, or a bruiser, for his exterior was coarse enough for any of these professions. He was, of the twain, evidently the man of action—and had he not been deprived of his weapon by an unexpected blow, the chances were strong that he would not have been backward in using it promptly. The other was younger, slighter, and a person of easier carriage and address, attired with better

discretion, and, if the expression of the features might be trusted, the reverse of his companion altogether. One had a bold, bull-dog look about him; the other, the sneaking cunning of a lurcher, who will prick the prey out, but recoil from grappling with the quarry.

"Who are ye, fellows?" exclaimed Maxwell, as he scanned the prisoners' faces.

"Those," said the rougher of the two, "who will make you curse the day you meddled with or marred their errand."

"What thriftless devil are ye in pursuit of? What wretched debtor are ye engaged to drag from a happy home, to rot for usury to some Jew, or increase the claims of the informer against the state? In one brief word, what devil's errand drove ye hither?"

"An you call a royal commission by that name—against superior force, and under constraint we cannot uphold the contrary," returned the sligher of the two.

The younger sportsman darted an intelligent glance at his companion.

"Royal commission, forsooth! By Heaven, James, 'twere well to set these vagabonds in the stocks till daylight. Royal com——"

"Ay," shouted the stout prisoner, as carried away by passion, he plucked a sealed packet from his breast. "Here is our authority," and he held the parchment with a look of triumph towards young Maxwell.

"Pish!" said the latter contemptuously, and snatching the document from the stranger's grasp—

"Break not one seal," exclaimed the second prisoner. "I warn you that the penalty will be high treason."

"Thou cogging knave!" continued the youth unalarmed; "impose thy cock-a-bull stories upon us! Wax, with your leave, as the playman saith;" and, ere the words had passed his lips, the silk and seals, by which the packet had been secured, were broken.

"By the true Lord!" exclaimed the stouter stranger, "an' this be not treason, I marvel what the word means."

"I'faith! treason—and that indubitably," returned Maxwell. "Listen, James: here come these false knaves forging the royal signature to arrest divers of the best and truest subjects a king could own. *Imprimis*—James,

earl of Derwentwater,' know you that trusty noble?"

"I have seen him. What! arrest him? No—no," said the earl with a smile.

"Read, and be satisfied;" and he flung a parchment scroll across the table, which his companion proceeded to detail aloud. "And lo ye! here," he exclaimed, "Wot ye who comes next? I'faith, none less than William, earl of Nithsdale!"

"Ay—by'r lady! and I would not marvel that the young *roué*, the Master, followed his noble brother," observed the younger shooter.

"Know you him?" inquired the stout stranger, eagerly.

"Know him? ay, full well; and upon my conscience, as a Christian man, I can say but little in his favour," replied the sportsman.

"Would that we could but meet him," was the reply.

"You must seek him, as I guess, in France. Report has it, that George Maxwell has gone thither."

"Ay—right enough: he did go there, but

he is home again,—and that we have for certain.”

“Indeed, I did not know that news before. Methinks if he were known to have been at the king’s—gramercy !—I mean the chevalier’s court, he risks some peril by returning.”

“More than he dreams of,” said the slighter stranger. “The hazel eyes of the prettiest puritan in wide Northumberland form, it is said, the loadstar of attraction. But he might have tarried at the Pretender’s court for all the advantage this journey will boot. Rosalie is affianced to another ; and Hugh de Bolum will not stand woman’s folly. As to young Maxwell ”——

“I should fancy him a troublesome rival,” observed the younger sportsman. “Bolum—let me see—ay—is he not the man who spent years upon the Spanish main ; came back laden with ingots to the hatches ; bought every estate which unthrift or attain in the north had rendered marketable ; and now intends to found a family, and marry the fair Fairfax ? Is it not also whispered, that, before politics separated them, the Nithsdale family and the old puritan were friends ; ay, and that

early passages of love took place with mutual consent, between George Maxwell and the sweet Rosalie? How will that proud house brook what they will assuredly esteem an insult?"

"Why, I should fancy with christian patience."

"But the young Maxwell is reputed hot of temper. Will he quietly permit the son of a Morpeth flesher to deprive him of his lady-love? Men say the master of Nithsdale is quicker with rapier than with argument, and ready with dirk and pistol."

"As thou, my friend—and confound thee for it!—art in breaking the knuckles of an honest man with his own riding wand. But are we to sit here all night, like chickens trussed for roasting?" and he nodded at the pinioned arms of himself and comrade.

"No, certainly. Here, Angus, remove these cords. 'Twas but a jest after all. Send our supper in; and, harkye, the brander's on the coals, and there are a score of birdies in the game bag. Go, gentlemen, you're welcome to the whole. My companion and I expect a friend on business, and need this chamber for our private uses."

PART II.

FULLY satisfied at the termination of an affair, which, commencing in an affray, bade fair to end in amicable relations, right joyfully the intrusionists resigned possession of a chamber, which had only produced bruised bones, no supper, and a temporary captivity; and in a minute or two, they were overheard in high delight without, making amends for recent disappointment, and aiding and assisting in culinary operations.

“ So,” said the Master with a sigh, “ the game is up, as far as concealment or delay were wanted. No French descent; no movement in the highlands; the government alarmed; warrants already out: in a word, the affair looks desperate. Before a flint is snapped, the conspiracy is strangled; and in detail, the elector will annihilate the adherents of the exiled family—and on highland and lowland enemies his vengeance will fall heavily alike. Had the plot not prematurely exploded; and succours arrived; the highlands armed; and we had risen in force upon the borders, we might have, at least, had the satisfaction of dying

sword in hand, and not been tucked up like mangey hounds : but now there is"——

"But one chance of success, and one course to follow," exclaimed lord Derwentwater, interrupting him.

"To put the sea between us, an angry monarch, and his alarmed minister? So far as I am concerned——never! By Heaven! though the block were before the door, and the headsman ready, I would not quit England again, or yield my claim to Rosalie Fairfax, but with life."

"Proclaim the king at once," cried the earl passionately.

"That may be done readily, and at the next market cross. But can we maintain his rights? Pshaw! the thing would be a mere farce."

"Issue at once a bold manifesto."

"Which," returned the Master with a smile, "will be burned by the common hangman before the ink is dry. But, hark! heard ye not a gentle tap against the casement? Ere now, methinks, our fairy messenger should have appeared."

Both of the conspirators listened with deep

attention, and, a second time, a finger gently struck the pane. The earl rose, unclosed the casement, and a slight figure, closely muffled in a shepherd's plaid, stepped into the apartment.

“ Bolt the door, George ; and now, my elfin courier, what tidings hast thou for me from fairy-land ? ”

“ You, my lord, will esteem them unfortunate, while I would hold them the reverse ; for the useless effusion of blood, and the horrors of civil war, may now be happily averted.”

“ I cannot hear thee distinctly, boy. Throw thy mantle off. What tidings bear ye ? Where are the letters ? ”

“ Letters I have none, my lord. When approaching the altar to deposit one for another, I heard the tramp of horses, and hid me in the brushwood. Presently three armed riders passed, and almost stirred the bushes which concealed me. One, on the holster cases before his saddle, held a boy dressed fancifully in green, who was weeping piteously.

“ ‘ Nay, pretty sprite,’ exclaimed the man who rode beside the little captive ; ‘ God’s mercy ! thou hast not to fear, unless the ferule

of the pedagogue; and ere the sun rise to-morrow, I promise that thy patrons shall be with thee. James Ratcliffe and young Maxwell are not a mile's distance at this moment, and though neither know the other, is it not marvellously comical, that a couple of blood-hounds laid upon their track, are lodged in the same hostelrie.' Such were his words, my lord—and I came hither, at personal risk, to tell thee that thy plot is bewrayed; an thou tak'st not to hiding without delay, ere cock-crow thou wilt be captive."

"Never will I skulk like a craven, and seek safety in concealment," exclaimed the rash nobleman, "were I to take the field attended by none but my family retainers, and every whig in Britain in arms to support the usurper; still, these are sorry tidings, George."

"James Ratcliffe, listen to me; and let me implore you also to listen patiently. From the hour I saw the wretched king, whose rights I would perish, worthless as he is, to establish—nay bear with me—time presses—and at least hear me calmly out—I knew that it were madness to expect, what nothing but a miracle could achieve; and therefore, the news this

boy brings is only what I have long expected. To raise the fallen standard with a few scores of gentlemen, and as many hundred boors, would subject those who did so, and justly so, to the charge of lunacy. Thou art wedded, James,—thy course of love runs smooth,—when beauty and virtue are spoken of, men name the lady of Lord Derwentwater—thy marriage bed is blessed with issue;—thy estates, the noblest in the riding—all that makes life happy are thine already; rank, wealth, and love! and would you madly cast away such blessings?"

"And what wouldst thou have me do?" inquired the earl, hastily.

"Bend to the storm, and let its fury pass. Commit no idle act of overt treason; and dream not to restore a doomed dynasty, or place a crown upon a head, which never was ordained by Heaven to bear the badge of royalty."

"Do I dream? or are my ears cheating me? and art thou, in sooth, George Maxwell?"

"Him am I indeed, James—and the words you have heard are his."

"Well, by mine honour, I wanted this con-

firmation," observed the Earl scornfully, "and were I to follow his honourable advice, the master of Nithsdale would of course gladden my vagabond life in moor and mountain with his company, until the Elector had plundered my estates to his heart's content, and then, might graciously permit the beggared outcast to skulk into daylight from his concealment."

"No, James," said the young sportsman, with a deep sigh, "my fates are different from thine, and so shall be my course of action. The hand of woman will never at God's altar be pledged to me. The voice of lisping infancy shall never call me father. I am one without earthly fortune—that matters not—but I am one also, without earthly hope. I loved—let it pass; I worshipped, and as I thought, had won. Pshaw! 'twas a mere chimera. What am I? a heartless, hopeless man in existence, of no more value than the driftweed that idly passes the bark on ocean, floating on the surface, without an object, and without a use."

"Nay, George, forgive me if I spoke rashly. There is not a particle but genuine métal in thee; and what course of action think ye of pursuing?"

“ Raise the standard of the house of Stuart ere the sun touches the meridian to-morrow—and at the next cross, proclaim the rightful king!”

“ A true Maxwell, by our lady! Yes, George, together we will”—

“ Not *together*, Derwentwater,” returned Maxwell, interrupting the earl, “ not together, no—no—no—I want to find, what you should most avoid—the quiet of a”——

“ Home! Is not Caerlavarock—is not Bilston open to thee, George? What want ye beyond these?”

“ A grave, James. But let me but dream a little. Twelve years ago—ay, just half a life—the property of a drunken laird was sold; and one who had thriven by his own, and by a father’s industry, became possessor. He was a widower, but not childless—he had a daughter”—

The Master paused—and a sigh too deep to be repressed escaped the boy, who appeared an attentive listener.

“ Sit down, kind youth!” exclaimed the earl, “ thou art weary. Ho! Angus, uncloze

the door. Another stoup of wine, and fetch the boy a tankard."

But the youth waved his arm, and declined it—"Well, rest thee, an thou art too young to drink, and we'll despatch thee presently. Go on, George—although I guess the sequel."

"Rosalie Fairfax was two years younger than I, and my dear mother—Heaven rest her soul!—fancied and loved her as a daughter. The times were still unsettled—and though we were far from being countenanced by favour from the court, we were too powerful to be idly treated by the civil or military authorities of the house of Hanover; and need I say, that over a considerable section, secretly attached to the family of Stuart, our influence was predominant? From the peculiar locality of Mr. Fairfax's new possessions—lying as they did immediately beside the border clans—he would have been necessarily exposed to continued annoyances; nay, indeed, had not my father protected him, I doubt whether he could have resided on his own estate. But strange as it may appear, the rebel then could openly protect the royalist!

I need not tell thee what Rosalie Fairfax was when a child, for thou hast seen her beauty matured at womanhood. She was, I might almost say, the object of boyish love. My passion grew with my years—and never for a moment did that heart she reigned over, wander from the idol it had enshrined. Rosalie! thou wert my first love; Rosalie, thou shalt be my last one!”

The words appeared choking him—and the concluding sentence, though audible, had dropped almost to a whisper. The boy’s sobs were beyond control—and the convulsive heavings of his plaid betrayed feelings wrought up almost to agony.

“By heavens! George, this poor youth must have a kindly heart—I never saw one that bestowed more sympathy on a stranger. Boy, we talk of what thou know’st not yet—ay, marry, and if you would be advised by me, know as little hereafter of Dan Cupid as you can conveniently. Well, George, proceed.”

“My tale will be ended in a few words. Times gradually altered. The old Queen died, and that was the signal for fresh party in-

trigues—the forerunner of political convulsions. Gradually, as my family influence had become less potent and less necessary to him, the intimacy between Mr. Fairfax and the house of Caerlavarock abated; for as he increased in wealth and lands, his puritan temper appeared to sour as his earthly estate improved. A wealthy neighbour can soon find allies if he need them; and Mr. Fairfax did not seek such long in vain. Leagued with the covenanting gentry, who, fostered by the government, and sustained by their adherents in every part of Britain, had now become, as you know, a party here more than able to support the footings which, from time to time, they had gained, a slight pretext was quite sufficient to end friendly relations between my brother, and the father of her who possessed my heart. Madly I heard the quarrel spoken of—flew in despair to Mr. Fairfax, and asked his daughter's hand—when, after a puritanic discourse on creeds, and callings, and backslidings, and Heaven knows what whiggery beside, I was told that disparity in fortune might have been overlooked, but difference in faith was insuperable. I strove to reason—but Mr. Fairfax would only bandy

texts—I tried to touch his feelings, but the nether millstone was not harder.”

“But why waste words upon a stiff-necked covenanter? Had I been in thy place, George, I would have essayed more malleable metal, and proved whether the fair Rosalie was not formed of softer materials than the crop-eared knave her father.”

“Hast thou ever heard, James,” returned young Maxwell, “that a castaway on ocean did not clutch even at a chip, had it happened to float past the floundering wretch? Yes—I asked an interview, and it was granted.”

“The result, George?—I’m impatient.”

“She owned that I held her love, but added that her father possessed her duty.”

“And, in a word, George—she discarded you with a text or two.”

“’Twere painful to detail what passed; and you may smile when I tell you, that when I tore myself from Rosalie Fairfax, and pressed a parting kiss on lips which did not decline it, I left her, convinced that earth did not hold her fellow. Mine she never can be—for, without one spark of superstition, I see my fate

distinctly pencilled out, as I do thy features in yon small mirror. When I am gone—but something tells me, James Ratcliffe, that our destinies shall be the same—I would have asked thee to have told her—that, whether life parted on the scaffold, or, more happily, upon the battle-field, my last prayer implored mercy for myself—happiness for her.”

“Hush! hark! What sounds are these?” exclaimed the earl.

“Horsemen, and at speed, my lord,” exclaimed the alarmed boy.

“Betrayed!” roared the earl. “George, thou hast ever thy wits about thee, what’s our best course?”

“Up with the casement—jump out, sword in hand—trust to fortune for escape, or die as men should.”

Before the sentence was finished, Lord Derwentwater had flung the lattice open, and the blades of both the Jacobites glittered in the moonlight, which now had come out most brilliantly. The rush of horses over a road, half turf, half pebbles, grew louder; while the bolted door was violently struck against, and a

voice without, in which the coarse tones of one of the intruders so recently expelled, were easily recognised, exclaimed—

“James, Earl of Derwentwater, George, Master of Nithsdale, I call upon ye, as true men, to surrender; I bear the king’s warrant for your apprehension.”

“Drive a bullet through that door, my lord; ’twill, mayhap, silence that noisy rogue; and the more confusion, the better chances of escape for us.”

“Oh, no! for pity sake, no blood!” exclaimed the boy, catching the master round the knees, and then sinking to the floor, as the snow-wreath slides from the precipice.

During this brief period, the leading file of horsemen had reined up before the door—while a loud voice directed the remainder to surround the house.

“What, ho! knave, rascal, host, unclosethy door, or I’ll beat it in. Where be two noble gentlemen, thy guests, tracked hither by a brace of two-legged bloodhounds?”

“The noble gentlemen, my dear Foster, are here,” exclaimed Derwentwater, with a laugh.

"The quarry at bay for the present, and the bloodhounds at the door."

"Saints and angels! are ye safe, my Lord? We doubted, from report, whether we could have succoured you in time. Lights! We'll halt an hour or two to feed," he said to his attendants, and then continued, "I'll have thee, noble Ratcliffe, in a minute by the hand."

"Nay, pause, general; there are two loyal gentlemen with a royal warrant in the passage."

"For whose accommodation there is a most convenient ash tree; and, no matter how low the larder may prove in this commodious hostelrie, I'll undertake the stable lacks not a spare halter, and hath more hemp than corn."

In another minute a torch, with which the party came provided, was lighted, the door opened, and the siege formally raised. Half-a-dozen armed gentlemen offered their congratulations to the *détenu*—while, for the second time, the intrusionists entered the chamber, and even under more infelicitous circumstances than those which had attended their

former occupation. Then, they had anticipated a brandered muir-fowl, with honourable attendance ; now, speedy execution and a short shrift were broadly hinted at ; and in those days, the summary disposition of minions of the law upon the Borders, would occasion no more surprise than drowning a bailiff excited in Connemara some thirty years ago.

From the crowded state of the apartment, and owing to the confusion incident to the hurried scene, for some minutes the boy escaped observation, until Lord Derwentwater inquired for his "elfin courier." All eyes followed the direction of the earl's, and the groom who held the torch, directed its red glare upon the remoter corner of the chamber. There, leaning against an oaken table, with his face averted from the company, the youth was standing ; a drooping bonnet, such as shepherds wear, as effectually hiding his face, as the plaid concealed his figure.

"What, Pacelot !" exclaimed the earl, "art frightened, boy ? Pshaw ! thy fairy excellence has nought to fear, for all around thee are true friends. Come, let me introduce thee to them. Thou kindly elf, who left thy gambols by merry

moonlight to warn two liege men of their peril. Nay, thou bashful thing." The boy recoiled when he felt the earl's hand upon his neck. "Thou must drink the king's health, were it but in the shell of a hazel-nut." But still the boy modestly receded.

"Why, thou tiny traitor, darest thou refuse to pledge thy royal master?" A gentle struggle followed—the cap became displaced, and, in an unsuccessful attempt to prevent its falling, the plaid dropped also upon the ground. Lord Derwentwater started back a pace—for a profusion of rich brown hair fell in waving ringlets over a neck and bosom of marble whiteness.

"A woman, by Heaven!" exclaimed the startled nobleman.

"Oh! George, where are you? Will you not protect me?" cried the pseudo boy.

"That voice—gracious God! can it be possible?" exclaimed the earl's companion, springing forward, and next moment Rosalie Fairfax was folded in George Maxwell's arms, and sobbing on his breast.

PART III.

GREAT was the astonishment of the Jacobite leaders on discovering that they had a concealed enemy in the room—and that the daughter of one of the most uncompromising upholders of the kirk, and consequently, a staunch supporter of the house of Hanover, had been listening to their deliberations. Derwentwater, whose gentle nature was proverbial, felt the painful position in which his friend was placed, and hastening to the recess, where the lovers stood apart from the conspirators, he said to him in a low voice—

“Go, George,—seek out a private chamber—and outside, the lady and I will await you.”

Supported by her lover and the earl, with eyes downcast on the floor, Rosalie was led through the wondering crowd, who all respectfully made way for her; and after a few minutes' absence, lord Derwentwater rejoined his companions.

“Well, gentlemen,” he said with a smile, “What think ye of our opening adventure? I have seen such upon the stage, and read of

them also, in romances, but, by the true lord ! until to-night, I fancied these heart affairs were nothing but the mere coinage of crazy poets. But, love aside, now let us to weightier concerns. Ah ! hang-dogs," he continued, as he turned an angry glance at the unfortunate admirers of brandered muir-fowl, "are ye not hanged yet? Why, Foster, you spoke of expedition, and hinted something about halters and an ash tree, before I left the room."

"Indeed I did—but this amatory affair interrupted business: however, we can soon remedy lost time;" and turning to the doomed culprits, he coolly requested them to make up their minds to undergo an operation which circumstances required to be performed with immediate despatch. But it is marvellous how seldom men feel inclined to free themselves by hempen agency "from all the ills that flesh is heir to," and the grouse fanciers were no exception to a general rule. Loudly and earnestly they protested against strangulation—and finally, compromised for life, by betraying to the Jacobites every secret connected with the royalists which they possessed. With border latitude, the horses and arms of the delinquents were at

once confiscated to the uses of the state ; and divers well-affected gentlemen, who had commenced the campaign, in the conviction of Jack Falstaff, that " linen would be found on every hedge," thought it advisable to commence operations by partitioning the contents of the saddle bags.

While over a stoup of claret—a runlet of which liquor had been ordered to the room—the proclamation of the deposed king, and an instant appeal to arms were decided on—a scene of very different description was being enacted in the little chamber whither Rosalie and George Maxwell had retired. The bright full moon threw a rich stream of silver light through an open casement, beside which, seated on her lover's knee, and encircled by his arm, the puritan's fair daughter was weeping bitterly.

" Rosalie," said the master of Nithsdale, " What brought thee here to-night? That splendid moon which lights the heavens so gloriously was young, when you utterly rejected my love, and told me that hope was ended."

" Alas ! George, well may you tax my

wavering resolution ; when I declined thy love I fancied I possessed a Roman heart, but too soon I found it was but woman's. Indeed, dear Maxwell, I dreamed not what I felt until the bitter parting, and, as I thought, for ever had occurred. Then I found existence without thee were a blank ; and, that apart from thee, life were but a burthen."

"And you *do* love me, sweet Rosalie?"

"God knows, George, how entirely my affections are bestowed upon thee," was the reply.

"And would'st thou prove thy love, Rosalie?"

"What proof lackest thou, George?"

"Thy hand, Rosalie."

"Freely, George, shall it be given—but, on one condition ;" and an embarrassing pause succeeded.

"Any consistent with my honour you have but to name, and"—

"Ah ! that word *honour* blights my hopes, even before the wish is spoken."

"You would not ask me to renounce my faith, dear Rosalie?" enquired the master.

"No, George—I would not urge thee to leave

the path which in thy belief conducts to a better world, although, in mine, thy selection seems erroneous. In his own good time may thy delusion be removed ! but until thy judgment were convinced, I would not attempt to influence thee. There be many mansions in our Father's house—and, in my poor opinion, George, there be many ways to find them."

"Blessings on thee, my gentle girl ! thy very heresy I could worship," and with unusual ardour he pressed the loved one to his breast. "Ask what ye will, Rosalie, and it will joy me to answer ay."

"Then hear patiently, dearest, the terms on which my hand shall be thine. You know my father's wealth—and I am assured that he heaps gold on gold, only to dower me the more richly. I love him ; fondly, fondly love him ; and yet that love I feel for him, is second to what I feel for thee ; and were it required, I would leave home, and wealth, and parent, and share thy humble fortunes."

"Oh, Rosalie, after such confession, could I refuse thee any thing ? Name thy request ; 'tis granted even before it is spoken."

There was a momentary silence ; at last the sweet puritan eagerly exclaimed,

“ And wilt thou grant my wish ? ”

“ Assuredly, my loved one. ”

“ Then shall I be thine, George ; heart and hand shall be pledged thee, and in honest faith. Renounce this wild and wicked project ; secede from this absurd conspiracy ; raise not the flame of civil strife ; strive not to force upon an unwilling nation a craven prince, and his dissolute associates : there is wickedness in the design—madness in the attempt. ”

“ Rosalie, ” returned young Maxwell, with a sigh, “ You fanned into life anew, hopes that were regarded as extinguished, and, with one brief sentence, they are crushed again. Hear me, ever dearest ! patiently, in return. Varied have been the fortunes of the house of Nithsdale ; at times, it basked in the smiles of royalty ; at others, it felt how changeable a monarch’s favour is. It suffered from minions when in power ; it stood the feud of rival clans undamaged. In weal or woe one boast the Maxwells made—and that was their unshaken and devoted loyalty. They received gross in-

justice from the Sixth James—and still in his hour of need did my forefathers hold back? No; when that rash prince madly drew the sword and lost the flower of Scotland on red Flodden, three hundred of the house of Nithsdale died round the king they could not save. Reckless as that gay monarch was, he was in heart a hero—he died as a man should die; and half his madness was obliterated by the determined gallantry with which he expiated his rashness on a lost battle-field—but strange as you may think it, Rosalie, I hold the degenerate aspirer to the throne of Britain lowly as you do yourself—but still, duty and loyalty command me to fling personal considerations to the winds, and, hopeless as the attempt may prove, die in an effort to restore him.”

“Nay, George, this is false honour altogether, and I will prove it such; even from thine own words, thou sayest the pretender to the” —

“Stop, pretty Rosalie!” said Maxwell, with a smile; “call him the Chevalier.”

“Well, so be he entitled, an thou wilt have it thus. You admit him imbecile and worthless—and in the same breath you de-

clare yourself ready to the death to support his claims, and force him on a nation who despise him."

"Rosalie, my attachment to the cause arises from principle, and not from personal consideration; and were the royal exile once more seated on his throne, by Heaven! my foot should never cross the gateway of St. James's. In the name of Stuart there is talismanic influence to sway a Maxwell. I am pledged—honour calls me; and *coute qui coute*—whether the road I take end in a restoration, or, what is more likely far—the scaffold,—George Maxwell will not blench from the essay."

"Then, George, the word is spoken; and we part for ever. He who would raise his right hand on a battle-field against a father, shall never clasp his daughter's as a wife!"

The firmness with which the sentence was delivered told too plainly that, in purpose, Rosalie was resolute; and, while he felt unable to reply, a tap at the door without was followed by the entrance of Lord Derwentwater.

"News from thy brother, George! Nithsdale is arming; and, with two hundred Maxwells

will cross the border by cock-crow in the morning. Warrants are out against half the gentry in Northumberland; and in ten minutes we must again be in the saddle. Dear lady, I lament that necessity makes me an unwilling herald to the parting of true love!"

"My lord," said the puritan's daughter, "no excuse is needed, for I was about to bid the Master a long farewell. By both, love's fancies must be forgotten. We meet, I trust, in heaven—for on earth, our intimacy has terminated."

"Nay, nay, fair Rosalie! What means this lovers' quarrel?"

"Time presses, as you say, my lord, and the Master, at leisure, can explain the causes which forbid a thought on my part, save friendly wishes for his prosperity here, and Christian prayers for his future felicity."

She rose. Derwentwater looked astonished; while Maxwell caught her hand—

"Rosalie! and *will* you leave me?"

The deep and anguished tone of voice in which it was delivered, gave to the brief sentence an indescribable effect.

"God knows, most unwillingly, George!

The first feelings of attachment which grow with our growth are difficult to conquer."

"In the name of every thing incomprehensible," exclaimed the earl, "what means this?"

"It means, my lord, that the Master asked my hand, obtained my hand, and now declines to receive the gift—if aught so poor may thus be termed."

"And, Rosalie, didst thou in truth consent to wed my friend?" inquired the earl, with eagerness.

"Yes, my lord; and in your presence I promise to become his wife, quick as holy rites can bind us, and he will but grant the simple favour that I asked," replied the lady.

"What ho! George! and could'st thou deny that pretty pleader aught?"

"The wildest wish that romance imagined, could life achieve it—and she but named it—I should hold a light condition; but I cannot accept happiness at the expense of" ——

"What, George?"

"Loss of honour, Derwentwater!"

A step came hurriedly along the passage, and a voice exclaimed without, "Why loiter

ye? Mean you that Carpenter's dragoons shall close our career, almost before it opens? A trusty gentleman, who has just arrived, saw from the copse in which he hid himself a strong regiment pass eastward, and only two miles from this. Hasten! The troop is mounted!"

"Rosalie! dear girl!" said the earl, tenderly, "thou hast heard what Forster announces, and I must leave you. Part not in displeasure with my friend. Extend pardon to one, whom I call heaven to witness loves you most faithfully; and, ere the moon wanes, he shall return and lay his laurels at the feet of his sweet mistress!"

"Laurels!" exclaimed the fair puritan, contemptuously, as the earl left the room. "None can be gathered beneath the banner of rebellion."

Before ten minutes passed, receding horse-steps announced that the Jacobites had departed; and soon after, where here and there the moonlight broke through the wooded valley extending between the lonely hostelrie and the domicile of Mr. Fairfax, a solitary pair might have been discovered, slowly pacing

along the green-sward indistinctly marked by the horse tracks of the wayfarers. One, mounted on a palfrey, seemed a boy; the other walked by the youth's side, with his own bridle-rein hanging across his arm, and his hand resting on the housing of his companion's saddle. It was Maxwell and his mistress: and, had wide Northumberland been searched, two sadder hearts could not be found. They reached a moonlit glade, when Rosalie, pointing to a cottage, said, in a low and broken voice, "There is the forester's cottage, George. We must separate."

"And can you—*can you* leave me thus?" replied the rejected youth, in tones that betrayed the agony that attends a lover's parting.

"It is a duty, and involves a heavy sacrifice of feelings long and ardently indulged. But it must be, George."

"Oh, Rosalie! cast me not from thee. Can not my sufferings move thee? What can I do to win thee? To gain a hand I would not barter for a crown—what shall" ——

"Come with me to the hall," she exclaimed, ere the sentence was completed. "Say to my father that you consort no longer with insur-

gents. I ask thee neither to bewray their secrets, or even band against them in the field. Come with me. Only renounce this wicked and mad conspiracy, and I promise that, ere midnight strikes, I will wring from the old man an immediate consent to take thee for a son, or—and it will cost me dear to do it—I swear to quit my father's house, and become thy wife, even were I to earn subsistence by menial labour.”

A more desperate alternative never tested the moral resolution of a brave and enthusiastic spirit; and such was George Maxwell's. Beauty, love, wealth—all were freely offered; and for what? Fealty to an exiled prince, whom he thoroughly despised, and the abandonment of an attempt, which he himself was well assured would prove a disastrous experiment. The master of Nithsdale continued silent for a minute—a fearful struggle rioted for mastery in his bosom; and Rosalie, with the keen perception of a woman, remarked the secret conflict. Stooping her head to Maxwell's, as he leaned against the shoulder of her jennet, she gently laid her lips to his, and murmured, “Dearest George, could'st thou tear thyself

from one who loves thee so devotedly as I do?"

The kiss was burning on his lips; the supplicating glance of an eye, whose lustrous black in the moonlight sparkled like a brilliant, was turned on his; and an arm, whose statue-like proportions would shame the sculptor's, encircled his neck. What was the decision of the Master never transpired; and whether love or loyalty had triumphed, remained a secret in the breast, in which their struggle for supremacy occurred; when suddenly, a horseman issued from a side path in the copse-wood; and so light had been his charger's foot-fall on the turf, or so absorbed the lovers by a passage in a life, on which the future colour of existence was dependent, that neither noticed the stranger's approach until he reined his horse up within a dozen paces.

"Who goes there?" exclaimed the Master, in a startled voice.

"One," returned the rider, "who merely desires to ask a simple question. Which is the road, and what the distance to Wooler?"

"Heavens! can it be? Nithsdale!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the horseman, pushing his

horse forward, and drawing a weapon from his holster. "Thou know'st me, and I would fain we started on equal terms. Who is it that I address?" and peering for a moment in the Master's face, he continued, "Holy saints! George Maxwell, or his wraith!"

"Nay, no ghost, brother," replied the Master with a sigh.

"And what do you here, may I enquire, masquerading as it would seem by moonlight?" returned the earl in anger. "You, who by report were with Foster and James Ratcliffe. Who is this boy? Where be our friends?"

"I'll lead thee to them in half an hour," returned the younger Maxwell.

"Then all is ended," said the Master's companion. And before Lord Nithsdale could ask a question, Rosalie had reached the forester's, tapped at the wicket with her riding rod, and the door opened and closed again, as if by magic influence.

"What means all this?" the earl demanded.

"Nothing, William—but that for life I shall be a miserable man. Follow me. I know the path right well, for often have I ridden it in happier hours, and on a more gentle errand.

Rosalie," he exclaimed, looking at the door in the domain wall through which she had disappeared—"Rosalie, farewell for ever! Follow me, William."

Striking spurs into his horse, he led the way through a wooded avenue with which he seemed perfectly familiar, until after a short ride through forest-land, the brothers debouched from the copse upon the highway, and, in a few minutes, overtook their confederates in march to Wooler.

* * * * *

An attempt so rashly undertaken was still more feebly carried out. In another place its outline is given—and it will be sufficient to remark, that Foster, whose conduct all through had been marked by indecision, consummated his folly by allowing himself to be shut up by General Carpenter in Preston. To barricade an open town was only a temporary expedient—but as the investing force was cavalry, it succeeded in procrastinating, what the besieged insurgents knew well, would prove an inevitable event. The first assault made by the royalists was bloodily repulsed; and at the barrier defended by the Maxwells, the dragoons sus-

tained a heavy loss. The tall figure of the master of Nithsdale was seen always in the thickest of the *mélée*; and, for years afterwards, men spoke of George Maxwell as bravest of the brave. Alas! how seldom is the secret spring of human action openly developed. The Master's was natural courage excited to desperation—to him life was less than indifferent; he felt it but a burden which he wished to have removed; and where could he part with a worthless existence in keeping with his martial name so fitly as on a battle-field?

An unconditional surrender placed most of the Jacobite leaders in the hands of government, but a few effected an escape, and George Maxwell was of the number. Heading and hanging, according to the condition of the criminals, succeeded. Derwentwater and Panmuir suffered upon Tower Hill; but through the heroism of his devoted wife, Lord Nithsdale escaped from the Tower, on the night preceding the morning upon which he was sentenced to lose his head.

For nearly six months, and throughout a severe and dreary winter, the Master was a

wanderer in the Cheviots. His small stock of money was soon exhausted; and to his gun, and the rude hospitality of the mountaineers, he was indebted for the means of living. To conceal himself he never resorted to any shifts,—and from the bold and reckless manner in which he exposed himself in pursuit of game, it was held miraculous how he escaped arrest so long. Another circumstance was most honourable to these wild people—although half the herdsmen knew his name and rank, not one of these “nature’s gentlemen,” could be tempted to play him false, by the large reward offered by government for his apprehension.

What Rosalie suffered was endured in private—for in her father’s presence she maintained her customary, even, and unexcited bearing. But a cheek once carmined by the flush of health began to fade, the smile that spoke its morning welcome to her father sickened, the diamond sparkle of her eye grew lustreless; and Mr. Fairfax, who loved his only child almost to idolatry, began to tremble for her life. Had any additional cause tended to increase Rosalie’s misery more than another, it was the persecution she endured from De

Bolam, who, encouraged by the exile of his rival, coarsely urged his pretensions to her hand. For a time she merely declined his addresses—but wearied out by his importunities, at last she urged her father either to interdict his offensive visits, or, when they were made, to permit her to remain secluded in her own apartments. In almost every human character there will be alloy discoverable. The old puritan's besetting sin was a hankering after wealth. He fancied that in conferring De Bolam's enormous fortune on his daughter, he was securing the happiness of his child; and it was after a heavy conflict of feeling, that Fairfax made up his mind to decline a wealthy son-in-law.

"Mr. Bolam," he said, for like modern parvenues, the butcher's son had Normanized a plebeian name; but it was an alteration which the honest scruples of Mr. Fairfax declined adopting—"Mr. Bolam, it is idle to combat with my daughter's feelings. I believe were the throne of England offered her, that while George Maxwell lived, she never would plight hand and faith to any other."

There are some whom the expression of

woman's dislike would cure of any feeling of affection for her who contemned his love. De Bolam had a mind oppositely constructed—and the stronger her aversion was manifested to his person, and the more decidedly his advances were rejected, the more fixed his determination became to gain the hand of Rosalie. The Master of Nithsdale, as he had long suspected and was now assured, had presented a barrier to his hopes; and no matter what expense it might involve, that barrier should be removed.

We introduced Messieurs Jones and Napper, a few pages since, in the persons of the grouse-fanciers at the hostelry; and it is only necessary to say, that the calling they had just then adopted, and which, in its first essay, had proved so unsatisfactory, had since become a more profitable concern; and that in the arrest of Jacobites, or supposed ones, and in connecting the chain of evidence for their condemnation when required—the lost link being supplied by perjury—Jones and Napper carried on a brisk and profitable trade. To these excellent and useful men, Mr. de Bolam made application. They came

to his house by special appointment ; and after dinner, the aspirant to the fair hand of Rosalie Fairfax opened the negotiation over a stoup of burgundy.

“And what would'st thou give, squire, to secure the Master in Carlisle?” said the butcher-looking of the twain, whose appellation was Jones.

“A hundred pieces of newly-coined Georges.”

“Would ye not double it,” inquired Mr. Napper, “were the thing done out of hand?”

“I wish it so,” returned the host. “Lay the Master in Carlisle within ten days, and I'll agree to give thee two hundred.”

Napper directed a speaking glance at his confederate—and then replied that the business should be done, if possible, within the week, and the conclave ended.

Unconscious, nay, reckless of the plot, or indeed of any plot that might be formed against his life, wearied with a long day's exercise, and by the additional toil of carrying a fine roebuck from a distant valley where he had shot it, right gladly did the Master hail the flickering light that scintillated, as the surface rose or fell, from the casement of his

humble resting place. He pressed up the hillock on which the sheeleeine stood: no anxious boy was watching to explore what his hawking bag contained; nor did the vigilant sheep dogs announce his return by their friendly barkings. He entered the kitchen, and the roe deer suspended across his shoulders elicited no smile from the housewife. The herdsman was hanging over a dead dog, and the big drops fell from his cheeks upon the hearth stone—while the gude-wife and the weans were endeavouring to pour warm milk down the throats of the other dogs, who, poor animals, were now writhing in their last convulsions.

“What means this, Sandy? What misfortune has befallen the dogs?”

“Heaven alone can tell,” sobbed the herdsman. “Maister o’ Nithsdale, I’m ruined oot an oot. Oh! Laddie, Laddie!” and he turned a desponding look at his dead favourite. “Where could thy fellow ha be found?”

In a few minutes the mortal agonies of the other dogs were ended; and Sandy carried his dead companions out, and laid them until morning in a shed that joined the house. Maxwell retired to the little recess he occupied,

brought from it the remnant of a Dutch bottle, and the contents were liberally shared with the shepherd and the gudewife.

“Sandy,” said the Master, “you named my name, and I will not pretend to gainsay it. Broken as the fortunes of our house are, I’ll give thee a few lines to the hills above Caerlaverock, and thou shalt return with the best sheep dogs on the border.”

“Mony thanks, my noble sir. Weel know I the canty tykes ye ha there. But, Oh! Maister! to lose my ain faithfu’ companions,—those that in sna or sunshine never wandered from my side. Conscience, mon; I beg yor honor’s pardon for swearing—but ye ken its a sair trial. I ha heard o’ men losing an old joe, an some rich carl takin’ by weight o’ goold the lassie they had loo’d fra infancy.”

A deep sigh burst from the Master; but, suppressing his emotion, Maxwell observed that, as he had quitted the cabin before daylight, he should wish to hear what had occurred, and how the calamity could be accounted for.

“The puir tykes must ha crossed groon on which the fairies danced yes’treen,” said the gudewife.

“Or been adder-bitten,” rejoined the herdsman.

“Neither, neither,” exclaimed the Master. “One of these conjectures is absurd, the other improbable. Had ye any travellers passing through these wilds to-day?”

“None. No foot darkened the door syne the gudeman took the hill at cock-crow.”

“Hold,” said the shepherd. “Noble sir, a strange occurrence happened me. I was lying on the hill-side, looking at the lambs which we changed from anither quarter, as they ha not settled yet, when a gipsy woman crassed the know, an set hersel doon beside me. She asket some questions anent the road to Chillingham; and, as the lambs were wanderin’, I rose from time to time to keep them in my sight. Once, when I suddenly crossed the hillock, I saw her thra a bittock to the doggies, an then she rose and left me. One thing struck me as remarkable. She said she was bent for Berwick, but she took the road to Chillingham.”

“Friend Sandy,” said the Master, “that felon gipsy was the poisoner, and she sped the poor animals by arsenic. But we must

devise means to make good thy loss to-morrow."

The Master took his rushen light and retired to the miserable closet he called, in bitterness of spirit, chamber.

George Maxwell was reckless of life as men are who feel it valueless; but still he had a strong aversion to undergo a quiet martyrdom, and was fully resolved that his mortal coil should not be shuffled off without a fearful *éclat*. The downfall of his own prospects, hopes, and happiness, had been followed by the ruin of his family; and, strange feeling as it might appear, not valuing existence at a pin's fee, he had determined to render up a disregarded life at a price far beyond its value. As was his custom, he laid his naked rapier at his side, and placed his pistols within instant grasp, if needed. His Spanish gun was carefully reloaded; and a couple of invaluable deerhounds, which he had obtained from the confiscated property of his brother, rested at his feet. Dog and master slept alike; for, sooth to say, the bed of both was heather.

While the shepherd and his wife attributed the death of the sheep dogs to alien causes to

the true one, the Master felt a strange suspicion, that he was in some way connected with the inhuman deed. It is marvellous how coolly men in desperate circumstances look to results from which others would recoil.

"They want my head," he muttered with a bitter smile, "to substitute on London Bridge or Carlisle Gate for my brother's. But, on my conscience, the pou* shall cost more than the carcass is worth altogether, as they say across the border."

We must, to connect the incidents of the tale, return to Mr. de Bolam and his myrmidons, Jones and Napper. When the invitation from the former was received, on that very morning an intelligent spy communicated to his employers his discovery of the Master of Nithsdale's concealment in the Cheviots. The fellow was a travelling pedler—and in the course of his peregrinations he had frequently been at Caerlaverock, and knew George Maxwell at a glance. The surprise and delight of the man hunters were alike, when De Bolam offered an enormous price for the apprehension of a person which they would, as a matter of

* *Scotticè*—the head.

business, have effected in a day or two—and the scoundrels kept their secret to themselves.

“He must not know that we earn the reward so easily,” observed Mr. Napper to his associate. “Though he’s rich as a Jew, he’s close-fisted as a pawnbroker. No, no, friend Jones, we’ll let a day or two pass over before we tell him we can grab his rival.”

“I am delighted to clear scores with him at last,” was the reply; for d——n me! that rap upon the knuckles which the Master gave me at the hostelrie I never can forget. Write to de Bolam, and give him hope that, by enormous expense, and the employment of half a hundred agents, you expect to trace the lurking place of his rival—curse his presumption! He—once a butcher’s boy, and ugly as a scarecrow—to dream of Rosalie Fairfax!”

Great was Mr. de Bolam’s satisfaction at reading the letter from Napper; but greater still when, a few evenings afterwards, the man-hunters rode to his gate, and demanded an instant audience.

“What news, my friends?”

“Better than we dared to hope for—and

that so speedily. The buck is lodged," was the answer.

"Say ye so? Fill thy glass, Master Jones; and I drink to thy health in return for thy intelligence. When do ye purpose to arrest the traitor?"

"Whenever your worship pleases," said Mr. Jones.

"Instantly—no delay—marry, this evening."

"There are some preliminary matters to be settled," said Mr. Napper, with a cough or two. "The price of capture is regularly agreed upon; but in these affairs an advance to meet expenses is customary."

"Think ye I will go back one guinea in the sum I promised?" inquired de Bolam, angrily.

"Nay, honoured sir, not one shilling. But,"—in one word, we are men of business, exclaimed Jones, interrupting his companion, "and we always look for half our fee in hand."

"It shall be given," said de Bolam, unlocking a scrutoire, and producing a bag of gold—"that is, on one condition."

"Name it!" exclaimed both scoundrels in a breath.

"That I accompany ye," was the reply.

“ And do you suppose we would play you false?”

“ No—I hold you to be men of honour,” said de Bolam, but in a tone of voice which sounded most equivocally; “ but you let him slip before.”

“ I see no objection to the squire making one of the party,” observed Napper; a remark his companion assented to. The money was told down—another flask was drunk—and the same hostelry, where the human blood-hounds had first met the intended victim, was named as the place of rendezvous at dusk the following evening.

“ Stay,” exclaimed de Bolam, as his myrmidons were leaving the room; “ what help have ye? Maxwell is desperate, and therefore doubly dangerous. They say that at Preston he fought liker a devil than a man.”

“ We will take him unawares, if possible,” returned Mr. Napper; “ and, for that purpose, I will send Rachel at daylight into the hills to poison the sheep dogs. Curse them! a mouse could not move without their hearing it.”

“ Marry, an excellent precaution. But if surprise should fail?” continued de Bolam.

“ I take with me half a dozen gipsy poachers, who value a man's life at the current rate of a rabbit's,” was the reply.

“ And should the Master offer resistance ? ”

“ They will despatch him with as little ceremony as they would stick a leister in a salmon.”

And with this comfortable assurance the men-hunters took their departure.

PART IV.

It was midnight—and midnight in the Cheviots is exquisitely lonely. Not a breath of wind moved the heather ; and, though a bow-shot distant, the ripple of the burn was heard distinctly. There was no moon ; but the stars were unusually brilliant. After a severe day's exercise, it might have been expected that the Master would have slept soundly as the tired hounds who were snoring at his feet—but coming events threw their shadows before—and his slumbers were broken. A window—if an unglazed port-hole might be termed so—gave a scanty supply of light and air to his sleeping place—the air might cool the current of his fevered blood—and Maxwell rose, pulled out the heath which stopped the opening in the wall, and looked out on the dark outline of the Cheviots.

The more he reflected on the mysterious poisoning of the sheep dogs, the more he felt

convinced that mischief was intended against himself. None would injure a harmless herdsman—the foul fiend himself would recoil from villany so gratuitous. Fifty yards in front of the sheeliene, the ground swelled gently; and as his eye carelessly swept the outline between him and the starlit sky, a human figure rose above the heath, and crowned it. Another, and another, followed—until the Master reckoned half-a-score. He was betrayed—that could not be questioned; and he instantly disposed his weapons on his person, which was but partially undressed, and prepared for desperate resistance. Wrapped in profound obscurity, from his small port-hole he could observe every movement of the foemen.

“Yes,” he muttered between teeth clenched in firm determination, “never had desperate man a nobler opportunity of making a bloody exit from the troublous stage of life than I. They think to find a *couchant* deer and easy prey; but they had better ventured on the wildest bull in Chillingham.”

Grouped together on the hillock, the strangers seemed to hold consultation how they should best approach a house, in which, as they be-

lieved, every inmate was asleep. Three or four of the party separated themselves from the remainder, and advanced with the evident intention of securing the rear against escape, were there door or window to permit it. The others came forward cautiously—and in a minute they were so close to the opening in the wall where the Master stood, that he could hear their deep breathings distinctly. One of them gently raised the latch, and announced in a suppressed voice that “the door was fastened.”

“In with it at once,” was answered in a whisper; and as Maxwell changed his position to one that commanded the entrance of the house, the door came crashing in. A man entered—a loud explosion followed—there was a fall—a rush—a call of lights! lights!—all these were occurrences of three seconds. The leader—who proved afterwards to be Mr. Jones—had not carried life to the floor; for the buck-shot with which the Master’s gun was loaded had passed through the scoundrel’s body, and lodged in the wall behind. Those of the assailants next to the dead man stumbled over the body; while, profiting

by the darkness and confusion, young Maxwell jumped, sword in hand, into the outer room, lounging with his rapier right and left, and from wild exclamations, which followed each pass, inflicting injury at every thrust. His advantage over his enemies was, in truth, a deadly one. In a *mêlée*, and that too in the dark, the odds against him were unavailing. Every thrust he made was surely at an enemy ; while his opponents hesitated to strike, lest in the obscurity and confusion the blow might fall upon a friend. The deer-hounds added to the uproar ; for, springing from their resting place on the first alarm, they took part in the affray, and furiously attacked the assailants of their master.

Maxwell's design was to gain the heath, if possible ; and once his foot was fairly on it, he had little dread of effecting an escape. He knew the locality well, and his reliance was in himself. In happier times none could surpass the Master at any feat which required activity and endurance — adversity had confirmed natural advantages, by frequent calls upon both ; and on these, must now be his sole dependence. An opportunity to reach the door presented itself ;

he sprang over a prostrate body, and crossed the threshold. Several pistol-shots, fired at random, missed him : but here fortune deserted the Master. The party who had gone to the rear of the sheeliene, hearing the affray, had hurried to the front, and hence four men unexpectedly confronted the fugitive. Nothing daunted, Maxwell leaped desperately among them, when a stroke from behind stretched him on the earth. His felon assailants took care that he should not gain his legs again—for they rained blows upon their prostrate antagonist until he had become insensible.

When consciousness returned, the Master found himself in the herdsman's kitchen, and resting in the arms of the gudewife, who was wiping the blood away from several deep wounds in the head. Lights had been obtained—for with these the party had come provided—and on looking wildly round, George Maxwell had no reason to complain that vengeance had not been satisfied. Jones was dead at his feet, and de Bolam expiring in the corner, from a rapier wound through which the bowels had protruded. Of the gipsy confederates who had accompanied the dead and dying

scoundrels, all had been injured less or more ; indeed, the only actor in the late affray who had escaped intact, was Mr. Napper, and that for the simplest reason in the world, because he took especial care not to enter on the scene of action, until the affair was over. One thing affected the Master more than all beside : his faithful deer-hounds were dead beside him ; for they fought so desperately, that the ruffians were obliged to destroy them.

“ My poor dogs ! ” exclaimed the Master ; “ and were you butchered for your fidelity ? ”

“ Ay,” replied a savage-looking gipsy, who was binding up a hand desperately lacerated by the hound’s teeth ; “ and we would have played thee the same trick, only that for thy living carcass safely delivered at Carlisle, we will get fifty guineas—for thy head not a bawbee ”——

“ I know thy face well, thou poaching scoundrel ; not six months since I freed thee from the stocks : an I live, I’ll not forget thee, villain.”

“ Right,” returned the tinker ; “ ’twas wise to put that provision in. Before I dread thy feud, Master of Nithsdale, provide thee with

another neck—for Jock hangman makes sure wark.”

* * * * *

Half dead, Maxwell was carried from the hills in a rude litter, and delivered to the commandant in Carlisle. The last special commission had emptied the castle tolerably ; for one of the most sanguinary judges that England had produced presided at the past assize, and capital conviction followed as a consequence on arraignment. George Maxwell, before the next commission, recovered from his injuries, which, for a time, were expected to prove fatal : and early in February, 1716, it was officially announced that his trial would immediately take place.

A change had come over the spirit of the times ; and the most virulent whigs thought, that if blood must be the penalty of rebellion, more than sufficient to meet the ends of justice had been shed. The Jacobites were now a broken party. Mar, in the highlands, had proved as imbecile as Foster had in Northumberland—and the rash *émeute* only established the contemptible character of the old Pretender, and the feebleness of his adherents. Offenders

were now less rigorously prosecuted, and many of the minor delinquents were allowed to remain at large. But for many causes George Maxwell had no reason to expect, that towards him, the government would relax aught of its severity, as he was esteemed by the whigs a talented and dangerous man. At Preston, the repulse of Carpenter's dragoons was entirely attributed to his devoted bravery ; and the puritans blessed God that the leadership of the insurgents had been entrusted to Foster, and not to Maxwell. His brother's singular escape from the Tower, and the successful evasion of his sentence, was also unfavourable to the Master ; but the desperate resistance he had offered when arrested, and the death of de Bolam, a magistrate, and Jones, a king's officer, exasperated the feelings of the authorities more deeply : and all these circumstances united, appeared conclusive in sealing the Master's fate.

To the eternal infamy of those brutal days be it recorded, that the wretched criminals, when incarcerated, were left to starve, or merely drag existence on until the halter or an acquittal delivered them, by the chance

assistance which humane individuals might bestow. When the Master was lodged in the castle of Carlisle, a solitary guinea was his only dependence; and on the second evening, that guinea was reduced to a shilling—but the royalist commander was a soldier and a gentleman, and he delicately intimated to his prisoner, that he would feel gratified in supplying his wants. While the officer who bore the message was in the room, the jailor entered, and handed the Master a little packet. He broke the seal: the direction was unknown to him—within there was a purse containing twenty pieces—and an intimation, that ere that supply would be expended, another should follow it. The Master never hesitated in appropriating the money. It came, doubtless, from some timid relative, who feared to compromise his safety by holding open communication with one whose personal and political character were held so dangerous as George Maxwell's.

Frequent supplies of money followed the first; and Maxwell dispensed them with a free hand among the Jacobite prisoners who were destitute. In a prison, then, the influence of money was paramount; and the Master of

Nithsdale seemed to have the castle at his command.

Two days before his arraignment, a packet containing fifty pieces was delivered, with an intimation that it should be used in feeing lawyers to defend him. Maxwell sent for the most eminent on that circuit—gave them a noble fee—and told them to assist any poor devil who was desirous of escaping.

The morning came—the Master was arraigned, and to the usual enquiry he boldly pleaded “ guilty ! ” He was urged to recall his plea ; “ No,” he replied ; “ I would not save life, were that possible, by falsehood. Could I deny in this court what five hundred witnesses can establish ? ”

Nothing remained but to pass the usual sentence of death, embowelling, and dismemberment ; and these the prisoner listened to with grave and dignified composure. Carelessly, a lawyer whom he had feed to defend others, but whose services he had in his own case declined, cast his eye over the indictment, and suddenly springing up, he called for an arrest of judgment, as the document was materially defective. The judge—a humane man—took the parchment, and inspected it.

“ It is but a technical error, and will avail not,” he observed—“ but, God forbid ! feeble as the chance is, that I should refuse it to this unfortunate and misguided gentleman. Sentence shall be respited until the opinion of the law officers in London be obtained.”

In those days, to communicate with the English capital was an affair of time ; and a fortnight must elapse ere the Master's sentence could be confirmed or annulled. Any chance of the latter was held improbable ; and George Maxwell, in full assurance that his days were numbered, applied himself with calm and manly fortitude to undergo the trial. Idolized by his fellow prisoners, and respected by every official in the castle, the last days of his captivity were by all rendered comfortable as the coercive system of that half-barbarous period would admit. All who required it had ready access to the Master ; and none intruded on his privacy. The jailer had accommodated him with an apartment of his own—and Maxwell had no reason to complain of the additional restraint, to which those under sentence of death were then inhumanly subjected.

It was on the third evening after his con-

demnation, that the Master, seated in his solitary apartment, mused over the passages of his life. A pewter flagon filled with claret—for draught wine was then the custom—stood upon the table—and a religious book was turned down at the page where he had ceased perusing it.

“Ay,” he muttered; “the reasoning is shrewd—for, in sooth, all is vanity—I have tried all: love, loyalty, and ambition; and all have proved failures. I have outlived house, title, estates—and, actually beggared, have subsisted on the charity of some unknown Samaritan. Well, Rosalie; by Heaven! I cannot but upbraid thee in my heart. Not one consoling line—not a farewell message. No matter:—life, I am weary of thee!—courage! half-a-score days will end my wretched history.”

A knock disturbed his gloomy reveries, and the jailer announced that a young gentleman was desirous of speaking with the Master of Nithsdale.

“Let him come up. ’Tis the son of that poor highland chief, no doubt, whom I was instrumental in saving at the past assize.”

Twilight had been creeping on: the cham-

ber was gloomy ; for the small casement was strongly interlaced with iron bars. Maxwell looked carelessly at the visitor, and signing that he should be seated, pushed the flagon across the table.

“ Drink, boy—thy heart is lighter than when we parted last.”

“ It is heavier far,” returned a broken voice. “ George, is it in this dungeon that I must visit thee ?”

“ That voice—Rosalie—sweet Rosalie !” and in a moment, his mistress was locked in the arms of her condemned lover.

“ What induced thee to come here, Rosalie ?”

“ What else, but to smooth the last hours of the man I love—sooth his sorrows as I best can—and when the dread event is ended, follow to the grave—if one be allowed—all of mortal form that ever occupied this heart. Then will I retire from this world, until in another and a better, I shall, as my trust is, rejoin the lost one.”

* * * * *

Time wore on ; and from the hour the castle gates were opened until they closed, Rosalie never left the Master. Powerful interest had

been made in Maxwell's behalf ; but Walpole, the English minister, was inflexible ; and all the favour he could be induced to grant, was a commutation of the sentence into decapitation. This, to the Master was gratifying ; for, proud of his name, his lineage, and the high position his now fallen family had occupied for centuries, he recoiled from the idea of suffering a felon death. If Rosalie, in happier days, had admired the character of her unhappy lover, in deep adversity she had still higher cause to estimate it. There was a grandeur in the calm fortitude with which he contemplated passing through the final ordeal. No idle levity, no affected indifference, marked his conduct—he prepared

“ To die, as sinful man should die,
Without parade, without display”—

and he whose reckless gallantry at Preston, and terrible resistance in the Cheviots, had commanded the wild admiration of the martial borderers, might now be seen listening with devout attention to his confessor and his mistress, as both, according to different creeds, endeavoured to impart the grand truths of man's redemption.

Time passed : and from Mr. Fairfax, who had started off for London to use influence and money in the Master's favour, no tidings had been heard. Another and another day passed over ; and at last the fatal morning came.

Over the parting of Rosalie and her lover, the veil will better be drawn ; for although both taxed their fortitude, the last scene was truly agonizing. The garrison drums beat to arms ; as a strong military demonstration always attended an execution, the place being a high ground without the walls. Presently the troops were under arms ; and the sledge, drawn by a single horse, with all the apparatus of death and the hateful functionary who inflicted it, drew up in the court-yard. The pious converse which the condemned was holding with his spiritual director, was interrupted by a knock upon the door,—the jailor entered—bowed with respect, and inquired, “ when would the Master be ready ? ”

“ I may answer in one of the mottos of my family—‘ *Je suis prêt !* ’ ”

The words were scarcely spoken, when a confused noise was heard from without the

walls—a thrilling cheer succeeded—the castle gates, which had been previously closed, flew open—and a courier, on a reeking horse, dashed into the court-yard—drew a parchment from his bosom—presented it to the commanding officer—and exclaimed, in a loud voice, “ Free pardon for the Master of Nithsdale ! God save the king ! ”

* * * * *

Twelve months passed ; and in the ancient parlour of Holmdale-hall, a happy group were collected on St. Valentine’s Eve, around a blazing wood fire. An old man sat in the chair of ease, resting his foot upon a hassock, and holding a fine child upon his knee, which the nurse had there deposited. A stout serving man was handing round spiced claret on a salver ; and a youthful dame was gazing on her boy, with all the delight a firstborn brings a mother. Beside her sate a gentleman of gallant bearing ; her hand was locked in his ; and on him, ever and anon, her eyes turned proudly from her baby to his parent.

“ George,” said a sweet voice ; “ on this evening, a twelve month since, thy chamber in Carlisle, methinks, was not quite so com.

fortable. They say that plots are hatching—wilt thou George” ——

“Embark in politics again?” replied the Master, not waiting until the sentence was completed. “No, Rosalie; I won what I coveted—thyself, wench—as a man of honour should; and trust me, I find the treasure far too valuable to peril it. When thou and our honoured father there become Jacobites, then—but not till then, will the Master of Nithsdale desert a happy home, and love, and Rosalie!”

END OF THE LEGEND.

CHAPTER IX.

I CROSSED from the railway station at Grant's house to Coldingham in a common cart, as the exercise of the previous day had inflamed my wounded leg so much, that I was afraid to attempt on foot the moorlands I was obliged to travel. Unlike the beautiful pastoral hills which form the ranges of Cheviot and Lammermuir, nothing can be more bleak, cold, and miserable than this barren and uncultivated waste, presenting as it does, a desolate contrast to the Lothians I passed through but an hour ago; a district over which the eye delights to range, where a surface of thousands of acres is loaded with ripe grain ready for the sickle, except where the yellow tint is relieved by the rich green of luxuriant turnip crops, or thriving plantations.

In the carriage from Edinburgh, I had for my *vis-à-vis* a learned Pundit in petticoats; and having unhappily betrayed myself by some

hibernicism, she marked me for a prey. Indeed I was the only victim on whom to fasten. A quaker from Leeds, when addressed, merely delivered himself of a monosyllable; and a stout gentleman, in the opposite corner and a smoky coloured wig, went to sleep before we issued from the first tunnel, and had never opened an eye for thirty miles. Heaven is beneficent to favoured mortals; and oh! what a blessing it is to him who can sleep until he reach his destination, if he have piety in patens at his side, or worse still—a she politician.

A number of Irishmen, or, as they call them, “navies,” were labouring on the line, and in little crooks and openings, they had established themselves and household goods. Their dwellings were small clay-walled cabins, covered with sods, and provided with an orifice through which a man could creep, intending to represent the door, and a hole above to vent the smoke to typify a chimney. What accommodation the interior afforded I cannot pretend to say; but each of these wigwams was furnished with a wild-looking biped, with a pledge of married love in her arms, and a few three and four-year-olds at her foot.

"Can it be possible," exclaimed the tall, thin, angular personage opposite me, and who, I feel convinced, was a descendant of Lesmahago, "that human beings could exist in hovels under which one would hesitate to house a cow. Have you, sir, ever seen such sties inhabited?"

"Oh yes, madam: that is the prevailing order of Irish architecture."

"Sir, I have been in the North, and I never saw any thing of that kind."

"But, madam, have you been in Tipperary, Connaught, Connemara?"

"No, sir."

"Then, madam, you have not been in Ireland. Ulster is but a slice of Scotland and England shoved across the sea. It is denounced, disowned, tabooed by true Milesians—and that pleasant gentleman with a pickaxe in his hand, and a ventilator, not patented, that hat without a crown, upon his head,—he would not touch a 'Northman' with the tongs."

"But, sir, why is this state of things? Scarcely a century has passed since the Highlands were peopled with Catarans, the Border overrun with thieves. What are their popula-

tion now? Thrifty, peaceable, sober, industrious and religious;—why are not the Irish reclaimable?

“Were it not unpolite to reply to a lady’s question in a dead language, I should say, ‘*Davus sum, non Œdipus*,’ which meaneth”—

“I perfectly comprehend you; I speak Latin fluently.”

I started involuntarily—“speak Latin fluently.” What sins had I recently committed, that I should be shut up with an antiquated Blue, who had Terentius at her finger ends!

“But let me enquire what difference can exist between portions of the same island, and why Ulster should be prosperous and peaceful, while the West and South are wretched and disturbed?”

“Why, madam, because the people are different in habits, mode of thinking, mode of life, and mode of faith, as the antipodes,” I replied.

“Proceed, sir,” said the lady.

“The northman, madam, directs his energies to the improvement of his farm, if he be an agriculturist; of his business, if he be in trade.

His house is clean and orderly within, and his garden has its simple flowers, its fruit trees, and its bee hive. His first care is to provide for the bodily wants of his progeny ; his second, to educate them liberally as his means will admit, and their future walk in life may require. From the week's opening to its close, he labours at his vocation. He thinks that the canonization or martyrdom of a saint, is no reason why he should leave his plough in the furrow, or withhold the sickle from his corn ; and if you reproved him for working upon Lady-day, he would ask you coolly, " would the Virgin pay his rent ? " He reads the calendar with as much indifference as an old army list ; and he will tell you without a blush, that he disbelieves that ever blessed Anthony took the devil by the nose ; or that Saint Francis gave him the strapado. He is generally heretical—thinks there is no sanctity in holy water, or sin in eating broiled bacon upon Friday. If the doctrines the minister he " sits under " do not please him, he goes to an opposition shop. In religion, he is a free-thinker—not, madam, in the common acceptation of the term—but he fancies that every man has a right to choose his

own path to heaven. In the efficacy of human agency to smooth the road to heaven, he believes not; values the ring of the "sacring bell" as little as a dustman's; nor would care a brass button were as many candles extinguished against him in priestly wrath, as would set a chandler up in trade. In these opinions he lives—and when he goes to his account, he supposes that his audit would not be influenced at the bar above by the prayers of the Propaganda, ay, backed by the Pope himself."

"But, sir, what inference do you mean to draw?"

"None whatever; only to remark, that on the rent day you meet the northman returning home with the agent's receipt in his pocket and if you drop in after church or meeting on a Sunday, you will find a bit of beef in the pot, or a joint of mutton at the fire."

"I fear I speak to one labouring under prejudices which warp his judgment."

"No, madam, you speak to one who practically speaks from personal experience."

"Educate them."

"They won't have it."

"Employ them."

“Will they work?”

Carte and tierce the lady and I were interchanging homethrusts, when the engine began to grunt, the speed slackened, and we halted at the station, whence I was to strike into the hills. A slight obstacle, incident to every new railway, required a detention of five minutes—and anent the difference of opinion between the lady and myself, it carried out the old saw triumphantly, which insinuates that “one fact is worth a ship load of assertion.”

Was I still in Scotland? ay, marry was I—but faith! every thing looked uncommonly Milesian. A couple of malefactors were sitting handcuffed in a cart; the rustic *posse* were in arms; and on the clerk’s desk—*mirabile visu!*—were laid a case of pistols! The functionary had his head bandaged; the assistant’s hands were bound up in bloody rags; and an old man was having his head tied up in a cotton handkerchief. The tale was simple;—

The train before ours had brought a dozen reapers; they had paid only to the last station—and there was a difference of three-pence to be made up. It was of course, required, evaded, refused, but still properly insisted upon. In

auld syne, the highlanders preferred steel to the circulating medium, and

"Instead of broad pieces, they paid with broad swords," and the lads of the sod instead of producing "the browns," thought it better to strike the balance with a reaping-hook. On three defenceless men the ruffians threw themselves; and had not the *Hue and Cry* brought a number of harvesters to the rescue, it would be difficult to say whether the maiming they effected, might not have terminated in murder. In their ferocious eagerness to assail, they actually inflicted serious injuries on each other—and one ruffian was so desperately cut through the hand, that I should suppose it more than doubtful whether he will ever recover the use of it."*

I approached the carriage window, where the fair advocate of insulted Ireland was gazing on this novel spectacle to a Scottish eye—bloody heads and handcuffed criminals.

"Madam," I said, "behold another proof of

* This brutal affair occurred at the Grant's house station on the 22d August, 1846. The detail is undercoloured, for a more savage assault was never committed by a pack of cowardly barbarians, without the pretext of a cause.]

Saxon oppression. Compel the finest peasantry upon earth to conform to the regulations of a railway! men, born 'great, glorious and free,' stoop to monetary restrictions! See yonder martyrs bound for Dunse—and doubly united by patriotic feelings and half a pound of iron. And for what? Gracious heaven! when will sassenach tyranny end? When will young Ireland assume her place among nations, and like that star in the Columbian galaxy, pay and repudiate as she thinks proper? Oh my country! I mourn over thy degradation!"

"All right," cried the guard. The lady who discoursed Latin and not music, threw her head back, I suspect a little bothered in her theories. The quaker looked on imperturbably; and the man in the sooty wig, awakened by the delay, peevishly enquired, "what the devil meant the stoppage?" A whistling noise was answered by a grunt from the engine, and away went the train—leaving the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab—for the lady was an off-shoot from the peerage it appeared—to determine, whether a slice from a reaping-hook could be considered a legal discharge for three-pence sterling.

The waste I traversed this forenoon is of Connemara appearance; only that the few houses scattered over it, here and there, have doors, windows, and chimneys, of legitimate materials. The panes are not glazed with a discarded *caubeeine*, nor the door blocked up with an old mat, or a rickety piece of basket-work. Still it has an Irish look; and, save the redeeming traits of Scotch improvement, which a few healthy and well kept plantations give it, you might fancy yourself in Achill or Ballycroy. The surface is sour, wet, and would require a heavy outlay to reclaim it; but where every inch of the lowlands which environ it, are highly cultivated, why should this district be neglected? "The child who many fathers share," seldom is nursed over tenderly; and, as these moorlands are partitioned among many more productive estates, save in plantations, little trouble has been taken to turn them to account.

From the information of my guide and landlord—for Moffat discharged the double duty—these wastes were originally, rather squatted on than tenanted. Forty or fifty years since, there was nothing in the shape of a human

habitation, beyond the sheelecine of a shepherd. But wanderers from the highlands and the "ould country," from time to time squatted down, paying the proprietor a nominal rent. They cut peats for monetary supplies, and grew corn, potatoes, and a few patches of turnips, for home consumption. The returns of their stunted crops are very unproductive; and save that they are comfortably clad and housed, to all appearance a more wretched rural population could not be found in the Scottish lowlands; in Ireland, however, they would be considered a fine tenantry, for they have always a sufficiency of food, and are proprietors of both sheep and black cattle.

This mountain district, like the lower country, is profoundly peaceable; and the orderly conduct of its inhabitants proves the moral advantages of example. When those who occupied it first sought a settlement here, these wastes seemed likelier to be selected by banditti as an asylum, than for the purposes of the agriculturist: nor were those who located themselves less wild than the home they had adopted. If the assertion be correct, that climate and scenery have a powerful influence on human

character, this desolate and dreary moorland would be ill calculated to soften down a Celtic community. But from the industrious and orderly habits of the surrounding population, those of these wanderers took tone; and from the Tay to the Tweed, there is not a more in-offensive people than the mixed community who have settled on Coldingham muir.

This village—for Coldingham can scarcely be called a town—presents a strange appearance to a traveller. It is a collection of irregular dwellings, mobbed together in three or four short and crooked streets, some presenting you a full front, others favouring you only with a gable, and all exhibiting a free-agency in the builder, which showed that in the employment of his stone and mortar he was perfectly untrammelled, and might do what he pleased with his own. A modern cross stands in the central row of houses: and this is the full description of a place, once considered so important, as to be marked upon Ptolemy's map of Britain. When the priory was erected, the town naturally increased, and royal visits, not few but frequent, and a flourishing wool market with an annual fair, raised its popula-

tion above that of any other town in the sheriffdom. In 1371, Douglas, Lord Justiciary, held his court here, on account of the superior accommodation which *its lodgings and numerous inns* afforded to the *posse comitatus*, and those whom this important assize collected throughout the bailiwick. Previous to the Reformation, and late as the year 1560, Coldingham was Lord Grey's head quarters when marching to besiege Leith; and during the night that he halted, six thousand soldiers were lodged and refreshed by the inhabitants. A company of foot, I fear, would now tax its resources severely.

Such is the town: but where is the proud priory founded by Edgar; gifted royally by David; enriched by numerous grants from succeeding monarchs and pious nobles; endowed with privileges second only to those of the crown: an establishment once covering an area of ten acres; * and from its wealth,

* "The ruins of the cloisters, and other buildings, scattered around the church, are said to have been formerly so extensive and labyrinthine, that it was reckoned a feat of no ordinary difficulty for a person led among them blindfolded to make his way out from amongst them."—*History of Coldingham Priory.*

its rights, and high position among abbeys, considered a fitting appenage even for a king's son? See that Saxon arch of red freestone, whose keystone I can touch with my cane, and yon half-score yards of crumbling masonry near it,—and except that portion of the ruined priory devoted to the exercise of the religion of those who issued its “delenda”—in these fragments, behold all that remains of haughty Coldingham! Read the lesson those mouldering stones convey, and “lay it to your heart!”

Would I could believe that penance purified the flesh, and I should say the last year's peccadilloes which I committed are obliterated. Alas! in a fish diet I have no faith; nor do I think the water cure would prove specific—although I am on the spot where Saint Cuthbert proved its efficacy.* But I would recom-

* Bede says, that Cuthbert, instead of going to bed, adopted the cool contrivance of passing the night at prayer, up to his neck in water. A brother monk, curious to know how the young saint employed himself, watched him to the sea-side, and observed his aquatic orisons. When these were ended, and Cuthbert came on shore, a couple of seals issued from the deep, and having warmed his feet with their breath, and allowed him to make a towel of their skins, they scuttled quietly into the ocean, having been requited for their civility by the holy youth's benediction.

mend a true believer to cross Coldingham moor in a cart, and he may sleep—if half-dislocated bones allow it—in perfect assurance, that in heaven's chancery his account stands cleared.

I have just returned from sainted ground—the shore where Ebba of blessed memory landed, and Cuthbert commenced his miraculous career. In early ages, one would fancy that sanctity and navigation went hand in hand, and it would be hard to decide whether the saint's cruise in his coffin, or the lady's run from the Humber in an open boat, were the greater nautical achievement. The grassy promontory, from which I viewed as wild and romantic an outline of rock and headland as can be well imagined, is also holy—for in favour of Edelthryda, the consort of King Egfrid, heaven introduced an artificial canal for a week, and made this promontory an island.

Bede's account is rather comical, but no doubt very correct. The lady had a brace of husbands; but "the venerable" declares, that with both of them there was a sort of "*a thoro*" understanding. The king finding the lady determined upon keeping a separate apartment, and wishing for a succession to the crown,

allowed her at last to turn nun; but just as she reached St. Abbs, his majesty, who had changed his mind, overtook his wife, determined to insist on conjugal restitution. Edelthryda had only time to run up St. Abbs, and implore the saints to insulate her citadel. The sea rose and filled the connecting valley; and Egfrid, recollecting the old adage, that "there is no use fencing against flails," left the lady to go to heaven her own way, and comforted himself with another gentlewoman.

Ebba, as the story goes, boarded and lodged the virgin widow, or wife, or virgin, for a twelvemonth, until she had erected a monastery in Ely, and set up business on her own account. Wilfrid, who had been Edelthryda's counsellor and confessor, came under the anger of the bereaved king; and, in a fit of royal rage, the prior was deposed, and imprisoned. Now mark the consequences of the laity sinfully intermeddling with holy church. Egfrid, with his bride Ermenburga, in the course of the tour which occupies the honeymoon in fashionable alliances, stopped at Ebba's monastery. Never dreaming of harm, the happy pair retired for the night, when the devil—no one could

ever guess how the old scoundrel gained admission—slipped into the nuptial chamber, and horsewhipped Ermenburga within an inch of her life. The row disturbed the abbess; and lady Ebba assured her nephew Egfrid, that unless Wilfrid was set at liberty, and a bag of relics which his lady had prigged from the incarcerated bishop, were returned, his satanic majesty would nightly *cow-hide* her royal highness, and “no mistake.” The king saw the necessity to knock under. The bishop was restored; his bag of bones was returned with a handsome apology; and tradition asserts that Ermenburga the following night slept as sound as a watchman.*

Certainly, in those days, the devil must have had what, in privateering, is termed “a roving commission,” and a holy man could scarcely slip his cable, without Apollyon intruding on the apartment: † in fact, Nick seemed to have

* Bede.—*Vit. St. Cuth.* CAP. 10.

† Thomas de Melsonby, seventh prior of Coldingham, had been elected by the monks, and vetoed by the king. Among other charges alleged against him, one was so grave as homicide. A mountebank undertook, with Melsonby's consent, to walk on a rope extended between the towers of the cathedral at Durham, and broke his

neither shame nor delicacy about him; for although detected and kicked out this moment,

neck in the attempt; the pope, however, not estimating a rope-dancer's bones so highly as the king did, confirmed the appointment of the prior. Whether the death of the mountebank weighed on his conscience or not is not recorded, but he resigned Coldingham, and went on a pious visit to the hermit on Farn Island. Bartholomew, as the hermit was named, was a dull companion, and, for a churchman, kept a table that would shame a country curate. Bad company Melsonby might have stood, but bad *cuisinerie* nobody could put up with, and he returned to Durham, where they kept, as I suppose, a man cook. But conscience kept him uncomfortable—although all at table was *comme il faut*, he set out for Farn Island a second time, and took up his quarters with the hermit; and here, after a short sojourn, he was gathered to his fathers. "Heming," says Mr. Raine, "the man who watched over him in his last moments, saw choirs of angels clad in white apparel hovering over the hermitage to receive his spirit, and at the same instant of time, Bartholomew detected the devil sitting in a corner of the little mansion, in the shape of a bear, lamenting grievously that the dying man had escaped his snares, and was going to his reward. Bartholomew, not much relishing the presence of such a guest, sprinkled the beast and the place where he was sitting, with holy water but without effect. At last, however, he dashed at once the vessel and its contents full in the face of the Evil one, who straightway disappeared." Now, in our poor opinion, more was effected by the weight of the pitcher than the holy water it

he was certain to sneak in the next. Pope says, that he has "grown wiser than of yore," but certainly he has grown lazier as he has grown older, for one seldom hears of him. I never met any person who had been actually in his company but one—and he was a Con-naught gentleman. As I had the story from his own lips, of course the reader may depend upon its authenticity. My friend, on his return from a horse fair, was overtaken by a well-mounted stranger, dropped into conversation, and invited him to his house; supper was ordered, and in the mean time, the tumblers were paraded. Women are extremely sharp; and while placing the glasses on the table, Norah Morraghan—the young housekeeper—discovered something in the shape of the stranger's boots that excited her

contained; for until the hermit shied the jar, the devil withstood the sprinkling. The legend goes on to say, that Thomas died during the set-to; that his body was conveyed to Durham for interment; and that on the road it cured a lame horse; and during halts—while the mourners obtained refreshment—the defunct churchman was guarded through the hours of darkness by snow-white doves, which hovered over the coffin, and afforded it their protection.

suspicions. "Mr. Morgan from the North"—for these were the name and "whereabouts" he gave the host,—observing that "his coppers were rather heated," asked permission to decline toddy for a little "cold without," and Norah was despatched to the well, for a fresh supply of its harmless fluid. Now, Norah was not only a good catholic, but a Carmelite—and, of course, she would not sleep in any house without holy water on the premises. She had fortunately a fresh supply—and the fresher it is, they say it is the stronger. Norah slyly filled the jug with this blessed element, and, returning to the room, placed it before the North man. Mr. Morgan was thirsty,—no wonder; in the place from which he came, the thermometer stands high,—and, unconscious of guile, he added water to his alcohol, "and a stiffer tumbler," observed my friend Johnny, "I never saw a christian fabricate." "Here's luck!" says he, and he raised his elbow to drink it. The first mouthful phizzed in his throat like a hot poker in a water-butt. "Oh, murder!" he roared, "I'm ruined!" and flinging the tumbler away, he went through the funnel like a sky-rocket.

“ You were lucky, Jack, to get shot of him so cheaply.”

“ Lucky ! ” exclaimed my friend ; “ why, the villain took the chimney-pot teetotally away with him—and frightened poor Norah to such a degree, that she took her oath next morning on the Racing Calendar, that she would quit my service if ever I asked a Northman to lay a leg under the mahogany.”

CHAPTER X.

REGULARLY *hors de combat*! My leg still continues painful, and interdicts me from venturing to the moors. It may be the will of Allah—but still, I think it was uncivil on the prophet's part, to instigate a vicious horse to kick an unoffending gentleman at all; but it was additionally so, when perpetrated during the month of August. One would not matter a week's detention in the house in dark December; but to be rendered incapable the second week of grouse-shooting—well, well; “patience, cousin,”—what will be, will be.

And yet I have no reason to repine; I am invalided where I have romantic scenery and romantic associations, almost sufficient to compensate for detention from the hill and heather which for a week or two I must refrain from visiting. I have also just learned that there is a pretty lough not more than a mile off, which, according to report, is second to none upon the Border for its perch-fishing. We can't have

always Tweed and its tributaries—and, save for grilse and whittings, angling in these fine streams may be considered as being ended; for in autumn, the Tweed is all water or no water, and for one hour she's in humour—remember that the Tweed is a lady—she's the other twenty-three most confoundedly out of it.

Many a year has passed since I was a perch fisher. The beard, then, had not blackened on my lips; and now, Eheu! in the moustache—as in Lord Ogleby's cheeks—"the lily predominates over the rose," and, in my hirsute honours, grey has decidedly the best of it. I have seated myself to whip hooks, affix shot to drop lines, and make floats, while an envoy is despatched to an old and deserted hotbed, to root out brandlings, and bring moss in which to scour them. The morning has slipped pleasantly away; and while preparing for this tarn among the Scottish hills, those distant waters I haunted when a satcheled schoolboy were recalled, and with them, many a happy and, as it must be always, many a melancholy reminiscence.

Morning and evening are the best times for

perch-fishing—but on a dull, close day, they bite freely all through. I have had an early dinner; a bottle of cold punch, and a book put up; despatched the gilly with all the apparatus; mounted Rory Bean, and in a quarter of an hour reached the little lough.

I never saw a prettier one. It is a basin among green hills, clear, deep, approachable—not like mountain tarns, which generally are belted by a bog. Here, with a dress boot on, you can kill a basketful of perch—and, if the sky is clear, and your conscience in tolerable condition, fill up the intervals between the gilly noticing that “the cork is bobbit,” and your lugging out a perch, with “the Clandestine Marriage” or “a Call to the Unconverted.”

Fly-fishing is, of the gentle art, the only gentlemanly pursuit after all. I was persecuted this season by the weather, from the time I commenced my angling campaign till I closed it. For a week the waters were low; then down came a planet shower, and on came a spaight; every streamlet “hurrying its waters to the Tweed,” with an enormous mass of *débris* swept off its banks; weeds,

wood, hay,—every cast you made, the fly bringing in a bit of wool, or some other floating valuable, over which the farmer might lament, but the angler would sing no jubilate. In these perplexing circumstances, the minnow and the worm were the only resources left; you killed fish—and weighty fish; but the manipulation was dirty,—so different from the neat, the elegant, and the scientific transection of the fly.

Angling is considered an active, contemplative, sort of amusement; but my present operations are not only passive, but here I sit, the very personification of luxury and laziness. It is a calm, mild, sunless evening—and, excepting an occasional cat's-paw, “there is not a breath the blue wave to curl.” The tarn is deep, and the reflection of the green hill opposite, on its unruffled surface is beautiful. The lower extremity of the lough, where the waters find an egress to the sea, is sedgy; and there, two or three broods of the prettiest of the duck tribe, the teal, have located themselves. Now and again, the ducklings steal to the edge of the reeds, as if to take a sly peep at us; but a low quack from the old teal, seems intended to

reprove their curiosity, for they immediately return to the rushes. My attitude is one of ease. I half sit upon, and half recline against a rock; my "length of limb" indolently outstretched upon the sward. I enjoy mental and creative comforts through the united agency of a volume of old plays; *mem.* no modern play is readable;—and a bottle of toddy. The gilly apprizes me when the float announces a decided gulph down, or merely a cautious nibble. I then rise, leave my Lord Ogleby at his toilet, or Miss Fanny in a very delicate predicament, land a fish, make the gilly replace the brandling, (I have taught the fellow the art—for even worming a hook requires some knowledge how to do it,) and having returned the line to the water, I then return to my book and bottle. Probably, before I have established myself the gilly exclaims, "Heh! preserve us! the ither cork has gien an awfu' bob!" Again I am on my legs; and the same process as with number one, is gone through. Shade of Sir William Curtis! You who always sailed as an alderman should sail; an experienced cook, not surgeon, shipped for the voyage; and a haunch or two of venison, and

half the produce of a garden dangling over the counter of your yacht. You were never required to show a private signal; for any channel-groper* had only to take a peep at your stern, and identify the *Emma* at a glance. Were you in the flesh, would not this be the angling you would swear by? Just fancy, how a venison pasty, cold—and punch, “à la roman”—iced, would taste here!

The sun had disappeared, the toddy ditto, when I directed Rory Bean to be apprehended, for while I was enjoying classic ease,—I take classic ease, by the way, to mean a bottle and a book,—Rory had obtained liberty to amuse himself upon the hill side. While the gilly was in pursuit of the pony, I enumerated the caption of the evening—sixty-three! ranging from two ounces to a pound. On the grass, perch look uncommonly pretty; but in my opinion, they and all other fresh-water fish—salmon and sea-trout gloriously excepted—are worthless. A cockney, who eats them at Greenwich, fancies he tastes fish, while he is merely swallowing what they have been stewed

* A name given in war time in contempt to cruisers on the home station.

in ; for through the medium of the same abomination, a pig's pettitoes or a rabbit's leg, would, in taste, be found exactly similar. Still the unhappy man imagines that perch has flavour ; he continues in that heretical opinion during life ; and when he goes to his final audit, did the holy man who shrived him endeavour to remove the delusion, the dying sinner would gasp out, " Go down to Lovegrove's, an' ye love me !" Well, let any body eat perch who pleases—the moiety of a brandered* chicken will do for me to-night.

* * * * *

A ride of half an hour brought me to the ruins of a stronghold, whose stormy history I should say was almost unmatched in the records of the dark ages. I left my horse at an adjacent farmsteading, and descended the cliff, where a portion of mouldering walls still remaining, point the place out where Fast Castle stood. The site embraced the whole surface of a cliff of bold elevation, and on three sides completely insulated. The extent is but small—in length about one hundred and twenty feet, and half that space in breadth,

* *Brandered.* Broiled upon a gridiron.

while it towers over the sea some seventy. On the fourth, and only vulnerable side, the fortress was separated from the mainland by a deep but narrow ravine, now partially filled up



with rocks, detached by accident from the other cliffs around it. This interstice was carefully scarped out, and formed an excellent dry ditch, over which the castle communicated by a drawbridge, protected, at either extremity, by a gateway and suitable defences. It is said that beside this land communication, it pos-

sessed a sea one ; and that a stone staircase wound through the heart of the rock, down to the huge cavern which the fortress domineers. It stands in as wild a locality as ever was selected for a human dwelling. An air of desolate security reigns about it, its only recommendation ; and scenery and site fully justified the Scottish monarch in remarking, that “ the man who had first chosen Fast Castle for his residence, must have been in heart a thief.”

Who its original founder might have been, or what the period when the rock was first fortified, tradition tells not ; but enough of its history is handed down, to mark by its singular vicissitudes, the stormy character of the times, and the uncertain tenure of property. In the rude dwelling perched upon this isolated rock,* in turns a robber sheltered, a queen was lodged, and a conspiracy hatched : but a

* August 12th, 1567. Throgmorton, envoy from Elizabeth to the Scottish king, writing to the Prime Minister (Cecil), says, “ I lodged that night, 11th July, at Fast Castle, accompanied by Lord Hume, the Lord Ledington, and James Melvin ; where I was entreated very well, according to the nature of the place, which is fitter to lodge prisoners in, than folks at liberty ; as it is very little, so it is very strong.

hurried memoir of its varied fortunes will be curious, if not instructive.

The annals of Fast Castle may be said to open with Halidon Hill (1333) ; for a few days after the Scottish defeat there, it was taken by Sir Robert Benhale. In 1402, and 1404, it was still retained in English possession ; and from the custody of John, Duke of Bedford, warden of the East Marches, it passed into that of a freebooter, called Holden. In 1410, the robber was surprised, and the castle occupied by the Scotch.

From 1467 to 1515, the Homes held Fast Castle. In 1503, they entertained the Queen Margaret, on her route to marry the Scotch king. In 1513, the death of a prisoner in the castle dungeon is recorded—Lilburn, one of the murderers of Sir Robert Ker. In 1515, the Regent Albany, took the place, and left a garrison in it. The borderers, however, soon afterwards expelled the garrison, and demolished the place.

In 1521, the place was tolerably restored by the Homes, and in 1548, taken by the English, under Lord Hertford. It was recovered by a successful stratagem, and repossessed by the

Homes. Finally, in 1573, the last transaction in its military history, closed on Fast Castle—it being reduced by Sir William Drury, on his route to besiege Edinburgh Castle.

By marriage, the castle came into the possession of Logan, Laird of Restalrig, a turbulent and profligate personage—or in the parlance of the day, “ane godles, drunken, and deboshit man;” who was soon afterwards outlawed for harbouring Bothwell, of infamous memory. Tradition had long asserted that treasure of immense value was concealed in Fast Castle; and, singular as it may appear, the inventor of logarithms, Napier of Merchiston, entered into a formal agreement, “by all craft and ingyne,” to recover the same. That a scientific and able man, at a period so late as the commencement of the seventeenth century, should have expected that planetary influence would turn up, what, doubtless, many a mattock and pickaxe had essayed to find in vain, proves that philosophers were as great simpletons two centuries since, as they are at present. Logan, and he of logarithms, fell out, however, before the experiment was tried—and the treasure is

popularly believed to still remain buried in Fast Castle. Now that railroads are at an end, might not a Fast Castle-joint-stock-treasure-recovery-association be established? I am certain that were it started, fools enough would be found to purchase shares.

The last and most memorable transactions with which the history of Fast Castle is associated, and, indeed, with which it closed, was the most singular and silly conspiracy on record, excepting that of Emmett in 1803—I allude to that termed “the Gowrie,” which was principally hatched within these ruined walls. The object, on Earl Gowrie’s part, was to revenge his father’s death, who had been beheaded in 1584, for being concerned in a plan for seizing the king’s person—which generally is designated “the Raid of Ruthven.” Logan of Restelrigge*—by the latter title he

* Logan’s original letters were accidentally discovered but a few years since, among warrants of parliament deposited in the Register office, Edinburgh. A few extracts will mark the style and character of the times. The first letter is dated “From Fast castle, the awchten day of Juliy, 1600.” Logan recommends Fast Castle as the safest place to concoct the conspiracy. “Alvyse

subscribed his letters—being a broken and unprincipled man, willingly consented to assist

“Alvyse to the purpose, I think best for our plat that we meet all at my house of Fast castle ; for I hew concludit vt. M. A. R. (the master of Ruthven, younger brother of earl Gowrie,) how I think it will be meittest to be conveyit quyetest in ane bote be sey ; at quhilk tyme ypon sure adwartisement I sall hav the place very quiette and weil provydit.”

Reckless as his character was, Logan appears to be careful that no written evidence of the conspiracy should remain.

“Quen ye hav red,” he says, “send this my letter bak agayn with the barar, that I may see it burnt myself, for sa is the fashon in sik erandis ; and if you please vryt your ansuer on the bak hereof, encase ye vill take my vord for the credit of the beerair.”

No. 2 is dated, “Fra the Kannogait, the xvij. day of July.

“For Goddes cawse, keip all thingis very secrete, that my lo. my brother (lord Home) get na knowlege of our porposes, for I wald rather be eirdit quik,” meaning buried alive.

No. 3 is dated from “the Kannogait,” (Canongate.)

No. 4 from “Gunisgrene,” (Gunsgreen, Eymouth) “twenty nynt of July, 1600.” Caution again is apparent.

“Alvyse, my lo. ghan your lo. has red my letter, delyver it to berar agane, that I may see it burnt vith my awin ein ; as I hav sent your lo. letter to your lo. agane ; for so is the fassone I grant.” No. 5.

the earl in his mad design, on promise of being rewarded with a valuable grant of lands in East Lothian. However convenient Fast Castle might be to an outlaw, still Logan fancied that Dirlton would form an agreeable change of residence—and he heartily entered into the conspiracy.

One is puzzled to determine whether the king or the conspirators were the greater fools. The absurdity of the plot, and the clumsiness of its execution, could only be equalled by the stupidity with which James allowed himself to be trepanned by a story of a cock and bull. A few lines will recall the outline of this strange transaction. While hunting on the 5th of August, 1600, in the neighbourhood of Falkland, the master of Ruthven persuaded the king to leave the chase, and come to his brother Earl Gowrie's residence in Perth, to examine a man whom he, Alexander, had de-

No. 5 and last, is dated "Gunnisgrene the last of July, 1600." Caution again.

"And for Gode's cawse, vse all your courses *cum discretion*. Faile nocht, sir, to send bak agane this letter; for M. A. leirnit me that fasson, that I may see it destroyit myself."

tected with treasure in his possession ; namely, “ a great wide pot, all full of coyned gold, in great pieces.” James fell into the trap — was conducted to Gowrie’s palace—seduced from the courtiers and suit, who were left at dinner—led from room to room, until he was brought to a closet in a turret ; where, in place of being introduced to the personage with the “ great wide pot,” he found a man armed to the teeth, with a drawn dagger in his hand. But Henderson—the man in armour—was inoffensive as if he had been one of the Lord Mayor’s : he neither would stab the king himself, nor let young Ruthven ; who seemed anxious to send his majesty to heaven. Then came a parley : Henderson opened the window, and James, though grappled round the neck, managed to pop his head out, shouting manfully, “ Treason ! Fly ! Help ! Yearl of Marr ! I am murderit ! ”

The upshot of the affair was, that the king’s attendants heard and responded to their master’s call ; and while they were endeavouring to force the locked doors, Sir John Ramsay, who appears to have been a straightforward

man of business, obtained entrance by a private one—made his way to the turret closet—asked no questions—but passed his rapier through the master of Ruthven. The earl, on entering the room, found the king unhurt, and his brother dead upon the floor. Ramsay and he instantly went to work, James rendering no assistance; and the good knight, after a stout struggle, made a vacancy in the peerage.

The probable design was not to assassinate the king, but to spirit him away, and secure him in Fast Castle; and it was said that a boat was waiting in the Tay, and that Logan and a Laird Bour, who was an active ally, were ready to receive the royal captive. These two died in 1606, and, as it would appear, no suspicion had attached to either, while the vengeance of the law was reserved for an Eyemouth attorney. Spratt, as he was called, was an intimate of Logan, was cognizant of the plot, and subsequently obtained and concealed the correspondence which passed between Gowrie and Logan during the conspiracy. He was apprehended in 1608, got some "chappis

in the buittis,"—for a particular detail of which horrible torture see Macbriar's death in "Old Mortality"—confessed—recanted—had his legs cured, which "wer very ewil woundit with the buittis"—re-confessed his treason—and died liker a Christian than an attorney, singing "the sext Psalme" with "a verie loud and myghtie voce." Men generally admit the justice of their sentence previously to their being hanged; but Mr. Sprott, it would appear, made this acknowledgment after he had been tuckd up:—"Whil suspendit by the neck from the gibbete, he three severall times gave a loude clappe with his hands, in testi-
moni of the truth of his confessions."*

One curious formula of Scottish law marked this absurd conspiracy. Sprott's conviction had, by the revelations it elicited, implicated

* Sprott, the unhappy notary of Eymouth, convicted of being "airt and pairt in the conspiracie," was thus sentenced.

"For the quhilk caus the said Justice Depute be the mouth of George Cheilsie, dempster of court, be his sentence and dome decernit and ordanit the said George Sprote to be tane to the mercait croce of the burgh of Edinburgh, and thair to be hangit vpon ane gibbet, quhill he be deid; and theireftir, his heid to be strucken

Logan ; but two years before he, Logan, had gone to his account—and the grave is held to be a safe bar against criminal proceedings. But though the body of the conspirator was beyond “the iron knuckles of the law,” his bones were still comeatable. They were accordingly exhumed after a three years’ repose—brought into court—formally arraigned—and forfeiture pronounced against their former proprietor, and his heirs for ever !

Connected with this district, and *apropos* to criminal law, we may mention a tragic occurrence which took place in the vicinity of Col-dingham. The name of the unfortunate lady was Home, and the scene of the murder a farm-house near Linthill.*

frome his body ; and his body to be quarterit and deviderit as ane tratour ; and his heid to be put vpone ane peik of iron aboue the Tolbuth of Edinburgh, quhair the rest of the conspiratories heidis standis ; and his haill landis, heritages, takis, steidingis, rowmes, possessionis, guidis and geir, to be forfeitit and escheat to our souerane lordes vse as culpable and convict of airt and pairt of treasonabill and detaistabill crymes aboue specifict, and conceeling thairrof. Quilk was pronuncet for doom.”

* It occurred in October 1751, and full particulars may be found in the Newgate calendar.

Having received a large sum of money from Edinburgh, the lady had retired to rest—while a servant, in whom she reposed confidence, had determined to rob his mistress, and for that purpose secreted himself underneath the bed. The gold was deposited in a drawer, the key was in the lady's pocket, and when he fancied that she slept, he crept from his concealment, and endeavoured to obtain the means by which he could unlock the bureau. Unhappily for herself his mistress wakened, and Norman Ross, believing himself detected, murdered the lady with a clasp-knife. But though mortally wounded, his victim had strength to ring the bell—and hearing an alarm given, the villain jumped out of the window, breaking his right leg in this attempt at escape. The lady only lived long enough to denounce Ross to be the murderer, and the criminal was discovered next morning in a field of peas, into which during the night he had managed to drag himself.

Being convicted on the clearest evidence, he underwent the extreme penalty then imposed on murder of the deepest atrocity. Before

execution his right hand was chopped off by the hangman, and after death his body was suspended in chains.

Ross was the last criminal who suffered dismemberment before death; and, since that time, this portion of a murderer's punishment has, in the Scottish law, become a dead letter.

I have just inspected Coldingham church, and returned in villainous temper. "The remains of the priory are insignificant," says Mr. Barr, "when contrasted with its ancient importance as a religious house; the greater part of the buildings, which had withstood the ravages of time, and the artillery of the Regent Arran and Cromwell, having been sacrilegiously applied by the inhabitants of the village to the construction and repairing of their houses." Of the monastery little remains indeed, and that little is most discreditable to all concerned. The church is an architectural paradox. One of its side walls and a gable—the north and east—being the work of Edgar or David, the others erected since the Restoration, and built of the coarsest materials. In the eyes of an antiquary, who can discover beauties

where ordinary-sighted mortals only can detect deformities, Coldingham and its patchwork walls may have charms. But, after a man has spent a week at Melrose, and compares the inimitable chiseling of that "fayre abbaye" with the rude sculpture of Coldingham, the contrast between the coarseness of the one and the exquisite elegance of the other, will be apparent, as the difference between the manipulation of the effigy on a country tomb and a *chef d'œuvre* of Canova. As a specimen of monastic architecture Coldingham is without interest; and although many portions of the ruins have been laid bare to the foundations, nothing has been found appertaining to olden time, excepting some stone coffins, and a few trifling coins, too much defaced to be identified.

It was a question with the learned, whether Coldingham was a monastery only, or a double establishment, like Saint Abbs, for both monks and nuns; but a discovery, made sixty years ago, would appear to prove that it was of the latter order. In tearing down some portion of the priory which had been underground, in a built-up niche of one of the

vaults, the skeleton of an immured female was found in perfect preservation, and two sandals of fine leather, furnished with silken latches, were lying in the same recess,—placing the question beyond a doubt, that there some wretched female had been entombed alive,—that being the punishment inflicted by those infernal communities, upon any frail member of the sisterhood who “broke Diána’s law.”

As a place of modern worship, I must say that Coldingham is disgraceful. Pillar and wall are green with damp; and many of the rude boxes—it would be a libel upon pews to call them by that name—are placed upon the bare earth. Some of them have large loose stones, carried in by such of the occupants as may have the fear of rheumatism before their eyes, to elevate their feet upon. When the beddral unclosed the door, the vault-like smell, green walls, and unfloored sittings, almost led me to imagine that I was in a Connemara chapel: but no; I was in one of the richest districts of the land of cakes. The day was splendid, genial and warm as any that ever blessed a harvester; and I inquired of the son

of Crispin who accompanied me—for when not engaged in making a grave he mends a shoe—why the deuce he did not ventilate his building? His answer was naive, but satisfactory,—“ It was sae lang syne the sashes were lifted, that they would na lift at a’.” A brief inspection satisfied me—I came out, and the beddral locked up his Golgotha. He seemed, as I thought, in a hurry to close the door, lest any portion of the humid atmosphere should escape. “ Heaven forbid,” I exclaimed, when I found myself in blessed sunshine, “ that I should in that charnel-house be obliged to listen to some Poundtext or Kettle-drummel, reprobating the ways of the wicked for a full hour and a half. At any odds, I would back myself regularly in for ague.”

After viewing all that records the existence of one of the wealthiest establishments which the Church of Rome possessed in Scotland, where superstition was nursed in the lap of luxury,* and the representatives of the Gali-

* Besides an extensive suit of private apartments and stables at Coldingham, the priors had a *hunting seat* at Houndwood, where they spent most of their time. Beside exclusive right of hunting over their own grounds,

lean fishermen forgot the humility of Him who came to save, and those who first followed Him, I turned to a scene of more interest, and walked to the fishing village of Northfield. Midway between Coldingham and the shore, a hill called Applin Cross is pointed out, with which a melancholy tradition is associated,—the total destruction of the inhabitants of Northfield, in 1645, by the plague; one family, named Brock, alone escaping. The infection was brought from Leith by a vessel which is said to have drifted into the harbour without a living soul, all having perished during the passage down the Frith. Fearful of coming in contact with the infected villagers, those of Coldingham brought medicines and provisions to Applin Cross, and there deposited them for the unfortunate people to remove when wanted—and an earthen mound where the dead were interred, or, as they term it in country parlance, “the plague was buried,” is still pointed out. Mr. Dickson, the late tenant of Northfield

William the Lion gave the prior and his monks Greenwood, Reston, Brockholewood, Akeside, Kirkdeanwood, Harewood, Deanwood, Houndwood, with all their groves, wastes, &c. &c., to sport over.

Farm, opened it some years ago, and the truth of the tradition was confirmed. Within the mound, a quantity of human bones and decayed cloth indicated that the persons whose remains were exposed, had been interred in the clothes they died in; and several decayed vessels, in former times used as meal-arks, at once established the fact, that on this hillock the wretched inhabitants of Northfield had received assistance from their neighbours.

CHAPTER XI.

THE route is come, "southward we march at break of day," and my second visit to the Borders has terminated. Well, my course may point to warmer climes and sunnier skies; but, did circumstances not interdict it, while health permitted, I would "breast the free air" upon a highland hill; and when age rendered the foot unfit to press the heather, dream time away upon the banks of silver Tweed, until I slept "the sleep that knows no breaking," beneath one of the hallowed ruins which stud this classic and romantic district—*Dis alliter*. I submit, and I shall hold myself in readiness for the march.

Packing up is one of the nuisances of existence—and light as my kit is, I dread the operation. That scoundrel who took possession of me in the Hull steamer, tired of being comfortable, or what he called "servitude,"

in a week—and set out to give new readings of Shakspeare, with a strolling party he accidentally dropped upon in Morpeth. I fancy his *début* was not successful, for one evening he rejoined me at the King's Arms: told me with perfect indifference, what trouble he had in making me out, but now, blessed be God! that he had found me, our union through life should be more indissoluble than matrimony itself. I flung the boot-jack at the ruffian,—but he ducked his head, and I missed him. All unmoved, the villain came boldly forward, “Arrah! upon my conscience! ye might have been offerin’ thanks to heaven by this time, for the safe return of a faithful sarvent, instead of pelting boot-jacks at him. Murder! what a fire ye have,” he continued, taking the poker in his hand—“many a time ye missed me no doubt, you unfortunate ould man. But, feaks! it’s now that you’ll be properly attended to.”

I caught the tongs up, and delivered what Gregory calls a “swashing blow;” but Pat was prepared for mischief, and fenced it cleverly with the poker. It is unnecessary to say more, than that throughout the evening a sharp skirmish was carried on, during which I threw

three books and the bellows ; but, at the same time, candour obliges me to own, that before I went to bed I was beaten to a standstill, and re-hired by Mr. Clancy as a master.

For a month the vagabond consented to be comfortable. He had good qualities for attending on a fisherman like myself, who bordered so closely upon the half-a-century, that the exact *anno ætatis* would not have been considered a pleasant inquiry. He took water freely as a spaniel—and, pugnacious to all the world besides, from me curses and abuse, peats, books, and bellows, as the one or the other happened to be in readiness on demand, were received with perfect stoicism.

Accident enabled me to ascertain his honesty—and a stouter supporter was never at the back of an elderly gentleman. There are, even in this land of Goshen, two or three villages of evil reputation. Yetholm is the gipsy metropolis ; well, its *morale* may be considered very suspicious—and there are in this locality a class of what the Irish call “ coarse christians ;” which being translated, meaneth half savages, who “ drive coals,” and are notorious for their general incivility. I was returning from Kelso

in a gig, Mr. Clancy enacting Phaeton, when a barbarian with a loaded cart, having selected the wrong side of the road, left us no choice but to pull up, or measure wheels with him.

“Arrah! bad manners to you, you common Mohawk,” said Mr. Clancy, “why don’t ye keep your own side of the road?”

The protest of the gig-driver elicited a very coarse rejoinder.

“Upon my sowl!” returned my valet, “only I would be dirtying my hands, I would lick gentility into ye—you ill mannered keout.”

A derisive laugh was returned by the carter.

“Plase yer honour, just keep the baste quiet and hould the reins, and ye’ll be greatly delighted wid the slating I’ll give that vagabond.”

“No—no,” I said; “the scoundrel is heavier by two stone—sit quiet.”

“Whisper,” replied Mr. Clancy, “Divil a handier boy you would meet in a month of sundays wid the fut (foot)—and feaks! its my left hand that’s the right one.”

Consigning the reins to my custody, he hopped down like a harlequin, and peeled in a twinkling to his shirt sleeves,—a ceremony in which the collier followed the example. I

felt alarm for the result, when the carter displayed his brawny and shapeless shoulders ; but Pat, like his countryman famed in song, was

“ Brisk as a bee, and light as a fairy;”

and though the brute had weight and strength, action and length were *per contras* in favour of my valet.

The collier had no idea but to fight—advanced like a bull-dog—and in a few seconds saluted mother earth. As the fancy elegantly term it, in this operation “ claret had been tapped;” and Pat requested me to remember, that in case of future dispute on this point, “ first blood” was his.

The extent of Mr. Clancy’s accomplishments I had not even suspected until now. In the science of defence—or rather as the carter found it, offence—he was evidently an educated gentleman. Egad ! had I known it before, I question if I would have ventured to throw the bellows at him.

Foiled and furious, the collier rushed at his antagonist to butt him down, but close fighting was not more fortunate than the former tactics. A scientific insertion of Mr. Clancy’s foot, dis-

turbed the perpendicular of his opponent ; down went both heavily, but my valet uppermost. He was instanter on his legs again, and while the carter slowly gathered himself up, he winked significantly and observed, " Divil a lie I tould yer honour, when I said I was handy with the fut : " — memorandum, I'll never throw the bellows.

The third round closed at the same time, this passage of arms and the visual organs of the collier. He remained recumbent for a couple of minutes, while Mr. Clancy requested me to call " time."

" Arrah ! what the divil is keepin ye there ? " inquired the *laquais du place*, " get up, will ye, and don't be detainin his honour."

" I'll fight no more," said the fellow sullenly as he rose.

" Then sorra worse hand I ever saw back an unmannerly tongue. May be, ye'll take yer cart out o' the road ? "

No second intimation was necessary. The obstruction was promptly removed ; Mr. Clancy skipped into the gig ; and we proceeded on our way rejoicing.

" Pray may I presume to ask in what school

you acquired the additional accomplishment I have had the pleasure of witnessing to-day?" I said, when we were again in motion.

"Yer honour manes the use of my bunch of fives. Troth! an I'll tell ye that!" returned Mr. Clancy. "I was travellin companion wid Dan Donnelly for a twelvemonth; an when he was 'starrin it,' as the players call it, through the country, I used to set-to wid him. God rest yer sowl, Dan! you were a regular trump, and a good catholic! for though he was a fightin-man, yer honour, he was a raal Christian; and feaks! he would be very unasy if he missed mass upon a Sunday!"

Another fortnight passed; two events happened: Berwick fair came on, and Mr. Clancy disappeared. Was he in the Tweed, or had the gentleman in black claimed a faithful disciple? The evening of the second day cleared the doubtful question. A faint tap was heard upon the door of the apartment, where I was sitting over a bottle of very respectable port, and wondering at the same time, what the devil had become of my valet. It was so feeble that I did not answer it; but in half a minute one of more assurance was given,

and I growled an answer to "Come in!" The door was cautiously unclosed, and a voice—Mr. Clancy's—observed to a companion in a patronizing tone, "Stop darlin where ye are, until I mintion yer bisness to his honour!" Then turning to me, he continued, "Arrah! fresh and well yer lookin!" and the villain audaciously advanced and showed me a full front.

"Where have you been, you unmatched scoundrel?" I shouted; "and how dare you venture here?"

"Don't be grippin at the bellows, for the sake o' God! Troth! I was about yer own business!" was the reply.

"My business, you infernal vagabond!"

"Yes, feaks! and may-be I havn't fixed you to a T. Ye had the luck of thousands in getting me; but thin ye wanted a faymale housekeeper. Come in, Mary Anne, and show yerself to your master."

As he spoke, a tall, raw-boned, red-headed woman entered the room, and ducked a brace of courtesies.

"In the devil's name, who are *you*?" I bellowed.

“Troth, an I’ll tell ye—she’s modest, the crature! and yer enough to scar any one that’s timidious. This gentlewoman, is Mistrus Clancy—she favoured me with her virgin hand yesterday evenin at Lamberton Bar. Now yer certain to be well attended, as ye have a respectable married couple without incumbrance. Do keep yer hand off the poker; it’s an ugly habit ye have got.”

A tremendous pull at the bell-rope, that brought it down, and the waiter in, in double quick, interrupted Mr. Clancy. He merely remained until he heard me desire that the police might be sent for *instantly*—and then, with Mary Ann, made a rapid retreat; and, thank heaven! I have finally got rid of him.

* * * * *

Got rid of him! Not I, faith! The old man of the sea never stuck closer to the back of Captain Sinbad, than the villain sticks to mine. I had booked myself to Alnwick, intending to linger a few days in Northumberland; packed the kit; finished breakfast; and was making preparations to take my place in the coach, when the bolt of the door was gently turned, and in stepped Mr. Clancy.

“Arrah! don’t be strichin yer hands to the fire-irons. Pon my sowl! I nearly kilt myself to be here in time. Let me help ye on wid the coat. Were you lookin at anybody drinkin last night? for you appear a little washy this mornin, like a man who had been upon the ran-tan. Don’t be so cranky—no spakin to ye now, but the fist’s up.”

“I tell ye what, you scoundrel, I know I’ll be hanged for you. I am certain to commit murder. Off with you, before I get hold of that carving-knife!”

“Off wid me!” exclaimed Mr. Clancy, horror-struck at the very mention of a separation; “and lave yer honor unprotected. The Lord forbid! Arrah! where should I go to, but to wait upon the best of masters?”

“To that trolloping tramper, your wife!”

“My wife!” and Mr. Clancy smiled innocently.

“Why, you accursed villain, did you not announce your marriage, and actually produce red-head in this room? Would you deceive the wretched woman?” I exclaimed, in a towering passion.

“Och not I, feaks! But ye see ye have

the wrong end of the story. It's me that's desaved, and she's the desaver. God pardon her for the same!"

"How so, you unblushing vagabond?"

"Feaks! Mary Ann had three husbands before;—and wasn't I to be pitied when I made the fatal discovery? Well, I went straight to the gentleman that married us. 'Why, ye thief of the world,' says I, spakin him fair and softly, 'how dar ye take in an innicint youth like me? You knew, you patent scoundrel, that Mary Ann had three husbands already—one o' them stoker in the Eclipse—and the other two workin on the railway.'

'To be sure I did,' says he. 'But do ye suppose that I would disoblige an old customer—a respectable woman like herself, that's married once at laste, as regularly as the fair comes round? But I'll diworce ye,' says he; 'an though that's an expensive ceremony, I'll let ye off for half-a-crown.'

'Be gogstay! an that same's a comfort,' says I, 'for ye see I have a cranky ould gentleman to look after.' What the divil, can't ye let one spake, without grippin at the fire-shovel! So feaks! he gave me these lines to satisfy ye

that I was jist as good as a single man!" and the scoundrel pushed into my hand a beastly-looking scrawl, which I consigned to the fire *instantly*.

"Oh, thunder an turf!" he exclaimed, "have ye burned the diworce?"

The horn sounded. Will the reader believe it? The vagabond is perched upon the luggage; and I am hired for the third time!

* * * * *

There is nothing particularly striking in the line of the country between Berwick and the baronial residence of the proud Percys, unless, that by a stretch of conjecture, we may have passed through the birth-place of the celebrated American lawyer, Justice Lynch.* In the coach I had a travelling companion who excited a most painful interest. She was a beautiful

* According to tradition, at Bowsdon, a Scotsman, shortly before the Union of the Crowns, entered the village one evening with a halter in his hand. What could he want with it? To steal a horse of course. His looks were unfavourable—his replies to divers questions deemed unsatisfactory; and the inhabitants, without further ceremony, hanged him with his own halter on an ash tree at old Woodside! Could matters have been managed more promptly in Kentucky?

highland girl of eighteen, journeying southward, *en route* to Madeira. Her mother and a maid were her attendants ; and the agonizing and unceasing anxiety with which that mother watched every change that passed over the hectic countenance of her treasured child, shall never leave my memory. She was, alas ! in hopeless consumption ; and, Oh God ! how beautiful the victim was, whom death had remorselessly selected.

If there be anything calculated to add to the distress with which one looks upon youth and loveliness hurrying to the grave, it is the total unconsciousness on the part of the doomed one, that hers are numbered days, before she becomes a tenant of the tomb. Poor Julia ! she felt grateful for my attention ; and expressed a hope that next shooting season she should receive me in the highlands. She spoke of her flower garden and her aviary ; and in Madeira, she should add to her collection of plants and birds. At her father's the salmon fishing was excellent—" she should return in April, and the 20th was her birthday—would I make one of the company ?" Her mother dropped her veil ; but I saw big tears follow-

ing in quick succession. April! Julia—the grass upon thy grave will then be green—there is not a month's life in thee!

I have crossed a battle-field where death had reaped his harvest plentifully—ay, and looked coldly on those who crowded it—but, by ——!—I know the recording angel won't book the oath—if I could meet Julia's sparkling and speaking eye, without finding mine become womanish.

* * * * *

The northern approach to Alnwick is grand; for the castle nobly displays itself. Its site is on the southern bank of the river Aln, which makes a graceful sweep beneath its imposing *enceinte*. I should fancy it the most extensive baronial residence in Britain, as well as the most interesting, as the space within the walls measures five acres. Formerly it was encircled by moat and curtain; but now the north-east front is opened. Like the learned asses who congregate annually in England, and fancy, by a bold stretch of the imagination, that, *à la* the Tooley-street tailors, the eyes of Europe are turned upon them and their proceedings, the olden *savans* were sorely puzzled upon the

Borders ; and sad was the task occasionally inflicted, to determine the era and order of a



building. When a gentleman had decided that the affair was regularly Roman, some Saxon arch stared him unexpectedly in the face, and annihilated a quire of foolscap and his theory. Another had it pure Gothic—when some infernal Norman abomination blasted his vision, and demolished the house of cards. I fancy that Sir Robert Bramble in the play, must have been an antiquary, for no people

delight so much to differ in opinion. Pennant laments that "you look in vain for the helmet on the tower, the ancient signal of hospitality;" and instead of being conducted to the *salle à manger*, and requested to draw a chair and take an air of the fire, the visitor is expected to "stump up."* Another Theban, however, makes the castle of the Percys throw immeasurably into shade the residence of "Bumper squire Jones," a personage immortalized in Irish song. "There are no miserable dungeons filled with captives," quoth he; "no places of execution groaning under their execrable burden; the towers remain, but without the cry of captivity and torture. Hospitality, clothed in princely array, sits in the hall, dispensing with a brow of benignity, mixed with features of the highest magnificence, gifts worthy of her hand." Now, as a piece of bathos, I take it that this "beats Bannagher"—and Bannagher, as everybody knows, beats the gentleman in black.

* "The numerous train whose countenances gave welcome to him on his way, are now no more; and instead of the disinterested usher of the old times, he is attended by a valet, eager to receive the fees of admittance."—*Pennant*.

It would be out of place to enter on a minute description of a building, that every artist has sketched, and every traveller has chronicled. Fancy an irregular circuit of towers connected by curtains; every pinnacle crowned by the rude effigy of an ancient warrior, generally in the act of aggression, and in a minatory attitude which seemed intended to warn trespassers off the premises. The figures and the weapons are certainly in keeping with the times they indicate; but I confess, in my humble judgment, these chiselled soldiers have more of the grotesque about them than the grand. The taste in architecture in days gone by, however, warrants it sufficiently—for when a pig playing upon a bagpipe was supposed to be *selon la règle* among the ornamental designs which decorate “fair Melrose,” surely the same latitude may be extended to the battlements of Alnwick.

The castle was divided into three courts, or wards: each protected by its tower and portcullis, and furnished with what then was a necessary appendage—namely, a prison. A vault was also attached to each, in which the wretched victim was immured rather than con-

finéd—he being lowered through a trap-door by a rope. The defending towers of the inner ward are octagon, and fine specimens of the solidity of ancient masonry; for although erected by the second earl, and nearly 500 years old, they are in excellent preservation, and have set enemies and Father Time at bold defiance.

The approach to the castle retains much of the solemn grandeur of former times. The moat is drained, and the ceremony of letting down the drawbridge forgotten; but the walls which inclose the area still wear the ancient countenance of strength and defiance. It is entered by a machicolated gate, defended by an upper tower; and, after passing a covered way, the interior gate opens to the area. This entrance is defended by all the devices used in ancient times,—iron-studded gates, portcullis, open galleries, and apertures in the arching for annoying assailants. Nothing can be more striking than the effect at first entrance within the walls from the town; when, through a dark, gloomy gateway of considerable length and depth, the eye suddenly emerges into one of the most splendid scenes that can be imagined,

and is presented at once with the great body of the inner castle, surrounded with fair semi-circular towers finely swelling to the eye, and gaily adorned with pinnacles, figures, and battlements.*

The varied fortunes of the Percys and their princely stronghold, may be traced almost *pari passu*, with the coeval events which English history and local tradition have handed down. Like all powerful families in feudal times, they occasionally basked in the smiles of courtly favour, or felt the withering influence of royal jealousy. At one while, their kings wrote them his "right trustie and well-beloved cousin;" and at another, "traytor and arch-enemie," were the terms employed. Like themselves, their place of strength underwent the varied changes incident to a troubled age and dangerous locality. This day, its gates were open to give noble welcome to guest and traveller; and the next, would find them closely barred to repel the threatened onslaught of the besieger.†

* Pennant.

† So long back as the reign of William Rufus, Alnwick was invested by a Scottish army, and the incidents

The names by which the numerous buildings which compose the castle have been designated, mark the feudal magnificence of the middle ages, when princely power united with monastic influence, and the proud baron was virtually, under the influence of his confessor, and nominally, of his king. Of sixteen towers, there are the Constable's, the Record, the Armourer's, and the Falconer's. Of course,

which marked the siege are curiously illustrative of the age. An old MS., preserved in the British Museum, thus generally describes it. The castle, although too strong to be taken by assault, being cut off from all hopes of succour, was on the point of surrendering, when one of the garrison undertook its rescue by the following stratagem:—He rode forth completely armed, with the keys of the castle secured to the end of his spear, and presented himself in a suppliant manner before the king's pavilion, as being come to surrender the possession. Malcolm too hastily came forth to receive him, and suddenly received a mortal wound; and the assailant escaped by the fleetness of his horse through the river, which was then swollen with rain. The chronicle adds, that his name was Hammond, and that the place of his passage was long afterwards named *Hammond's Ford*. It is most probable, that over this ford the present bridge was built. Prince Edward, Malcolm's eldest son, too incautiously advancing to revenge his father's death, was mortally wounded—and a stone cross, in good preservation, marks the spot on which the king was killed.

the church held a proper *status* in the establishment, and the abbot had a building to himself. No matter how much doctors may differ, Alnwick had suitable accommodation for a full garrison of holy men ; and if my Lord Abbot dropped into the Caterer's Tower, *en passant*, to inquire what was for dinner, Father Matthew had only to pass on, and in the water turret he would have found a cistern of the pure fluid, which could have set a brigade of teetotallers at defiance. In 1512 seven priests and seventeen choristers were returned on "the morning strength" of Alnwick ; and if one of the household was impeded on his route to paradise to undergo purgation for his sins, if four-and-twenty priests would not send him forward to Saint Peter in double quick, the fellow must indeed have been absolutely past praying for.

In the Record Tower of Alnwick a singular and interesting directory for the management of the household of Henry, the fifth earl, was discovered, and its details truthfully depict the style and habits of the times. For the annual support of an establishment of 166 persons, and fifty-seven visitors or strangers, one thou-

sand a year is assigned, making an average for the daily maintenance of each of 223 individuals amount to twopence and a half-penny, or, by the year, 6*l.* 0*s.* 5½*d.* The consumption of animal food appears excessive—for vegetables are not mentioned in a record so remarkable for its minuteness in detail, that a stipulated number of pieces must be cut from every quarter of beef, mutton, &c., even to salmon and stockfish, and hence esculents are presumed to have not been in request. The earl's calculation is curiously particular. One hundred and nine fat beeves, and twenty-four lean ones; six hundred and forty-seven sheep; twenty-eight calves; twenty-five hogs, and forty lambs; are to form the annual rations. Throughout the greater portion of the year, both beef and mutton were salted—and hence, the supply of mustard is not unreasonable—although one hundred and sixty gallons, at first reading, appears a large one.

The liquid supplies—the cistern in the Water Tower not included—we consider liberal. Besides five hundred hogsheads of *heavy-wet*, ten tuns and two hogsheads of Gascoign wine are allowed. In soap and candles the earl was an

economist. There were but nine dinner-cloths in the house—eight for my lord's, and one for the knight's table. Including the chapel linen, the washing of Alnwick is limited to forty shillings a year ; and were it not for the honour of supplying "clean flax" to a family of distinction, I question if a London laundress would take the contract at the present day. How, when *Bacchi plenus*, the earl and his establishment got to bed is a puzzler ; for the consumption of the whole,—earl and abbot, knight, page, and esquire, my lady and my lady's maid,—only ninety pounds weight of candles are set down ! The *réveille* beat at six, and *tattoo* at nine, when the gates were closed. The breakfast hour was seven ; dinner, ten ; and supper, four. The cookery of the times was not exactly what it is now ; and a French *artiste*, even at the court of the eighth Henry, would have had no field on which to exercise his talents. The earl and countess—who were excellent Catholics—breakfasted in Lent on salt-fish, red-herrings, and sprats, with beer and wine ; while a maid of honour* could

* The dietary of these delicate young gentlewomen, in the reign of Bluff Harry, was substantial ; and a "Lady

have stood a boiled-beef-shop without wincing, and turned down "heavy" by the gallon, like a coal-whipper.

I believe no family of position could now travel without their *batterie de cuisine*, and my Lord Percy, in his migrations to his Yorkshire residences, carried his kitchen apparatus along with him in a cart. Fancy it was not, but necessity—for, in truth, the worthy earl had but a single set of pots and pans.

Money, in these good old times, must have certainly been scarce. Would M. Jullien and his *troup musicale* have been contented for a night's performance, with twenty pence, while a nursery-maid's yearly fee was twenty shillings? *

Lucy's" allowance would admit of no complaint, were quality equal to the quantity. Miss Lucy was allowed for breakfast a chine of beef, a loaf, and a gallon of ale; for dinner, she had boiled beef, a slice of roasted meat, and another gallon of the heavy. For supper, a mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, a cheat, or finer loaf, and a gallon of ale. To be comfortable after supper, there was left on the table a manchette loaf, and a gallon of ale, and half a gallon of wine.

* "Rewards to playars for playes playd in Chrystymas, by stranegers, in my house, after xxd. every play by estimation. Somme xxxiiis. iiijd. in full contentaction of the said rewardys. Every rokker in the nurcy shall have by yere xxs."—*Household Book of Alnwick*.

Even the saints, it would appear, felt the pressure of the money market. Our blessed Lady of Walsingham, who, as every body knew, stood A. 1. in heaven, received for making all safe there for the earl—an annuity of a groat!

Could I but command time, and stay my lingering footsteps, with what delight would I not wander through every ward of this most interesting county! In the ruins of princely Warkworth I could pass a summer's day; and in its classic hermitage, when

“ Evening gray
Had all things in its sober livery clad,”

repose in the priest's vestibule, and fancy that his reverence and myself were *tête-à-tête*.^{*} But although not married, “*laus Deo!*” still I am

^{*} “Ther is in the parke also one howse hewyn within one cragge, which is called the Hermitage Chapel; in the same ther hath bene one preast keaped, which did such godlye services as that time was used and celebrated.”—*Survey of Warkworth*, 1567.

“Passing from this outward building by the entrance, the visitant ascends by seventeen steps, to a little vestibule, with a seat on each side, capable of holding one person only. Above the inner doorway appear the remains of an inscription, which was, ‘*Sunt mihi lachrymæ meæ cibo inter diē et noctū.*’”—*Picture of Northumberland*.

a man under authority; and the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" must be reluctantly abandoned for that emporium of fashion and vulgarity, immortalized as the "great metropolis."

CHAPTER XII.

HORACE never would have cut a figure at sea,—and it is certain his antipathy to go afloat amounted almost to hydrophobia. To potter in and out of an Adriatic harbour, in his estimation, warranted a direct charge of insanity—and had he been actuary of a life assurance, he would have declined nautical applicants as “trebly hazardous.” If old Flaccus could not stand clear blue water, how would he like to tunnel it two miles under ground—put in the winter beside an iceberg—travel on the north east railroad—spend a summer in Timbuctoo—or take a flight in Green’s balloon? And yet, than any of these nervous trials, we hold mining to be more taxing on the courage. There are so many incidental perils—danger, that no human foresight can avert—the scene of labour, a living tomb—accident unavoidable as instantaneous—solitude, darkness, all unite

in augmenting chance calamity with "horrors not its own."

On my rout to Hexham, the ground beneath which a frightful accident had occurred some thirty years ago, was pointed out. It was caused by a sudden inundation of the Heaton Main Colliery, from contiguous workings long disused, and in which, during past years, water had extensively accumulated. At the time when this unexpected calamity occurred, ninety-five individuals, and thirty-seven horses, were in the pit; and but twenty of the former escaped a worse than watery grave. On the alarm being given, crowds from all the towns and villages hurried to the spot to render assistance if they could—but human aid was vain—and old men shudder when they recal to memory the fatal 13th of April, 1815.

Immediately after the accident, three large engines—one of them of one hundred and thirty horse power—were employed in drawing the water from the pit. It had soon risen to nineteen fathoms; and at three o'clock of the day after it first burst forth, it stood at thirty. On the next day, it was found to be thirty-three fathoms; though the engines

which were incessantly in motion, discharged 1200 gallons per minute. At length the quantity of water began gradually to be diminished, but it was not until the 6th of January, 1816, that the first body was brought to the bank. It was that of an old man employed on the waggon way—and a fact worthy of notice is, that the waste-water in which he had been immersed, had destroyed the woollen clothes, and corroded the iron parts of a knife the deceased had in his pocket, yet his linen and the bone haft of the knife remained entire. Shortly after, Mr. Millar, the under-viewer, the waste-men, and six others, were discovered : they had met a similar fate, having been overtaken by the water about a hundred yards from the shaft, to which they had been hastening to save themselves. But their lot, and that of some others, may be considered fortunate ; for their sufferings were transient when compared with those which awaited the unhappy beings left at work towards the rise of the mine, and as yet unconscious of their dreadful situation. About the 16th of February, the higher part of the workings were exposed ; and now a scene truly horrible was presented to view

—for there lay the corpses of fifty-six human beings, whom the water had never reached, the place being situated thirty-five fathoms above its level. They had collected together near the crane, and were found within a space of thirty yards of each other. Their positions and attitudes were various ; several appeared to have fallen forward from an inequality, or rather step in the coal, on which they had been sitting ; others, from their hands being clasped together, seemed to have expired while addressing themselves to the protection of the Deity ; two, who were recognised as brothers, had died in the act of taking a last farewell by grasping each other's hand ; and one poor little boy reposed in his father's arms. Two slight fabrics had been hastily constructed by railing up deal boards ; and, in one of these melancholy habitations, three of the stoutest miners had breathed their last ; and, what seems singular, one of them had either been stripped of his clothes by his surviving companions, or had thrown off all covering from mental derangement. A large lump of horse flesh wrapped up in a pocket, nearly two pounds of candles, and three others which had

died out when half burned, were found in this apartment, if it can be so called. One man, well known to have possessed a remarkable pacific disposition, had retired to a distance to end his days alone and in quiet—and that this would be the case was predicted by many of his fellow workmen, who were acquainted with the placidity of his temper. Another had been stationed to watch the rise or fall of the water; to ascertain which, sticks had been placed upright—and he was found dead at his post. There were two horses in the part of the mine to which the people had retired; one had been slaughtered, its entrails taken out, and hind quarters cut up for use; the other was fastened to a stake which it had almost gnawed to pieces, as well as a corf or coal basket that had been left within its reach.

How long these ill-fated people existed in their horrible tomb it is impossible to determine; but that they perished for want of respirable air, and not from hunger and thirst, is certain; for most of the flesh cut from the horse, together with a considerable quantity of horse-beans, were unconsumed, and a spring of good water issued into this part of the colliery.

Good God! what a frightful picture of life

hopelessly sacrificed, and death protracted ! Immured in the bowels of the earth, lingering their numbered days away in total darkness, or with the sickly gleam of candle-light, too feeble to penetrate the gloom of the living tomb but strong enough to display its horrors. Were aught required to swell their misery to madness, it would be the terrible remembrance that home, and all that makes home happy, were not a bowshot distant ; and that the foot of an agonized wife, or the child, orphaned even before its father's life was extinct, might at that very moment, be pressing the turf above !

The horrible sufferings attendant on death slowly produced by starvation, have been frequently experienced and described by shipwrecked mariners ; but, how light by comparison, are those of the ocean castaway, when contrasted with the misery with which the spirit of the entombed sinner parts from its tenement of clay ? The wretch upon his raft, has sky above, and sea around him. Does a cloud-speck appear upon the horizon, he can fancy it a distant sail, and flatter himself that rescue is at hand. He sees the sun sink—but will he not

hope that when he shows his glorious disc to-morrow, his earliest beams will brighten the white canvas of some approaching ship. He has light and air; the passing sea-bird; the drifting weed; the sun; the stars; all afford something for fading sight to rest upon. But to feel oneself in a sarcophagus—full of life and vigour—pent in the bowels of the earth, and surrounded by Cimmerian darkness—then indeed, the entombed sufferer may exclaim, “Oh! it is hard to die.”

It is interesting to read with what surpassing fortitude starvation has been borne; and life, or rather a spark of it, been retained by submission to more than stoic self-denial. Man, under circumstances of privation, eats to continue existence, and animals appear, even in death's agony, to obey an impulse for food. The horse, disabled on a battle-field, and whose sufferings have been protracted a few hours, will be found to have eaten to the last—and a circle of grain or herbage, far as his declining strength can reach, will gradually have been cut down. It is fearful to contemplate the effect of extreme hunger upon

the brute and his master,—one, cannibal-like, will prey upon his fellow; the other, actually upon himself.*

* * * * *

“On their own merits, modest men are dumb,” but I am strongly inclined to fancy myself heroic. There is not an article in domestic use that I have not converted into missile—and, notwithstanding his pugilistic accomplishments, I have pelted Mr. Clancy from the presence. It was a daring feat, but it will cost a sovereign; for an ill-directed hearth-brush, instead of indenting the scoundrel’s skull, lighted on the glass covering of a stuffed macaw, and of course reduced the same to *smithereens*; and before I could shy the poker, the vagabond had vanished. Egad! I fancy, in a few days, he’ll put me on board-wages.

* A singular instance of this fact, that hunger sets bodily pain at defiance, may be witnessed at the hotel at Dunbar. One of the largest and finest dogs in Scotland belongs to the proprietor of the house, and Lion is as remarkable for gentle temper as for uncommon size and strength. Some years since, he was accidentally locked up in a salt-store; remained without food or water fourteen days; and, when at last rescued, life was all but extinct, and the poor animal had gnawed away a portion of his own tail!

“You’re going to a place called Hexham, I hear?” said the vagabond to me.

I nodded an affirmative.

“And all, as I can make out, to look at some tattered church? Would’nt it be better for ye, you unfortunate ould man, to go to them where ye might make your sowl, than wastin’ time and money on ruins only fit to harbour ghosts and jackdaws—glowering at half an acre of rubbish and broken masonry in one place—and breakin’ yer shins over tombstones at another?”

“You infernal vagabond”—

“Stop! don’t be after workin’ yerself into a passion, but just listen like a respectable christian, instead of a cantankerous Turk;—Arrah! keep yer hands off the tongs, will ye? it’s very undacent, at your time of life, to grip the fire-irons, when a man points out what a *gommouge** ye are.”

Away went the hearth-brush, and down came the macaw.

“’Pon my sowl! ye’ll be in a straight-waistcoat if ye don’t repint. Asy for a minute till I tell ye what I want. Jist give up goin’

* *Anglicè*,—ass, simpleton.

to that battered barrack of an ould church ; for as you didn't fancy the other Mrs. Clancy, feaks, hav'nt I from the kitchen maid her promise upon book-oath, that she'll favour me wid her hand. A cleaner skinn'd girl is'nt at this side of Ballinasloe ; and, *mona mon diaoul* ! she has an eye ye could light a pipe at. Arrah ! maybe, to make everything respectable, you would give the bride away ?”

Bang went the tongs ! exit Mr. Clancy—the carriage came round, and I am off for Hexham. Alas ! it will be a parting visit to a building of surpassing interest.

Beautiful and numerous as the monastic buildings of the sair saint,* David I. were, they were more than rivalled by the Northumbrian primate, Wilfrid. Hexham was the first church in Britain built with aisles and chancel, and the fifth erected from stone. Wilfred had already repaired York minster, and built a splendid church at Ripon ; but on Hexham both his munificence and genius were exhausted.

* David's son and successor, painfully observed, when he had succeeded to a wasted patrimony, that his father was “a bra' saint for the kirk, but a sair saint for the croon.”

Italy, France, and the Low Countries, supplied artists of acknowledged celebrity ; and the first glass used in England, was introduced to the north in the primacy of Wilfrid. Hexham was justly considered among the wonders of the day ; and Lingard's description of what it was, is supported by its remains of former magnificence.

Secret cells, and subterranean oratories, were laid with wondrous industry beneath ; walls, in three distinct stories, of immense height and length, and supported by well polished columns, were erected above. The capitals of the columns, the arch of the sanctuary, or the chancel, and the walls themselves, were decorated with historical, fanciful, and unknown figures, projecting from the stone, and with pictures of various colours, and of most ingenious device. The body of the church was every where surrounded with aisles and porches, which by incommunicable art were distinguished with walls and spires above and below. Various and most curious galleries, leading backwards and forwards, artfully communicated with every part of the building. In these spires and galleries, innumerable multitudes

might stand around the body of the church, and yet remain unseen by those within. Oratories, as secret as they were beautiful, were with diligence and caution erected in these towers and porches ; and in them were fair and well-appointed altars, dedicated to the Virgin Mother, to St. Michael the Archangel, and to St. John the Baptist, to the holy apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins.*

It is strange to trace even the monastic vicissitudes of these troublous times. A prelate, (Wilfrid) builder or superior of nine monasteries—served on gold—his attendants nobly born—his companions princely in rank ; “ elegant in person, accomplished and affable in demeanour, popular in manners, and, though extremely haughty and ambitious, eminent for charity and liberality”—this favoured man was hunted from kingdom to kingdom (the heptarchy), and obliged to shelter with “ the heathens of Sussex ;” Mercia and Wessex having refused him shelter.

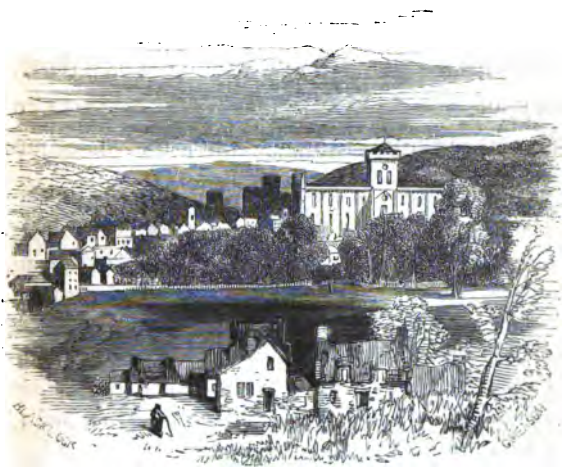
Besides enormous revenues, Hexham possessed a privilege peculiar to papal times—namely, the valuable right of sanctuary. The space

* Lingard.

within which the criminal could claim shelter was marked by four crosses—and still the sites of three are perfectly ascertained ; but that which marked the southern boundary, has ceased to be remembered. If the offender—no matter what his crime might be—gained what was called the “ freed-stool,” any attempt to remove him from it was held to be a mortal sin ; and if he were seized within the boundary, those who infringed upon the sacred privilege, were subject to fine and excommunication ; the amount of the former being determined by an exact measurement, touching what the distance of the spot where the gentleman had been grabbed by his pursuers might have been from the “ freed-stool ;” the tariff rising desperately, in proportion to proximity to the blessed resting place.

Hexham had a curious ring of bells which were re-cast in 1742, in consequence of the largest, called the “ Fray-bell,” having been cracked in ringing at a wedding. This mass of metal weighed seventy hundred, and report says that the distance its clapper was heard at was amazing. The old churchmen were arch dogs in their way ; and they indulged in a sly

hit at the fair sex, by naming the noisiest of a noisy brigade after the Blessed Virgin. Saint Andrew was the next in magnitude ; but he being a steady sober saint, was only employed at funerals. Three of the bells bore the date of 1404 ; but it was believed that the others were founded at a much earlier period.



Four of the bells were dedicated to favourite saints, and the inscriptions upon the whole of them have been tolerably preserved. The following are the quaint conceits, which the monks gave to the founders :—

1. Ad primos cantus p. visat nos
Rex gloriosus.

2. Et cantare — faciet
Nos vox —
3. Est nobis digna
Katerine vox benigna.
4. Omnibus in annis
Est vox Deo orata Johannis !
5. Andrea mi care
Johanni consociare !
6. Est mea vox orata
Dum sum Maria vocata.*

The history of Hexham would be exactly the story of a life. In its varying fortunes, at times it enjoyed the sunshine, and at others

* An eccentric countryman, whom I met in my wanderings, accompanied me to view the ruins of Prudhoe and Bothal Castles, and afterwards, to Alnwick and Hexham. Seeing me pencil down the Latin inscription, which was on the bells, before they were re-cast, he favoured me and the world, with what may be termed “a free translation.” Of the two first, to use his own *parlance*, he “could make neither head nor tail ;” but with the remainder of the peal he appears to have been eminently successful :—

3. Kathleen *astore*, you are my jewel ;
A dacent saint, and never cruel.
4. Come, honest Jack, strike up your song,
And till doom crack, go ding, ding, dong.
5. Andy, my trump, you'r cute and cawny ;
So clear your throat, and follow Johnny.
6. Mary's the name I always take ;
I'll sing my best—and no mistake !

underwent the storm. After Wilfrid's death, his successor, Acca (709), exceeded his predecessor in the see, in adding to the splendour of his church.* In 876, the Danes laid the place in ruins, razed the churches to the earth, and massacred the inhabitants, regardless as to sex or age. Hexham Levels was the scene of the final overthrow of the Lancasterians—and its forests concealed the fugitive queen and prince, when her husband fled from a lost field. The den where the bold and unfortunate Margaret was sheltered by the faithful outlaw, is still termed the Queen's Cave. At Hexham, after the Reformation, the popish plot, designated by the conspirators "The Pilgrimage of Grace," was hatched;† and on the 9th of March,

* "The interior he gilded with silver and gold, collected precious relics, ornamented the altars with rich coverings, presented valuable communion plate and candlesticks to illuminate the whole glorious dome."—*History of Hexham.*

† The first outbreak of these crazy fanatics was treated with more leniency than might have been expected at the time; and a free pardon was given upon the deluded men abandoning their mad scheme and quietly disbanding. Next year the insurrection broke out anew, and then the vengeance of the executive fell heavily on the leaders. Aske, Lumley, Percy, and Bulmer were ex-

1761, the popular outbreak in opposition to the militia ballot occurred. In this, known as the "Hexham Riot," nearly four hundred of the populace were killed and wounded by the soldiery. The government, not satisfied with the loss inflicted on the rioters, placed the county under martial law, and hanged a ring-leader at Morpeth. It was an act of useless severity; but seventy years ago, hemp seemed the general panacea for all the ills the state was heir to.

There are many ways of doing men to death, from boring to burking; the latter inflicting less pain upon the sufferer, and in every point the preferable one. I forget how Captain Sinbad managed to shake off his fat friend, the old gentleman of the sea; but I remember that in some romantic story—and, as a maiden aunt pronounced it, after not skipping a line from the title-page to the word "finis," a very immoral one,—a certain Don Raymond is mentioned, who, having imprudently entered into

ecuted; Lady Bulmer burned in Smithfield; while the prior of Hexham found no security in his own sanctuary—for he was dragged from the monastery, and hanged over his own gate.

the holy estate with a spectre called the Bleeding Nun, is liberated *e vinculo matrimonii*, by the "Wandering Jew." Of that vagabond race there are still wanderers enough; but where is the old clothesman to be encountered, who shall deliver me from Peter Clancy? I have pelted him from the presence, and there he is sitting on my luggage in the lobby, caroling the *Cruis Keeine lawn*, like a nightingale.

The door opened, and a red head protruded itself cautiously through an opening, not an inch wider than served to admit it.

"Now jist listen patiently," observed Mr. Clancy, "no use puttin' yerself in a passion. Feaks! my marriage is teetotally off, and here I am free and indepindint to wait upon ye. She told me—the devil—that she had thirty pound in the saving bank. Well,—though I didn't misdoubt her word, I went and made inquiry. Arrah! the devil as much had she there, as would have paid turnpike for a walking-stick! 'Pon my sowl! when I begin to think of it, I fancy that the world's gettin' worse and worse. Hasn't yer honour a suspicion of the same? But now that ye are

made sensible that I am without encumbrance, I suppose I may venture in."

And he slipped gingerly through the doorway, leaving the entrance ajar, nevertheless, for rapid retreat, should that prove desirable.

I neither seized poker nor hearth-brush, but I calmly inquired "which should be hanged for the murder of the other?"

"Hanged! The Lord stand between us and evil! No, no—here I am at your honour's total disposal,—ay, to watch over ye tinderer than a bad step-mother does over a rickety child—and, glory to the Virgin! the devil a woman, good or bad, to lay their hand upon myself, and say, 'Peter Clancy, I have a claim upon ye.'"

The words had scarcely issued from the speaker's lips, when a hand and arm that seemed to be a blacksmith's masquerading in female sleeve, was placed heavily on his shoulder.

"Who's that?" exclaimed Mr. Clancy, with a start, that betrayed intuitive terror. "Mon-asindiaoul! I am caught at last, and ruined for ever. Biddy Morraghan's bunch of fives is not to be mistaken by a boy that could swear to it in a thousand."

Heavens! did I hear aright? Had my hour of deliverance at last arrived; and had Redhead fallen into the hands of the female Philistine who only could achieve it?

“Step in, Miss Morraghan!” I exclaimed, “arn’t you kindly welcome? Make yourself quite at home, and take an air of the fire.”

No second invitation was required, and in glided this Irish Ariadne, who had, through the perfidy of villanous man, been left lamenting.

I had seen Mr. Claney’s courage tested, and I believe, sincerely, there was not a keelman in Newcastle, to whom he might have objected to give a stone; but now, compared with him, a whipped school-boy would have looked courageous.

Upon my soul, I did not wonder at it, for Miss Morraghan was no common-place customer. She stood five feet ten, and her height was not disproportioned to her *physique*. She was, indeed, “a whapper.” Were she a game woman, not one man in ten would have a chance with her; and not one in a hundred would venture to abide the trial. And yet, this extended scale considered, as an animal

she was not amiss ; although exuberant, she was shapely. She had teeth white as ivory itself, and hair as black as Erebus.

“ Peter Clancy,” observed the lady, “ Have ye anything to say for yourself, good or bad ? Plase yer reverence,” and she turned to me, “ if I could but explain to ye all I have undergone through the desate of——”

“ That accomplished malefactor !” I replied.

“ Holy Saint Bridget ! The very word the priest said whin he was cursing him from the altar !” exclaimed the too confiding fair one.

“ And you, my poor tender friend, have, no doubt, suffered from his perfidy ?”

“ Feaks ! plase yer reverence, I don’t exactly understand the manin of the word ; but hav’nt I been after him—the etarnal thief !—for the last six months—and considerin’ my delicat situation.”

“ Yes, madam ; from matronly appearances, the sooner the hymeneal knot were tied the better.”

“ Arrah ! af yer honour only knew what I went through. Here I have been regular on the batter, over the wide world, since this villain cut his stick. One while, I would hear

he was in Lunnun—the next, that he was at the lack-o-God's-speed—Lord knows where. One tould me he had listed—another that he was on the treadmill; and a third, that he was in the hulks. Sorra three jails in England that I didn't ransack, and examined every red-headed ruffin in the Penitentiary. At last, my heart was fairly broken, when, half an hour ago, I gets a glimpse of the wagabone, discoursin tenderly wid a young woman round the corner. 'That's him,' says I, 'by the powers! I would know his skin upon a bush!' And feaks! I wasn't far astray. I watch'd him fair and asy, and, as yer reverence sees, jist popp'd upon him like a soot-drop!"

"Biddy," said the culprit, "Let all be honour bright betune us." Here Mr. Clancy lifted the last month's army list, and kissed it most devoutly. "Be this book, before little Lady-day—and that's next Friday—I'll make ye an honest woman."

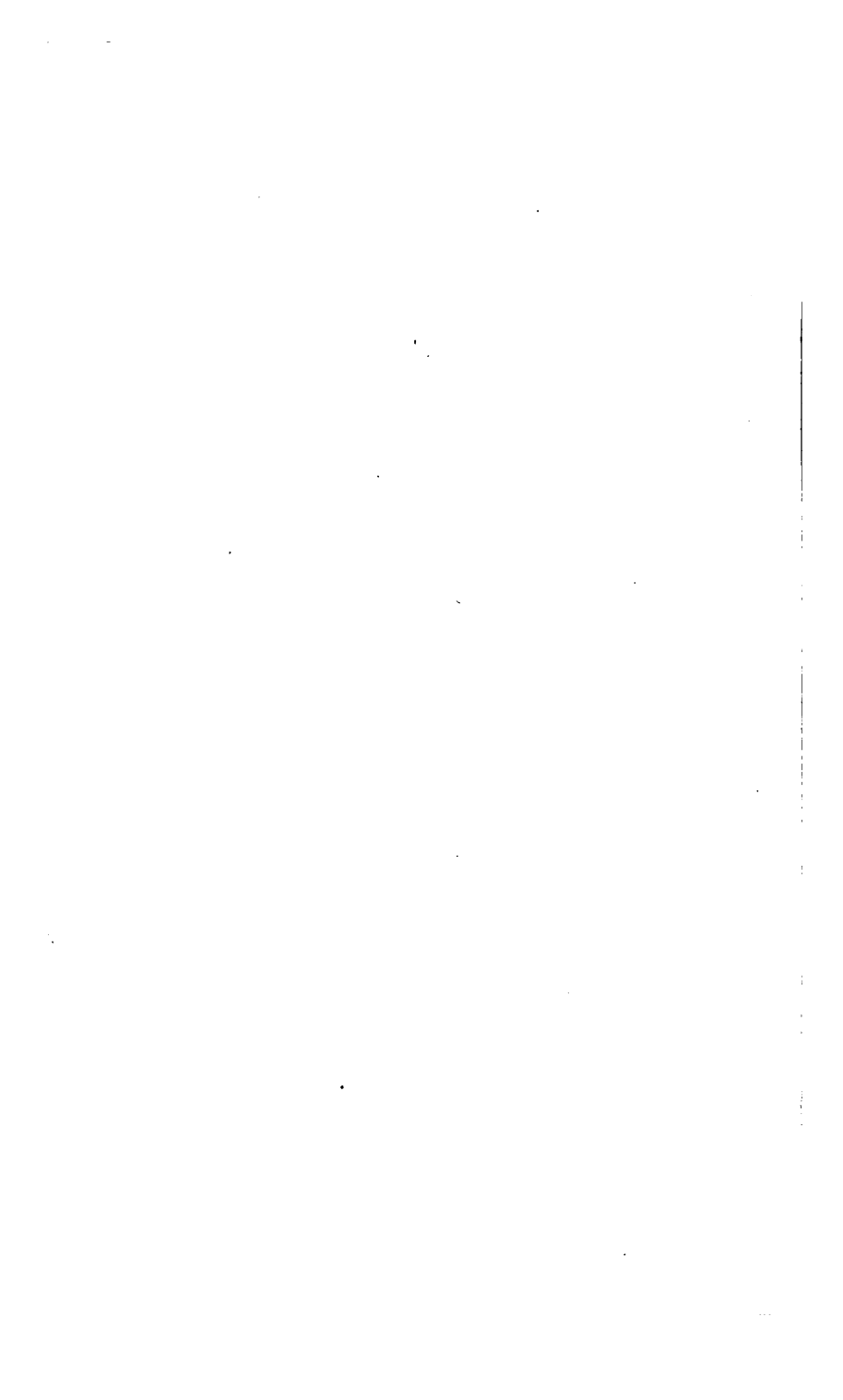
"And be this book," and Miss Morraghan, in return, smacked the Times newspaper—"af there's Christian clargy to be found in this hathenish land, I'll be yer lawful wife within an hour."

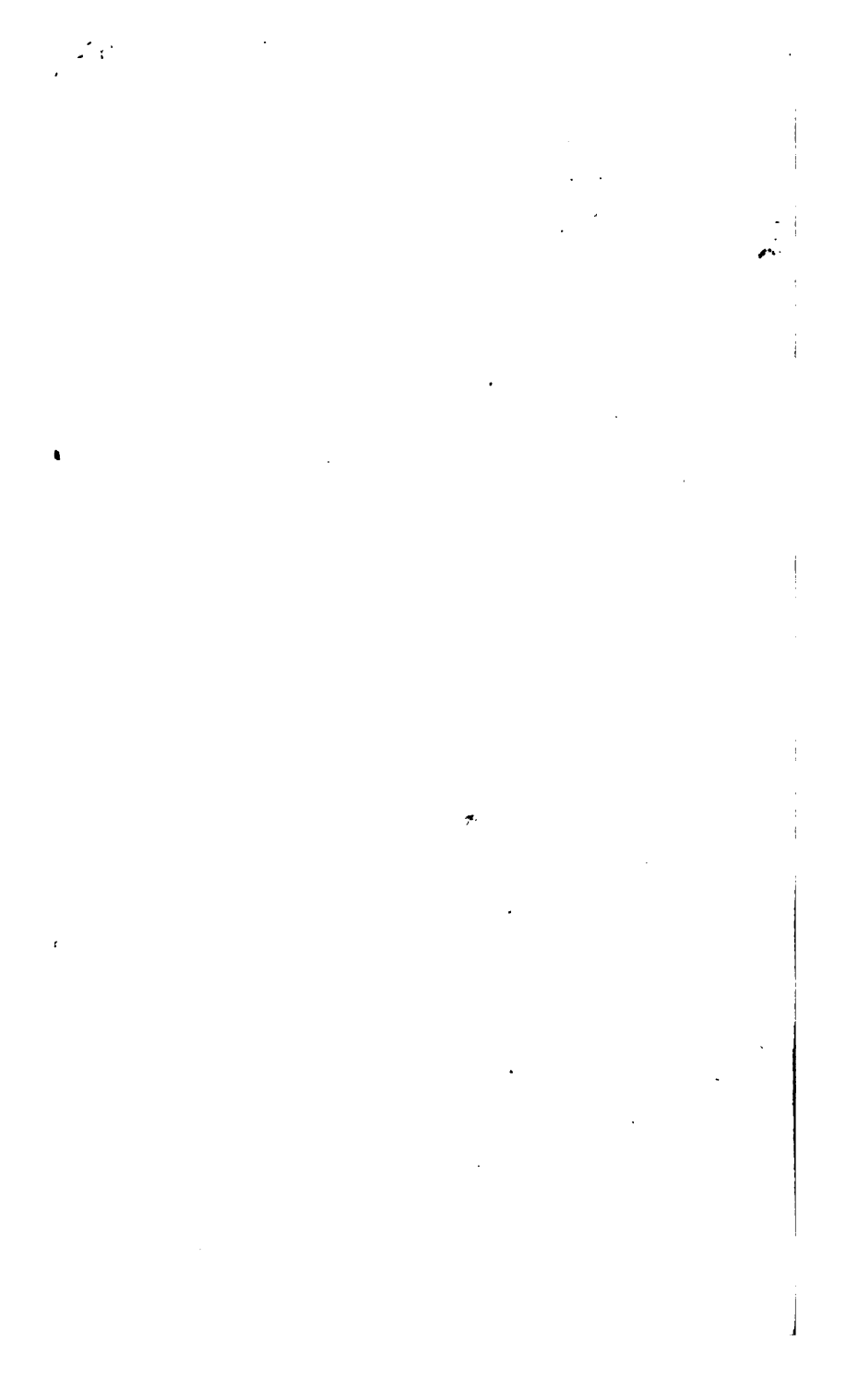
“Right, madam,” I exclaimed, “accept my blessing—with this five pound note to defray matrimonial fees, and the festivities of the honeymoon.”

* * * * *

I was taking mine ease between the binnacle and the break of the quarter-deck, waiting till “the Leeds” would cast off from the wharf. The bell had sounded twice. The captain was on the bridge, with his hands in his nether pockets ; and the attending imp looking from the hatch of the engine-room, and waiting anxiously for a waving of the hand. The third time the signal struck. The last loiterer hurried along the gang-board, and the wheels made an evolution. I took a parting glance at the pier—and there stood Mr. and Mrs. Clancy. The latter, in glorious triumph, touched her fourth finger, and pointed to the mystic ring, while Peter halloed audibly : ‘ If it’s a boy, we’ll call him after yer honour.’”

THE END.



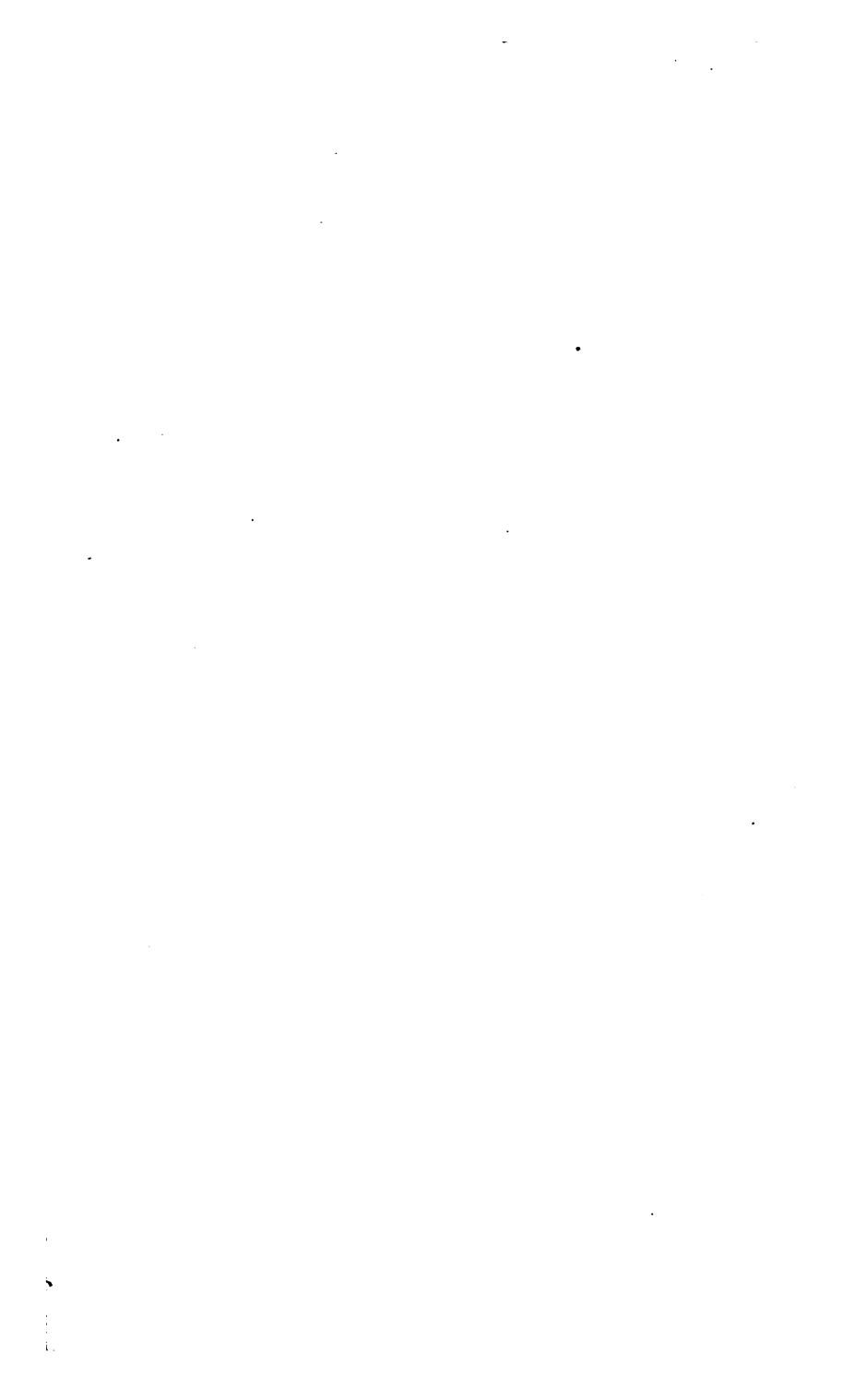


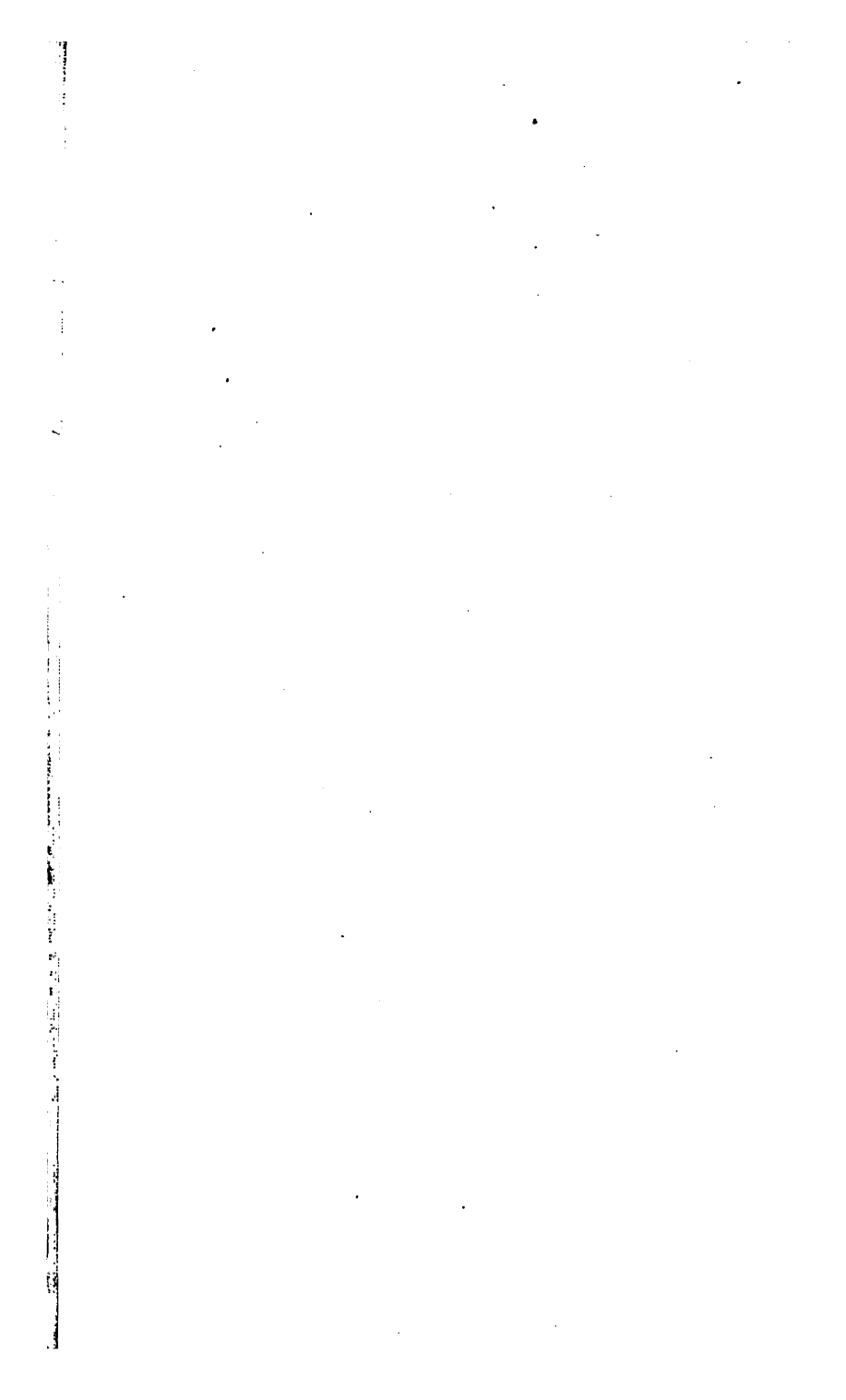
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